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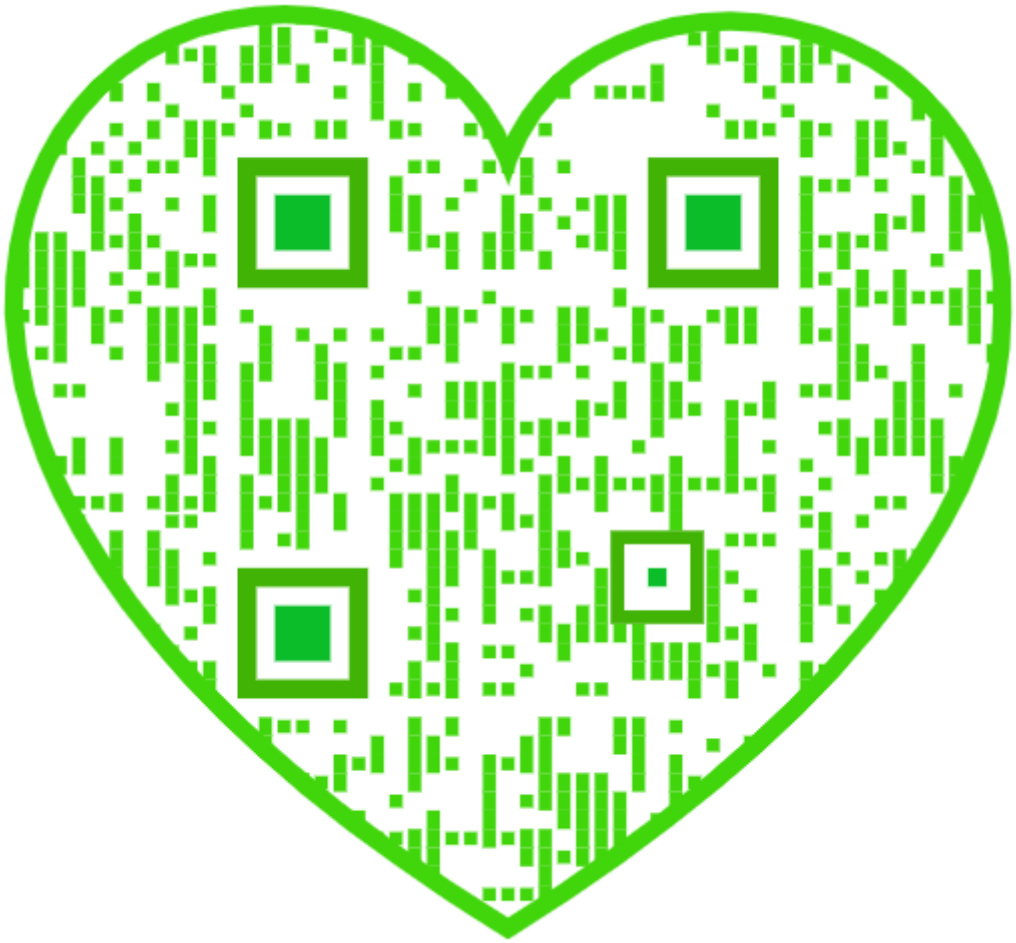


AROUND

THE

UNITED STATES

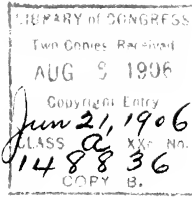
BY BICYCLE

BY

CLAUDE C. MURPHEY

FULLY ILLUSTRATED BY
EUSTACE PAUL ZIEGLER

DETROIT
Press of Raynor & Taylor
1906



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1906

BY CLAUDE CHARLES MURPHEY

TO MY DEAR MOTHER,

(PEACE BE TO HER SOUL)

THIS

RECORD OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED.

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INTRODUCTORY

Clarence M. Darling and Claude C. Murphey, age 19 and 20 respectively, left Jackson, Michigan, on May 2, 1904, to make a trip by bicycle through every state and territory within the boundary lines of the United States proper, namely, forty-five states, four territories, and the District of Columbia. The trip was the result of a wager. Upon the success of the tour a purse of five thousand dollars would be won by the two contestants providing that they lived up to all the terms and stipulations of the wager. The conditions were that they were to start on this long journey penniless, while on the trip they were neither to beg, work, borrow, nor steal, all the expenses of the tour to be met by the profits resulting from the sale of an aluminum card-receiver or ash-tray, a fac-simile of which is given on one of the following pages.

Also the entire journey was to be made and completed within one year and six months from the date of starting, that is before November 2, 1905.

From Jackson, Michigan, their first objective point was Chicago, Illinois; thence in rotation they were required to visit the following cities: St. Louis, Mo.; Davenport, Ia.; Madison, Wis.; St. Paul, Minn.; Forman, N. D.; Aberdeen, S. D.; Alliance, Neb.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Denver, Colo.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Pocatello, Ida.; Butte, Mont.; Olympia, Wash.; Salem, Oreg.; Reno, Nev.; San Francisco, Cal.; Tucson, Ariz.; Deming, N. M.; Dallas, Tex.; Ardmore, I. T.; Guthrie, Okla.; Arkansas City, Kans.; Little Rock, Ark.; New

Orleans, La.; Biloxi, Miss.; Pensacola, Fla.; Montgomery, Ala.; Chattanooga, Tenn.; Atlanta, Ga.; Greenwood, S. C.; Raleigh, N. C.; Richmond, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Wilmington, Del.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Trenton, N. J.; New York City, N. Y.; New Haven, Conn.; Providence, R. I.; Boston, Mass.; Portland, Me.; Woodsville, N. H.; Montpelier, Vt.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Columbus, Ohio; Louisville, Ky.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Detroit, Michigan, and thence back to the starting point, Jackson.

The young wheelmen made all of the western states without breaking any of the conditions, though meeting with adventures of every description, in some of which the hideous countenance of Death stared them in the face, and as to the financial part: In crossing the Green River Desert in Utah the total capital of the two belated tourists was but two cents; the Southern and Atlantic Coast states were also traversed with all stipulations fulfilled; but when Vermont was reached, the boys became financially embarrassed, and were not able even to give their souvenirs away, much less sell them. How they went without food as long as the human body could stand, and what further adventures they met, the reader will find narrated in the later pages of this book.

The start was made in front of the Hotel Otsego, Jackson, thence going westward on the main street of the city. At the finish, exactly one year, three months, six days and forty-five minutes later, the boys came from the eastward on the same street, dismounting at the identical spot from which they had departed, in the meantime having traversed every state in the Union on bicycles, and having covered exactly thirteen thousand four hundred and seven (13,407) miles.

A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

The following pages are a truthful and correct account of the many hardships and trials of our long journey. I wish here to inform the reader, (although, after a perusal of the following pages it would hardly be necessary to make this statement, as the reader could readily see for himself), that I am not a trained writer; therefore I ask the gentle reader to overlook, kindly, the simple manner in which the account of our journey is written.

The pictures which appear in this book were all taken personally by Mr. Darling, and it is with pride that we make the statement, that many of the scenes shown in some of these pictures have never before been snapped by "the kodak fiend," ours standing as the only pictures on record of these localities.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE START.

Darling and I several years ago conceived the idea to make a trip through every state and territory composing the glorious Union, and to make the journey either by train, on foot, on horse-back, or by bicycle. The idea at that time was very much in embryo form, but the more we thought of it, the more enthusiastic we became. We thought upon the matter a great deal, but could not see our way clear to take it up on account of business reasons. The plan several times almost died away, but something always happened which kindled the flame afresh.

Finally the kind hand of Providence intervened, and we received inside information through a certain source that a very large sum of money was being wagered between certain eastern sportsmen, that a trip by bicycle through every state in the Union could not be made by any individual in the time limit of one year and six months, the traveler to start penniless, neither to beg, work, borrow, nor steal, and to make all of his traveling expenses by the sale of photographs or some other little trinket of a like nature. The article to be sold

was to be carried with him, that is, not to be shipped from town to town, and it was specified that the same article had to be sold all the way through the trip. It is needless to state that we gladly hailed this opportunity, thus offered us, to gratify and satisfy our desire to "see the country."

All our plans were made very much in secret, so that not a person knew of our proposed tour until every detail of the journey had been arranged. One week before the start our plans were made public through the press.

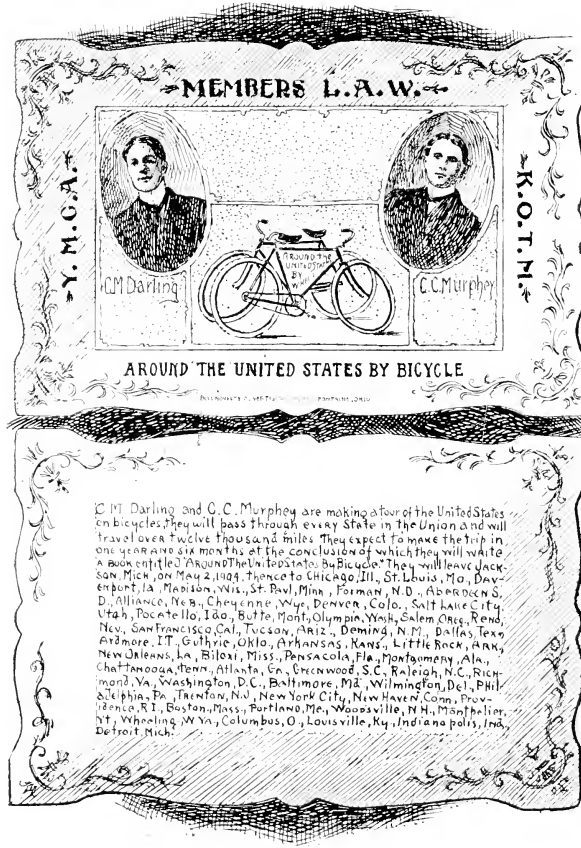
To such a fine point did we have our trip planned that we had a full and complete list of every city, town, and village to be reached, and even the blind sidings along our route; the population was also given, including the mileage distances between different points, so that we knew to the hour when we were due to arrive at designated points. The entire route was all computed by railroad distances, and in every case where it was possible our route followed a line of railroad. The object and advantage of this can readily be seen. If there should be no wagon roads, we then could easily follow the railroad; and should the weather be very wet and rainy, thereby making the wagon roads impassable, we could make fairly good progress by walking the track and trundling our wheels along beside us, a thing which, by the way, we did so much on the trip, that it almost be-

came a second nature to us. The only cities which we were compelled to pass through were but one point in each state. These points are given in the preface, and also appear on the facsimile of the back of the souvenirs. At each point we were compelled to see the Mayor or some other city official and get two statements or affidavits to the fact that we had called upon him, and were making a tour of the several states and territories in the Union. Also it was necessary for us to get the post-mark of every post-office through which we passed. Besides this we had to prepare a report sheet of our riding and expenses, and an accurate account of the number of souvenirs sold. The red tape and minute detail this involved would have made even a preacher use some very strong language.

The publication of our plans fell as a bomb-shell upon the community. Some said we were candidates for the Kalamazoo Insane Asylum even to consider such a foolhardy proposition; a great many thought that it was simply a little newspaper story, that possibly we might start, but that we should be back very shortly; and there were a few, yes, a very few, who really did think that it was a great trip for any young man to take, considering it from an educational standpoint, but even they thought that we should fail.

After everyone had recovered from this shock, suggestions began to pour in. How we should do

this, and how that. Any individual who had had the advantage over his comrades, and had been able to travel to different parts of this Union, thought it his particular duty to inform us how we should do when we reached "so and so". Mr. B., who had traveled through the Rockies, took us to one side, and with a very serious expression on his face gave us a lecture lasting about thirty minutes in which he indulged in many sorrowful shakes of his head accompanied by such a mournful look, that we were compelled to use our handkerchiefs to wipe the tears from our eyes, and it was with difficulty that we restrained ourselves from a complete collapse. The substance of this funereal talk was that we were going to have a very dangerous time in crossing the Rocky Mountains, that there were many, many wild and unexplored parts, and that it would be a very easy matter to get lost, and then someone years afterward would find our grinning skulls, or possibly we might be food for the wild beasts which infested those mountains, and then he stated that another very, very serious matter would be that the altitude was so great in the Rockies that we should not be able to go more than ten miles in a whole day, as it would be a physical impossibility to go any farther; he knew what he was talking about, as he had been there. Following are some of the contributions which acted as a sort of stimulating encouragement (?) to us to undertake the trip:


MEMBERS L.A.W.
Y.M.C.A.
K.O.T.M.
C.M. Darling
C.C. Murphey
AROUND THE UNITED STATES BY BICYCLE
C.M. Darling and C.C. Murphey are making a tour of the United States on bicycles, they will pass through every State in the Union and will travel over twelve thousand miles. They expect to make the trip in one year and six months, at the conclusion of which they will write a book entitled "Around The United States By Bicycle." They will leave Jackson, Mich., on May 2, 1904, thence to Chicago, Ill., St. Louis, Mo., Davenport, Ia., Marion, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., Forman, N.D., Aberdeen, S. D., Alliance, Neb., Cheyenne, Wyo., Denver, Colo., Salt Lake City, Utah, Pocatello, Ida., Butte, Mont., Olympia, Wash., Salem, Ore., Reno, Nev., San Francisco, Cal., Tucson, Ariz., Deming, N.M., Dallas, Tex., Ardmore, I.T., Guthrie, Okla., Arkansas, Kans., Little Rock, Ark., New Orleans, La., Biloxi, Miss., Pensacola, Fla., Montgomery, Ala., Chattanooga, Tenn., Atlanta, Ga., Greenwood, S.C., Raleigh, N.C., Richmond, Va., Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Md., Wilmington, Del., Philadelphia, Pa., Trenton, N.J., New York City, New Haven, Conn., Providence, R.I., Boston, Mass., Portland, Me., Woodsville, N.H., Montpelier, Vt., Wheeling, W.Va., Columbus, O., Louisville, Ky., Indianapolis, Ind., Detroit, Mich.

FAC-SIMILE, FRONT AND BACK, OF SOUVENIR.

Mr. E.: "You just wait until you get down into Kentucky just after it has rained, if you don't have a time, you'll wish you had never left your own sweet little home."

Mr. L.: "When you get out in South Dakota, you want to be awful careful about the water, as it is all alkali water, and it will kill you if you drink it. What you want to do is to have water shipped to you from Michigan, and then you will be all right."

Mr. R.: "If you should happen to be out in the plains after it rains, you'll be up against it. The ground absorbs the water just like a sponge, and you'll have to lay up for a week before you will be able to go again."

"You'll never get through the Southern States as there are no roads down there, and it's all marshy and swampy and there are trestles several miles long, and the fast trains come along every little while."

As to the different articles of wearing apparel, repairs for our wheels, etc., if we had taken everything which our friends recommended, it would have been necessary for us to be accompanied by a train of baggage wagons. With reference to medicines, bandages, etc., if we had complied with the desires of many we could have purchased the entire stock of any druggist, and transported it bodily with us, and even then there is no doubt that there would have been a great many articles

lacking. But, notwithstanding all the obstacles with which we had to contend, Father Time moved along just the same, and there were only a few days more between us and the time of our departure, when SOMETHING happened. We were supposed to start without a cent, and to have a thousand of our souvenirs on hand to carry with us. Everything in this direction was working nicely, we had received a telegram from the Bell Novelty Advertising Company, who make a general line of novelty advertising, and were located at Bellefontaine, Ohio, that the shipment would be ready for us so that we could receive them in time for the start. When we thought that everything was fine, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, came a telegram which stated that there had been a fire in the factory and that we should not be able to get our consignment, as it had been destroyed. It further stated that they would not be able to get another shipment ready for nearly two weeks. Some rapid wiring took place between us and the principals to the wager, and after exchanging several messages they agreed to advance us enough money to carry us to where we should receive our shipment of souvenirs, this money to be paid back to them from the sale of the souvenirs.

This was very discouraging, for if we had had our souvenirs at the start, we could have easily disposed of a large number to the people who gave

us the parting ovation on the morning of our departure.

At last the eventful day dawned. The second day of May, a bright, crisp, and cold morning. It was an ideal day for the beginning of our long ride. Our machines which had arrived but a few days before, having been shipped directly from the factory, were of a standard make, heavy roadsters with a weight without our baggage of 28 pounds, but when loaded, nearly 75 pounds. The size of frame known as twenty-two inch; equipped with heavy tread clincher tires; one-eighth inch chain, without coasters or brakes; cushion frame and with gears of 84 2-3. We used upturned handlebars which permitted us almost an erect position in riding. We were both dressed in regulation bicycle suits and they were alike in every respect. We wore sweaters on which the scarlet circle surrounding a triangle, the insignia of the Y. M. C. A., stood forth in bold relief on the front like a headlight to an engine; this together with the purple and yellow of our sweaters, the bright orange of our bicycle stockings and whitish color of our elk-hide bicycle shoes, made such a dazzling display of color that a person on seeing us would instantly conclude that in some way or other, part of a rainbow had broken loose and was perambulating around the country. We carried with us a small type-writer with which we intended writing our reports, correspondence, etc. In the frames of

our bicycles, we each had a canvas touring case which fitted very neatly in the frame and in which we carried additional wearing apparel and repair supplies for the wheels. This was everything that we took with us at the start, as we felt that we could purchase different articles as we needed them.

We rode down in front of the Otsego Hotel. It was then about 5:45 a. m. There was quite a group to see us off, but, owing to the early hour, many were unable to be there. After being photographed, and a general handshake, we mounted our bicycles and rode slowly off, the beginning of our thirteen thousand mile ride. We had crossed the Rubicon, the die was cast, and it was with very peculiar feelings that we left the city limits of Jackson behind us, and the thought came to us that possibly it might be the last time that we should ever see our native city.

CHAPTER SECOND.

IN WHICH WE GET HELD UP IN CHICAGO.

The first day out we covered forty miles, arriving at Battle Creek, Mich., about four in the afternoon. The roads were fairly good, and we got along nicely with nothing occurring beyond the common incidents of travel. The next day we did not have so much fun. In going out of Kalamazoo to a small place called Oshtemo, about eight miles distant, we got our first taste of what sandy roads are like. The country was very hilly and the sand on the road was eight to nine inches deep, loose and white, through which we walked and shoved our wheels with difficulty.

We were now passing through the grape country of Southern Michigan, and on every side were vineyards, while scattered at intervals were factories where the fruit was pressed and the juice made into a delicious drink known to the market as "grape juice". We called upon the manager of one of these factories, and when he learned the nature of our occupation, he invited us to partake of a sample of their product, a thing which we were in no wise slow to do. When we left the factory, we had drunk so much that we felt as if we had almost been transformed into real grapes.

Twelve-thirty one day found us ten miles from La Porte, Indiana, without our yet having our noon-day repast. Heretofore we had always eaten at hotels and restaurants, but today we decided to attempt to buy our dinner at some farm-house; accordingly we stopped at the first house, and asked if it would be possible for us to buy our dinner. Some excuse to the effect that they had nothing cooked was the answer that we received, also the pleasant information that La Porte was only ten miles distant. At the next house we asked the same thing, and were told that they could do nothing for us, but that Mr. Brown, in the next house, would undoubtedly give us our dinner, as he made a practice of feeding travelers.

We went to Mr. Brown's and told him what his kind and obliging neighbors had told us concerning him. He was very indignant, said that he never did such a thing, and asked if we wished to buy our dinner, why we did not go on to La Porte instead of trying to buy it at a farm-house, in the city there were restaurants and hotels that made a business of feeding people, that he was not running any accommodation tavern for the benefit of the traveling community, and when he did he would hang out a sign to that effect in front of his house. After Mr. Brown had delivered himself of this rather spicy speech, we thanked him very much for all the advice with which he had favored us, and then we departed from the domain of the

eminent and peppery Mr. Brown. For the next two miles we called at every farm-house, simply as an experiment, and in no case did we receive any encouragement whatever, and all seemed to think the same as the Hon. Mr. Brown.

We had wasted nearly an hour in these proceedings, and it was now nearly one-thirty, and we were still eight miles from La Porte. We reached that city a little past two o'clock, and enjoyed a dinner, the quantity of which was so great, that the proprietor, who was a German, exclaimed: "Ach! Mein Gott in Himmel, vat eders you vas!"

From La Porte for a distance of nearly twelve miles toward Michigan City we traversed a fine macadamized road over which we spun in supreme enjoyment.

Michigan City is located upon the shore of Lake Michigan, and in the town itself and in the vicinity the soil is of a fine white and powdery sand. On the lake shore, there stands a huge mound or minature mountain of this sand, upon which not the slightest verdure of any description will grow This hill is dubbed: "The Hoosiers' Slide."

For nearly twenty miles out of Michigan City, owing to the heavy sand, it was necessary for us to walk the railroad track. In many places, however, the riding was fairly good. This fact caused a rather exciting episode. The Michigan Central Railroad at this point has a double track system upon which fast freight and passenger trains run

at very frequent intervals. We were riding between the rails on the right hand track, when, hearing a rumbling sound and divining that it was an approaching train we turned to discover that it was a fast freight. We were then about a mile from the road crossing, and thought that as the train was still at such a great distance, we could easily make the crossing by riding just a little faster. Accordingly we began to "sprint". We were within a quarter of a mile of the crossing when we looked around and saw that the train was rapidly gaining upon us, but we thought that we should be able to reach the crossing before the train caught us. We reached the crossing and fell off our wheels and pulled them off the tracks just as the train rushed by with a hissing of steam and a thunderous roar.

As we proceeded, the surrounding country seemed to change from a sandy soil to a somewhat harder basis, and the roads, at least a great many of them, were built roads, made of crushed stone, and rolled until the surface was hard and smooth. It was with relief that we left the railroad track to travel again a first-class wagon road.

In due time we arrived at Hammond, Indiana, which is really a suburb of Chicago. After getting dinner here and making repairs on a punctured tire we proceeded toward that famous and much talked about metropolis, Chicago.

Even by fast riding, it took us nearly three hours to reach the heart of the main business section of the metropolis. We entered the city via Michigan avenue, one of the principal boulevards, on which the traffic is very great. Electric hansoms, cabs, automobiles, and motor vehicles of every description were dashing to and fro, a lively scene, a continuous stream of hurrying humanity. We had a great deal of difficulty wending our way through the jam of wagons, which together with the rush and roar of the elevated trains, the peculiar hum made by the cable, which lies a foot or more beneath the slot in the middle of the car tracks, made things very lively for us two wheelmen. Finally we reached the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is located on La Salle Street, a massive thirteen story structure. Leaving our wheels in front of the building, we went inside to make a few inquiries and on our return in less than five minutes, there was a crowd of several hundred people around the machines, who had been attracted out of curiosity. Upon our appearance, everyone commenced to talk at once, all desired to know where we were going, and where we came from, what we were making the trip for, and a few hundred other questions of a like nature. It very much resembled a modern tower of Babel.

Being strangers in the city, we had some difficulty in finding a suitable lodging-house, but after

an hour or so of wandering, we at last found that for which we were looking. It occupied the entire second and third floors of a large brick building. The entire front half of the second floor was devoted to a combination reading, writing, and smoking room for the patrons. The air in this room was thick with tobacco smoke, amidst which perhaps one hundred or one hundred and fifty men, of a fairly respectable type, sat in supreme contentment.

Observing an old man hedged off from the outside world by a sort of chicken-coop affair, and who peered at all who had occasion to consult him through a square aperture, the width of which was about four inches, with a piercing glance which tended to make anyone feel as if they were before a judge to receive sentence, we inquired whether it would be possible for us to get a room, and a key was shoved through the "four by four," while the owner of the piercing eyes gave vent to a stentorian and gruff: "Fifty cents!"

Finding the number on a piano-box sort of room which corresponded to the number on our key, we unlocked the door to find a floor space of about eight feet square, in which was an iron bed, with no other article of furniture, not even a solitary chair to keep it company. Our room (?) was separated from the others by a wooden partition perhaps six feet high, and over the top of the room

was stretched wire netting similar to that which is used on chicken coops.

It was almost an impossibility for us to sleep, for men were walking to and fro at frequent intervals during the whole night. At last in desperation we arose and dressed to find that it was 3:45 a. m.

The day was just dawning, but it was a very dismal and disagreeable morning. The air was cold and damp, and a clammy fog held the atmosphere in its grasp. We decided that it was a golden opportunity to sight-see as the city had not yet awakened. Strolling down Madison avenue, we paused to look at the filthy Chicago River. There was several barges passing, which, together with the operation of a "jack-knife draw-bridge," so completely engrossed our attention, that we paid not the slightest notice to the stray pedestrians who passed to and fro, until a rough hand was laid upon our shoulders and a gruff voice hoarsely growled in our ears: "Come on, kids! Dig up all you got and, d—n it, dig up quick, too!" We were very much frightened, being taken so completely by surprise, and turned to look into the face of a man perhaps thirty-five years old, dressed in a suit which was many times too large for him and once upon a time would have been called black, but at present the color was questionable, the face was that of a regular genus "hobo," decorated by a growth of stubby black whiskers

which would have made a barber "cry like a child," the eyes were small and treacherous looking, while his breath smelled very similar to that which is wafted from a musty beer cellar. He wore a slouch hat pulled down over his shaggy eye-brows, but in the hands with which he still grasped our shoulders, he held no gun, which was a very fortunate thing for us. As it has been our custom to carry our guns in holsters which were fastened to our belts, we had them with us at all times. Upon hearing this very polite request, we turned and reached for our guns which were in the vicinity of our hip pockets, mumbling something to the effect that: "Well, guess we'll have to, as you certainly got the drop on us this time." By that time we had drawn our guns which we turned upon our astonished would be hold-up man, and advised him that unless he wished to give the undertaker a job he had better make himself scarce in that vicinity. He turned and was in such a great hurry that he even forgot to bid us good-bye.

One of the most notable features about Chicago, and one which is not seen in any of the other large cities of the United States, not even in New York, is the fact that all the people move very fast while walking, everything moves with that rush and bustle which is otherwise so characteristic of the "Windy City."

CHAPTER THIRD.

WE FORD A RIVER IN ILLINOIS.

From Chicago we went to Joliet. This stretch of road was good, but five miles south of Joliet we began to get a taste of what Illinois roads are like in the spring time before they are worn down. The soil is a mixture of black muck and clay, and dries but very slowly, sticking to an object in the most affectionate way. Our first experience with this was coming from Joliet into Wilmington. When we reached the latter place, we were simply a sight. It had been necessary for us to carry our wheels for nearly four miles, no easy matter, as each wheel with its baggage weighed nearly sixty pounds. Our feet were heavily loaded with Illinois "gumbo," and our physical exertion had been so great, that we were on the verge of collapse. So it was with joy that we sighted the little village of Wilmington.

Owing to the impassable condition of the wagon roads, we determined to follow the railroad track. It was necessary for us to do this nearly all the way to Springfield. In many places we were able to ride alongside the rails, but sometimes it was a case of walk.

Bloomington has the finest court-house in the state of Illinois, costing nearly a half million dol-

lars. The inside is finished in marble, and is illuminated at night by hundreds of incandescent lights, which makes a very beautiful sight. The building is constructed on the dome plan, very similar to the plan of the majority of the state capitols throughout the United States. On our way beyond Bloomington we had our first experience of "roughing it." We got our supper at a little village, at which they were no hotels nor restaurants, in a private house where we could get no accommodations for the night, and had to go on to the next town, something like twelve miles distant. It was a very dark night, the kind of night that is described in the vernacular as being darker "than a stack of black cats." Owing to this it was impossible to ride, so we walked the railroad track. It was a weird and lonely walk. On each side of the track for five or six miles was a continuous stretch of dense and impenetrable swamp and forest combined, from which such noises as the cry of a screech owl, which sounded very like the wail of a lost soul, were shrilly hurled upon the night air. Taking everything into consideration, we enjoyed (?) our evening stroll very much.

We at last reached the town of McLean, to find that although it was only ten-thirty p. m., there was not a person in the town awake, except the night operator at the station. We attempted to get some information from him as to whether there

was a hotel in the place, and if so, whether it was open, but he evidently thought that we were tramps, even though we told him all our troubles, how we were traveling, and how we had got into such a predicament; but he would not deign even to give us an answer or acknowledge that he heard us. Finding that we could not get any satisfaction out of the operator, we decided to investigate the situation for ourselves. There were no street lights of any description in the town, nor was there even a light burning in any of the houses. After falling over a horse block and bruising my shins, while Darling attempted to find a side walk, in which endeavor he bumped into several trees and a telephone post, leaving a swelling on his forehead to remind him of the event, a representative of the canine race by a series of blood-curdling howls cast out upon the inky blackness, took a hand in the game. As we did not wish to part with any portion of our anatomy, nor did we desire to leave any of our wearing apparel in the jaws of Mr. Dog, we decided that in this case that retreat was the better part of valor, and lost no time in reaching our haven of refuge, the railroad station.

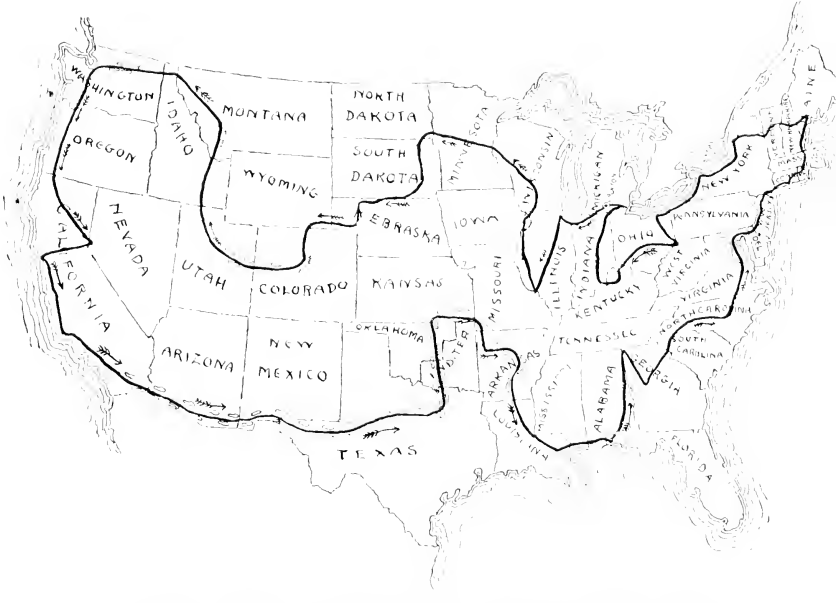
There was nothing for it but to sleep on the floor of the waiting-room in the depot. The air was very chilly, and during the night many trains passed through, so that we slept but little. We arose at four o'clock and walked the track to the

next town, as the wagon road was too bad to travel.

The bridge at the point where we were to cross the Sangamon River had recently been swept away by high water, and rather than return and go up to the next bridge above, which would have been nearly fifteen miles out of our way, we decided if possible to ford the stream. Removing our clothes, and tying them into a small bundle, we carried them above our heads and waded across. The water was about four and a half feet deep, coming almost to our shoulders. After we had got safely across with the clothes, we returned and carried our wheels over. The water was almost ice cold, the current was very swift, and as the river was nearly three hundred feet wide at this point, it was no very pleasant experience.

Throughout this section of Illinois we were having a great deal of trouble with our tires. In this vicinity a great many thorn hedges are used. At this time each year the farmers are accustomed to trim their hedges and throw the branches out into the public highway. They puncture a rubber bicycle tire very readily, so that we spent much time in repairing punctures.

At last we reached Springfield, the capital of the state of Illinois. The capitol building is a very fine structure, the top of the dome being four hundred and five feet from the ground.



OUTLINE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, SHOWING ROUTE.

In Springfield is also located the old home of Abraham Lincoln. The house is open to visitors at all times and is in charge of a lady paid by the government as a care-taker of the premises, and to explain to tourists the historical interest attached to various articles of furniture. We had the pleasure of sitting in Daniel Webster's old arm chair, and to sit at the desk which was formerly used by Abraham Lincoln.

At this time the Republican state convention for the nomination of governor was being held in Springfield. As this brought nearly ten thousand strangers besides the delegates and their friends, into the city, the restaurant and hotel accommodations were somewhat strained. The situation had become so bad, that a large vacant store upon one of the principal streets had been converted into a lodging house. Hundreds of cots had been placed in this store, and a large flaming sign on the front of the window announced to the world that the privilege to occupy one of these cots for the night would cost "only one dollar." The crush was so great that by five o'clock in the afternoon not one of those cots was left.

As we saw no opportunity to get a bed for the night, we went to one of the fire engine houses in the city, and accosted the Captain of the barn and asked him if we could sleep in the hay loft. He informed us that it was strictly against the rules, but as he had a boy who was wandering around in

some corner of the world, "he guessed it would be all right."

We were far from lonesome, as there were a small army of rats that used this place as their headquarters. As they are a very inquisitive sort of quadruped, we were often awakened from a sound sleep by one of the creatures running over our bodies; or perhaps one of them, braver than the others, would burrow in the hay on which we were sleeping, and make the exit from his tunnel beneath our heads. Altogether, our sleep was not too restful.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

WE REACH MADISON, WISCONSIN.

Our route from Springfield to St. Louis lay through the largest and most extensive coal belt in the state of Illinois. The country was dotted with collieries, while the "chug chug" of the ascending and descending buckets which carry the coal to the surface, could be heard always. The villages for the most part were typical of a mining region. The cottages were small and untidy, the streets were muddy and dirty, and everything seemed to partake of the nature of the mines, being grimy and streaked with coal dust.

As we were approaching Bunker Hill, about a mile ahead of us and coming from the opposite direction we noticed a man in a buggy wildly waving his arms as if in great distress. Thinking that he needed help, we hastened to increase our speed, but, as we came within hearing distance, we discovered that we were the cause of his agitation. He shouted to us in broken English mixed with a great deal of German, from which we at length understood that he wished us to get off our wheels until he passed with his horse. It is doubtful if the animal would have moved a muscle had even a dynamite cannon cracker exploded beneath his feet. From his appearance one would be led to

believe that all he cared for in this world was simply to sleep. After the antiquated equine and his rather excitable master had passed by us safely, the latter stood up in his buggy, and harangued us with a speech the greater part of which was in his own native tongue. This was accompanied by many gestures, in which the shaking of his clenched fist in our direction bore a prominent part. After he had continued this performance until he was nearly blue in the face and was forced to stop, through lack of breath, he drove onward apparently feeling very much better. Without doubt he held the idea that when a bicyclist saw him approaching the wheelman should immediately proceed to get off the Earth.

As the Mississippi had recently been on a rampage and had overflown its banks, we were not able to reach East St. Louis, which is in the state of Illinois, and lies directly across the river from St. Louis proper, but had to take a ferry from Venice, which is a small town lying some distance up the river. This town was a sorry looking sight, owing to the high water, and pools of stagnant and foul-smelling water stood around many of the houses, completely surrounding them.

We found St. Louis to be composed largely of negroes and Missouri mules. Most of the business streets are quite narrow, while many of the public buildings, especially the Post-office and the Court

House, look very Gibraltar-like, as if to serve as fortresses in time of need.

We spent three days in St. Louis, most of which were passed at the World's Fair Grounds.

From St. Louis our next objective point was Davenport, Iowa, via Beardstown, Galesburg, and Rock Island, all in Illinois.

We had much trouble with the "gumbo" roads, it being necessary to walk and carry our wheels for long distances. We became lost one night, and wandered over roads which were knee-deep with mud.

After crossing the Illinois River at Beardstown, we found the country very hilly and bluff-like, this being the case particularly along the river, which we followed for some distance.

At Rock Island we again crossed the Mississippi, and landed upon the soil of Iowa, this making our fifth state.

Between the cities of Rock Island and Davenport lies an island which is owned by Uncle Sam, and on which the U. S. Rock Island Arsenal is located. Here all the equipment for the army in the way of saddles, harness, tinware, canteens, and cannon of all description, are manufactured. The island consists of about a thousand acres, and is entirely under military supervision.

Our route lay along the Mississippi River from Davenport up to Clinton, from which place we again crossed the river returning into Illinois.

In many places, in going up to Clinton, the wagon road was on the bank of the river. The mighty stream flowed onward tranquilly, almost without a ripple disturbing its placid surface. Occasionally a passenger-boat would pass us, a typical Mississippi stern-wheeler, noted the world over for being able to navigate in the most shallow of waters. Abraham Lincoln was said to have expressed the opinion that after a heavy rainfall of four or five inches of water, one of these boats could easily ply to and fro over the fields.

The majority of the villages along the river were small antiquated fishing communities, which had not changed in architecture or otherwise for a half century. We were looked upon with suspicion by the inhabitants of these villages, as if they had mentally resolved that if we were going to remain in town all night it would be a very good plan to keep a close watch on their premises.

The trip from Clinton, Iowa, across the river to Fulton and thence to Freeport towards the Wisconsin line was just a little more than we had originally calculated upon. The country, unlike that of the southern part of the state, was very hilly, and the roads were very poor, so that we had to walk four out of every ten miles traversed.

In the northern part of Illinois an event quite important to us took place, for our cyclometers registered the fact that we had covered our first thousand miles.

As we crossed the Wisconsin line and proceeded on our way northward toward Madison, the country increased in ruggedness. It became heavily timbered, farm-houses were few and far between, and there was generally an appearance of wild and savage grandeur.

We arrived at Madison, which is the capital of the state of Wisconsin, at 4 p. m., on May 29. Up to this point we had gained two days on our schedule, and as for our expenses, we had made them easily from day to day since we had received our shipment of souvenirs at Springfield, Illinois. Besides we had been able to repay the sum of money which it had been necessary for us to borrow from the parties making the wager, and we were having no financial trouble whatever. Our method was to canvass the business portion of every town less than ten thousand inhabitants, but the larger cities we did not try to canvass, as it took too much time, and time was as valuable to us as money.

The city of Madison is virtually a summer resort. The University of Wisconsin is located here, and has an attendance of nearly three thousand students. The city itself is nearly surrounded by a chain of four lakes called: Mendota, Monona, Wygra, and Waubesa, the largest of which is lake Mendota. The capitol building occupies a large square, the business portion of the city being built around it, practically being on a neck of land

formed by Lake Mendota on one side and Lake Monona on the other.

One evening while sitting in the "office" of a hotel in one of the small towns we overheard the following "short but sweet" conversation held between two men.

"I met your doctor this morning and he said that he hoped you were well."

Second Party: "Strange thing for a doctor to say, wasn't it?"

First Party: "I don't know. He said your last illness cost him fifty dollars."

The greater part of this state is settled by Germans, many of whom are dairymen; and the greatest cheese-making community in the United States is located in Green County, Wisconsin, through which we were now traveling.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

NEARLY LOST IN THE BLACK RIVER WILDS

The evening of the first day's travel out of Madison found us amid the rocky bluffs which are in the vicinity of Devil's Lake. We had in some manner taken the wrong road. The one which we were following got worse and worse, until it became nothing but a mere cow path. This turned and twisted in the most erratic manner through an almost impenetrable forest, while occasionally, through openings in the trees, on one side could be seen a dark and grim outline of a rocky mass which seemed to be several hundred feet high. It was evident that the trail which we were following was winding around the foot of these bluffs. The woods were so thick and the underbrush so dense that we were hardly able to force our way through. After wandering in this manner an hour, making but little progress, and with hands and faces bleeding from the thorny bushes, we stumbled out into a clear space, nearly tripping over a railroad track. We had lost all sense of direction, and simply guessed at it, and started to follow the track. In less than half an hour we arrived at a telegraph station, which proved to be Devil's Lake. As the operator told us that there was a

hotel at the lake, which was about half a mile distant, we felt very much relieved and welcomed an end to our troubles for that day.

Devil's Lake is a very picturesque and, at the same time, wild spot. The lake itself is almost totally surrounded by huge rocky bluffs, some of which are as high as eight hundred feet. These bluffs are strewn with mammoth boulders, which seem to have been hurled by giants of some prehistoric age. At the top of one of these bluffs stands a mass of jagged rock forty feet high, which from its form, is called "The Devil's Doorway." At the foot of the bluff is an immense rock, weighing many tons, and on which there is a sign which reads: "Please do not carry this away."

The stretch of country from Baraboo to Tomah is from a scenic standpoint very interesting. On every side, as far as the eye can see, masses of bare rock entirely free from vegetation of any kind dot the landscape. These masses are generally several hundred feet high, the sides are nearly perpendicular, while the tops seem to be flat; most of them are of a sugar-loaf form, and seem to be nearly as wide as they are high. As the country in the vicinity of these strange rock formations is entirely flat and level, the effect is that of giant and Sphinx-like sentinels.

Since leaving Madison we had been told all manner of hair-raising tales with reference to the trouble which we were going to have in crossing

what is known as "The Black River Wilds." This wilderness we should have to cross in order to reach the town of Black River Falls, for which we were bound.

Ten miles out of Tomah this stretch of "bad land" began. The soil was mostly a loose sand, but here and there could be seen a tuft of long, coarse grass, while small grub oaks and tamaracks, ranging from three to twenty feet in height, thickly covered this desert waste. There was no opportunity to ride as we sank in the loose sand at every step. On our left, perhaps a mile distant, there seemed to be a chain of hills, which, like the wilderness, were covered by a tangled mass of underbrush and small dwarfish trees. Away to our right, as far as we could see, was the flat and unbroken line of the wilderness. In the hazy distance, their outlines showing blue and indistinct, was another chain of hills, similar to those on our left. In places we would come to morasses, to avoid which we would have to make detours. As there were no roads whatever we attempted to travel in a straight line, and trust to chance to arrive at the right place. Many times we thought we were lost, as we seemed to be traveling in a circle, but still we plodded onward. Just as we thought that we surely had lost our way, we spied what appeared to be a village a mile or more distant. This proved to be Millston, and consisted of two saloons, a telegraph station, and several

houses. It certainly was a veritable oasis in the desert.

From Millston to Black River Falls, a distance of twelve miles, we walked the railroad, which was far safer than attempting to find the way through the wilds.

Black River Falls, a town of two thousand inhabitants, gets its name from the rapids in the heart of the place. It is in the midst of a very wild section. About nine miles from the city is a reservation of the Winnebago Indians. On pleasant days the streets of the town are crowded with braves and squaws, who retain their tribal costumes, and for the most part are very uncivilized.

For the next five days we were greatly delayed by rain. Owing to the sloppy condition of the roads it was necessary to follow the railroad nearly all the time.

There was great excitement in Menominee. The Red Cedar River was out of its banks, and was expected to carry away the lower dam at the mill. If this hapened the greater part of the town would be flooded. It was asserted that the river was the highest it had been in twenty years. A swollen, angry mass of tawny and foam crested dirty water can best describe this roaring torrent. With much difficulty we succeeded in crawling down one of the stone piers of a railroad trestle to the abutment below, from which we found that an

excellent picture of the stream could be obtained. The huge waves dashed against this abutment with terrific force, drenching us to the skin, and the noise was deafening. In the distance could be seen the mill and the dam upon which so much depended.

In due time we arrived at Hudson, which is located on Lake St. Croix, this lake forming the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota. Across the lake could be seen the high bluffs which marked the bounds of Minnesota.

We waited patiently for an hour or more, until a rather dilapidated and wheezy ferry-boat put in its appearance, and then we waited another hour for the captain to take a short nap, as he took great care not to overwork himself. But at last everything was ready, there was a great deal of swearing by one of the deck hands, who had trouble in raising the gang-plank, and, amid a succession of groans and grunts from the little vessel, we were off.

CHAPTER SIXTH.

WE HAVE OUR TROUBLES IN THE DAKOTAS.

A jaunt of sixteen miles over a rough and hilly road brought us to St. Paul.

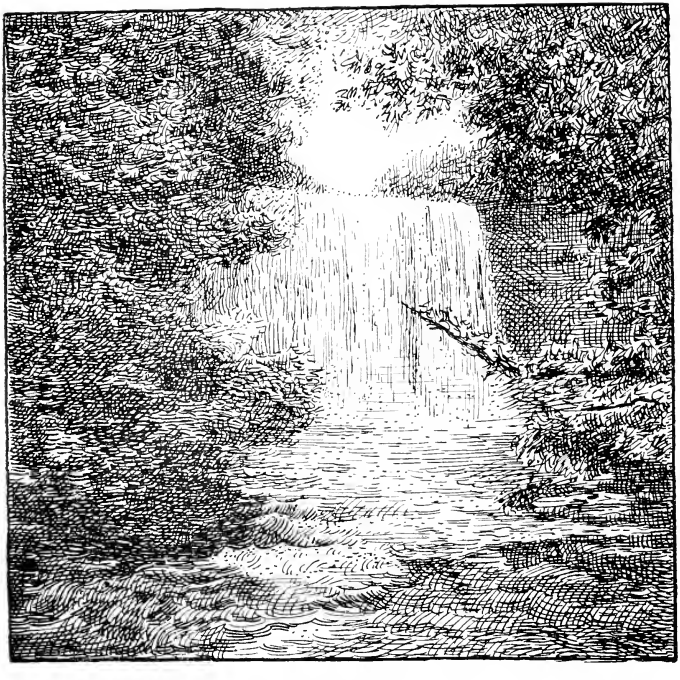
This city is built in a nest of the steepest of hills. And as one views them, and sees the inhabitants toiling laboriously upward, it occurs to him what a great success these people would make as mountain climbers. We observed that the majority of the St. Paulites bore wearied and fatigued looks, caused doubtless by their continuously climbing the hills.

At the present writing a new capitol for the state of Minnesota is being constructed. This new building, it is claimed, upon completion will be the finest state capitol in the West. The cost is supposed to be in the neighborhood of six million dollars, and it will be completed sometime in the year nineteen hundred and five.

The old capitol is a very common building, which more closely resembles a school house than a state capitol.

A great rivalry exists between St. Paul and Minneapolis, the twin cities lying some eighteen miles apart.

The mighty Mississippi at this point is a small sluggish stream which impresses one but little.



MINNEHAHA FALLS.

Seven miles out of the capital city is located the historic Fort Snelling. During the early days when Indians were plentiful and very warlike this fort withstood many a siege. As a reminder of these days there still stands "the Old Round Tower", which was build in the year 1820. It is constructed of stone, with walls four feet thick. At present it is being remodeled for cavalry headquarters. This building is famous all over the Union.

The site of old Fort Snelling is now used as an army post by Uncle Sam. There are eight hundred men stationed here, infantry and artillery. It is also the intention of the government to place a detachment of cavalry here in the near future.

Several miles from the post is Minnehaha Park, the chief attraction of which is the waterfall of the same name. These falls at the time we visited them were beautiful, it being claimed that there was a larger amount of water flowing over them than in a number of years. They are located in a picturesque woody glen, and are about twenty feet wide with a sixty foot fall of water. The musical Indian name means "Laughing Water."

Minneapolis proved to be a more metropolitan city than St. Paul. Unlike its sister city, it is very level. The streets are very wide, and, on the whole, it impresses one as a city far more than its rival.

We had but little trouble in crossing the state of Minnesota. Our route lay through Willmar, Benson, Morris and Wheaton.

For a long distance after leaving Minneapolis we had the pleasure of traversing a built bicycle path. The wheelmen of the city have all formed an association by which each pays a certain sum as dues every year, from which fund paths to every village and town for a radius of fifty miles around the city are constructed.

At Wyzetta we got our first glimpse of the famous Lake Minnetonka. This has a shore line of over two hundred miles, its shores being indented by innumerable inlets, bays, and sounds. It is a very aristocratic pleasure resort, and hundreds of magnificent summer homes line the lake.

Through this section of the state there are a great many lakes. Every village has a lake in its near vicinity. This was the case in every town through which we passed for a distance of seventy miles.

As we proceeded westward the country became very level, and on every side was a green expanse of young, growing wheat. Fences are dispensed with, not even the railroad right of way being enclosed, and wagon roads ran at will over the prairie. If someone got the idea that he could make a short cut by driving across the corner of a wheatfield, he acted simultaneously with the thought, and drove over the growing grain.

The country generally was very thickly populated by Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, all an industrious, simple-minded, peaceful, honest, and law-abiding people. Agricultural hamlets ranged six to ten miles apart. All looked very prosperous and were of a very neat style of architecture.

Occasionally, in canvassing the towns, we would come into stores the proprietors of which would be Jews. In one of them the following dialogue took place between "little Jakey" and his "maw". It seems that the father had that morning left for Chicago on business, leaving his wife in charge of the store. Little Jakey had been playing around the store, but in some manner had aroused the ire of his mother, who had locked him up in the back room as punishment for his misdeeds. The boy stood it for awhile in silence but finding it rather lonesome, began to plead for his release:

"Oh, maw! please let me oud ob dis room, und I vill pe von goot poy."

"No, mine son; you vos von pad poy und did not mind your maw, you gannot gum oud."

"Please, maw!"

"No, mine poy!"

(A few minutes' silence.) "Maw!"

"Vell, vat is it?"

"If you vill led me oud I vill gif you two dollars oud of mine pank, dot paw would not gif you dis mornin'."

"Vell, you vas a t'oghtful poy to vant to gif me dot money, und I could not bunish you after dot; but vait until I run und get de pank, Jakey."

Every village was equipped with a grain elevator and a water tank. This latter was generally mounted on a steel frame work, and stood high in the air. The country was so extremely flat and the air was so clear, that one of these tanks could be seen at a distance of ten miles.

We were very thankful that we were not compelled to travel over very much of North Dakota. From Wheaton we went to Hankinson, N. D., and from that place we headed for Forman, which was our reporting place for that state. Both of these points were in the extreme southeastern portion of the state, and even here the country was the wildest of the wild. This was what could be termed the plains. Very little of the land was under cultivation, it being used as a grazing land for cattle. A long, tough grass which grew ever so thickly, covered the entire ground. A series of rolling swells can best describe this section. Here it is nothing whatever for a man to own a ranch of six to twelve hundred acres of land, and the result is that one might travel all day without passing a human habitation; and the roads were something entirely different from those with which we had had experience. Three ruts, six to eight inches deep, and several inches wide, over which the long grass grew; they extended over the

prairie in the most aimless fashion, bounded by no fence, sign-board, or anything else to indicate where they went to. Owing to the heavy rains, which had recently been predominant all over the state, a great many of the low places, or hollows, were covered with water, and these were called "slews" by the natives.

In making from Hankinson to Forman, we certainly "got ours." Owing to the many "slews" which we encountered, it was necessary for us to make extensive detours of several miles. In this way, we got upon the wrong trail, or road, and wandered over the plains for several hours before we saw anyone to set us right. When we finally reached Forman, it was nearly nine o'clock in the evening, and the shades of night were just falling. At this season of the year the sun does not set until nearly eight-thirty, in fact the heat from the sun at 8 p. m. is almost as great as it is in the Eastern states in the summer time at the noon hour.

We found South Dakota, however, to be a great deal better in every respect. It was more like Minnesota; we passed through the best part of the state: Britton, Aberdeen, Redfield, and Mitchell. Here the land was all under cultivation, and was very level, good-sized towns being scattered over the country.

The drinking water through the western part of Minnesota and both the Dakotas is very bad. This fact we discovered to our sorrow. In some places

it is alkali water; the people in the immediate neighborhood, being accustomed to it are not troubled by using it, but from our personal experience we should advise the uninitiated to beware. In other sections rain water is used exclusively for drinking purposes, and the only water which it is possible to get out of the ground is that which is called "tubular water." This is highly impregnated with salt and is very bitter. It is used mostly for the stock, and is obtained at a depth of three to four hundred feet. Coming, as we did, from a state where excellent drinking water was one of its boasts, the reader can readily understand with what very pleasant feelings we would drink the nauseating rain water. In the majority of cases the water would be conducted by eave troughs into a cistern from which it would be pumped as it was needed. I distinctly remember one instance where the roof had been but recently shingled, and the water was nicely seasoned, tasting very much like a lumber yard. Occasionally, however, the water would be filtered removing all the impurities, but only a very small percentage of the farm-houses were equipped in this manner.

The longest ride which we made in any one day on the whole thirteen thousand mile journey was made from Redfield to Mitchell, one hundred and twelve miles. The roads were very good, and the country was flat and level. Sixteen miles out from Mitchell I broke my chain beyond repair. Darling

suggested that we tie the wheels together, and that he would tow me in for the balance of the distance. This answered nicely. We rode up the main street of Mitchell with half a hundred of the younger generation following us at a dog-trot, all endeavoring to find out just what kind of a machine we were operating.

As we traveled nearly every day, Sundays included, we had not the time to spare to have our washing hired, but did it ourselves whenever an opportunity presented itself. Continuous practice in this line had made us quite skilful, so that we were able to "doee washee velly glood."

We received our souvenirs in consignments at different points, they being shipped ahead of us. We were to receive an order at Aberdeen, but for some reason, although we waited nearly two days for it, it did not put in its appearance. As we could ill afford to lose so much time, we left instructions to have the same forwarded to Mitchell. We arrived there only to learn that it was not there, and remained a day, but as it did not come, we requested the agent upon its arrival to send it to Valentine, Nebraska.

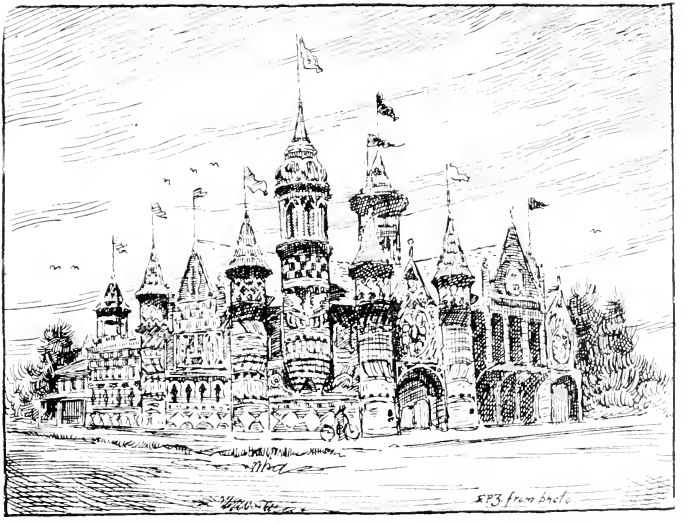
As the chief article of production in this state is corn, at the annual agricultural display which is held at Mitchell, lasting nearly ten days and conducted in the form of a fete, or carnival, this product is one of the principal displays. This is called "The Corn Festival." On the main street

of the city there stands a building whose design is indeed unique, the decorations on which are many and varied and all are made with the aid of the stalks and ears of corn. This structure is called "The Corn Palace." This annual celebration usually occurs in the month of September.

At Wheeler, which was a cluster of rather dilapidated houses, two general stores and a large frame building which looked like an old barn, but which, we afterward learned, was the County Court House, we got our first view of the Missouri River. Here it was necessary to use a ferry in order to cross. This was located up the river a mile or more from Wheeler. A strong gale had been blowing all day, and this had caused the river to become very choppy, so much so, that the ferryman refused to take his craft across until the wind had subsided. The boat was a neat little affair, something like forty feet long, and operated by means of a gasoline engine.

The Missouri at this point is a dirty yellowish color, with a very swift current. It is over a mile wide, but so deceptive are the distances on water, that it looked hardly more than a thousand feet. It is claimed that it is a very treacherous stream, constantly changing its course and forming sand bars in its channel. Here, on each side, it was lined with high bluffs.

We waited from three o'clock in the afternoon until nine in the evening before the ferryman



THE CORN PALACE, MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA.

would agree to take us across. As we swung out into the middle of the stream, the huge waves would almost wash over the little craft. When we were about half-way across, something went wrong with the engine, and it stopped entirely. The current was so fearfully strong that we began to go down stream at a great rate, and were having visions of a trip by water down to St. Louis. At this catastrophe the pilot let loose upon the atmosphere about two tons of oaths, and these were so effective, that the engine again commenced to work and soon we had regained that which we had lost.

Upon arriving at the other side, the ferryman proceeded to tie up his boat to the bank, and departed for his home, which was two miles distant. We intended to ride to Bonesteel that night, but got a half a mile or so from the river to discover that we each had a puncture in one of our tires. It was too late to repair them that night, and as there was no house in the near vicinity, the only thing left for us to do was to go back to the boat and sleep on its deck. The wind was still blowing strongly, while the waves dashed against the sides of the vessel with a loud splashing sound, tossing the boat to and fro, and it was oppressively dark.

We dared not light any matches, as we were afraid that the owner might accidentally see them, nor did we dare to make very much noise. We succeeded in finding a couple of life preservers,

which we used as pillows, and, stretched out upon the deck, we were soon lulled to sleep by the elements

A little past midnight I was awakened by rain falling upon my face. I discovered that a terrible storm was about to break upon us. Already large drops of water were falling, vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the heavens, and these were accompanied by peals of thunder which seemed to shake the very foundation of the earth. I shook Darling and shouted: "Get up quick! There's a terrible storm coming!" He jumped as if he had been shot, stared wildly and vacantly at the heavens, and made a dash for the deck-house in which the engine was located, disappearing through the doorway just as another peal of thunder rent the heavens. All his actions had been intensified by two separate flashes of lightning, one just as he looked up so wildly and the other just as he had disappeared through the doorway. The surroundings were so weird, and his actions so peculiar, that I almost believed that his mind had become unbalanced, and that perhaps I had a maniac on my hands. As a precaution I picked up a large hammer which I found on the deck and proceeded stealthily towards the deck-house, determined to handle my lunatic rather roughly if it became necessary. I got through the doorway just as a flash of lightning revealed the form of my suspected crazy man stretched at full length on the floor, his

snoring audible above the roar of the elements. After much shaking and shouting I succeeded in awakening him only to find that he had no knowledge of his previous actions and did not know how he had got into the deck-house.

The storm now broke in all its fury, and the rain fell in torrents, completely deluging the deck of the boat. The wind increased until it was almost blowing a hurricane, while the river became a boiling cauldron. The ferry-boat tossed like an egg-shell, creaking and groaning like a creature in distress. At almost any moment we expected to see the little craft part from her moorings, and go spinning out into the inky blackness. But although the strain was terrific, the big ropes held firmly.

The storm raged for several hours, but towards dawn it suddenly ceased, the water becoming as smooth as glass and hardly even the slightest breeze blowing.

During the time that the storm was at its height, we hardly dared breathe. If the boat had left its moorings, we should have been powerless, and the boat would soon have overturned and sunk.

During the storm the rolling of the boat had caused our wheels to fall. Upon examination we found that the top of the can containing our patching cement had become loosened and had fallen off, and all the cement had run out, mixing with the waters of the Missouri. It was now a case of

"hike" to Bonesteel a distance of eleven miles, and we immediately started.

The first part of our task was to ascend a hill which was over two miles up to the top.

We reached Bonesteel at 8:40, having walked the entire distance, and being nearly famished we made a rush for a restaurant.

This town was a sight. The "tented cities" at Chicago during the World's Fair were nothing to those here. Tents and "prairie schooners" occupied every vacant square foot of space around the town for a mile or more. Carpenters were working as if their life depended upon it in constructing frame buildings to be used as restaurants or lodging-houses. Every incoming train was loaded, and dumped its human freight into the already overcrowded town. The air was thick with dust caused by an endless procession of wagons and men on horseback. Whole families came, bringing the necessaries for a stay of several weeks. The only business street of the town was crowded with idle men. Here you would see the professional gambler, who had been attracted by the "boom," prepared to part the unsophisticated from their hard-earned ducats. There you would see the typical "cow puncher" of the range, weather beaten, booted, and spurred, his belt filled with cartridges, while on one side the handle of a "six shooter" protruded, and by his side would be a "down east tenderfoot" anxiously plying the

ranger with all manner of questions, but doing so warily and in a very timid manner, looking as if at the slightest suspicious movement he would take to his heels. It was indeed a motley crowd.

All this crush of humanity had been brought here in the hope to "get something for nothing," to be more explicit: the United States Government was to open a part of the Indian Rosebud Reservation for settlement. This land had been surveyed in certain plats, and for a small sum one could have his name registered, which would give him a chance to draw a certain plat to be specified and described by him when he registered. When the drawing took place, should his filing, or registration, be the first for this plat, then it would be his; upon which it would be necessary for him to break the land and cultivate and live upon it for five years, after which it was his to do with as he wished. Therefore it was the desire of all to be the first, which had caused this terrible "rush."

It was our intention to travel from Bonesteel across the Rosebud Reservation in order to reach Valentine, Nebraska. By taking this short-cut we should save almost a hundred miles, besides avoiding a belt of sand which borders the whole northern portion of Nebraska.

Upon inquiry at Bonesteel whether it would be necessary for us to carry food or water with us in crossing the Reservation, or if we should have any trouble to find the right trail, we were told by

several parties in a positive manner that we should find the cabins of Indians at intervals of a mile along the trail where we should have no trouble in procuring food or water. We were to travel what is known as "the old Valentine Trail," which was a straight cut going directly to Valentine, one hundred and twenty-five miles across.

From their description we had no fear whatever of losing our way, as this was a main trail which would be the easiest thing in the world to follow. So we started at 10:30 in the morning, leaving the pandemonium of Bonesteel behind us, to travel in fact across a one hundred and twenty-five mile stretch on which there was nothing but Indian aborigines, who talked but very little English; where water was scarce; where a net-work of trails covered the country, running to all points of the compass, one being as plain as the other, requiring a person endowed with superhuman instinct to determine the right one; where all that met the eye was a dreary and desolate expanse of rolling plains thickly covered by a long, tangled, parched grass, search as carefully as one might, a growing tree or bush could not be found; where fences and railroads were not known, and where the trails consisted in those three deep-worn ruts with which we had had experience on the plains of North Dakota; but all this we did not then know, nor that while on this Reservation we were almost to

grasp the cold and clammy hand of the grim monster, Death.

For fifteen miles everything went well, there was only one trail and that was very plain, but cabins, or human beings of any kind, we did not see. We continued to travel until nearly one o'clock anxiously scanning the country for some indications of a human habitation where we should be able to get food and water. At last, to the right of our trail, we saw an object on the horizon which we thought to be a cabin. We found it six miles distant and all the way we had to walk, and push our bicycles through the long grass.

The cabin was that of an Indian who, on our approach, greeted us with a good-natured "Howdy?" He had a considerable knowledge of English, and we had no trouble in procuring plenty of water and a supply of maize cake, which was very hard baked and looked very much like our "johnny cake."

We retraced our steps and again traveled on the same trail which we had been following. We had gone but a short distance, when our trail seemed to lose itself in a network of others which ran in every direction. We were at a loss to know which to take, but noticing one which appeared to go in a southwesterly direction, we followed it. Many other trails crossed the one which we were on, some even running parallel for long distances.

We had great difficulty in picking out our own from this thread-work. Now we would be twisting in almost a direct eastern course, then we would find ourselves going north and west, and on the whole we began to have misgivings as to whether we were on the right trail or not.

The sun beat fiercely upon us, there being no trees nor shelter of any kind where we could be out of reach even for a few minutes of those fiery rays. The temperature must have been something over a hundred degrees, as it was so hot that it was almost beyond endurance, and we were commencing to feel the terrible pangs of thirst.

All that afternoon we continued to travel onward, every minute increasing our sufferings. Eight o'clock that night still found us wheeling mechanically along. We had not seen any living being, nor habitation of any kind. Our lips were cracked and broken, and from them a drop of blood would occasionally trickle; our throats were parched and swollen, and the vocal organs had become paralyzed. We could not talk but made strange guttural sounds, and our only thought was an insane desire for water. Still, like machines, we continued to ride. Oh! how we wished that that fiery ball would go out of the heavens and that darkness might relieve us of our sufferings.

The physical frame had reached its limit. I swayed in the saddle and fell, while a few hundred feet farther on Darling was overcome, reeled

and groaned, and was stretched on the ground, apparently lifeless.

There we lay all night, both in a sort of stupor. No sound disturbed the death-like quietness, except occasionally the howl of a coyote in the distance, which sounded to our benumbed faculties like a greeting from the realms of the dead.

Towards midnight the air became crisp and cool, which revived us, and at last we fell asleep.

When we awoke, the sun was shining upon us with the same intensity as on the preceding day. Although we were very weak, we managed to travel all that forenoon, stopping to rest frequently. Finally we became so weak that we could not possibly go any farther. Stacking the wheels, which afforded us a very slight protection from the sun, we resolved to lie down and die, we prayed that the end might come soon.

All that afternoon we lay there in semi-consciousness. The first perception that we had of anything worldly was of an Indian stooping over us and roughly shaking our tired bodies. Leaving us, and going to his pony, which patiently stood a few feet distant, he took a canteen from the pommel of his saddle, returned, and lifting our heads, he poured the liquid down our thoats. This revived us somewhat, but still we were too weak to walk, although we tried our best. The Indian, noticing our weakness, lifted Darling up and placed him across his horse, then turning to me,

he said in very good English: "I will be back for you in a few minutes."

It seemed to be hours and hours before he came, but at last I heard the rapid galloping of his approaching horse. He carried me in the same manner. To my tortured mind and body it seemed as if I lay across that horse for almost a whole day, and that we should never reach our destination. But suddenly my benefactor stopped his steed with a jerk, and, dismounting, lifted me from the pony and carried me into a log cabin. There was Darling sitting propped up in the other corner. The Indian busied himself in preparing some liquid which he bade us drink, it soon produced a feeling of drowsiness and shortly we both fell into a sound sleep.

When we awoke the next morning it was to discover that we were alone in the cabin, the sun was well up in the heavens, and it must have been nearly ten o'clock. Outside of a soreness around our lips and throats, we felt well, except that we were so hungry that we were almost tempted to eat our shoes. Presently the Indian appeared, and soon set before us a big, iron kettle in which there was a sort of stew.

When we finished, the empty kettle told the story; during this operation, our host had silently watched us, and seemed to be much pleased at the size of our appetites. He requested that we tell him how we had got into such a predicament. We

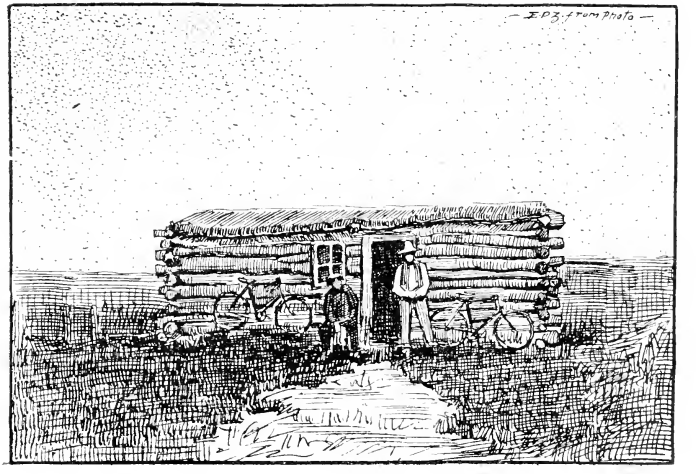
told him our story in detail, saying that we did not know how we could ever repay him for saving our lives. He said that was nothing, and seemed to want us to forget the important part which he had played. He told us that the trail which we had been following was one which was disused and led to no place in particular, that he had been looking for some stray cattle, and seeing a suspicious looking object in the distance, out of curiosity had ridden over to investigate, and we knew the rest. The herbs which he had given us acted as a stimulant and had removed the swelling from our lips and throat. He advised us that it was only seven miles to the Nebraska line, and that there we should find the country somewhat settled.

We tried to make him take a small sum of money, but he would not have it. Seeing our kodak, he asked what that was. We told him that it was a machine to take pictures, over which he was very much amused. Then he asked if we could take a picture of him and his cabin. We told him that we should be "tickled to death." So he posed, and we snapped the kodak. He wanted to see the picture, but we explained to him the process of developing, and that it would be a long time before we could get the picture. We suggested that we mail him one, but his face became very sober, and he emphatically shook his head. But to the remark that maybe he knew someone to whom we could mail it and then he

could go and get it, his face brightened, and he said that he knew a "cow-puncher" who got his mail at Lone Star, Nebraska, and that we could send it to him, and he (the Indian) would get it all right. This we promised to do, and shaking his hand, we bade him a fervent good-bye, and started toward Nebraska soil.

We afterward learned that our kind Indian friend was a member of a band of "cattle rustlers" i. e. those who make a practice of stealing cattle from the range. The chief of his band was a full-blood Sioux Indian, Canary by name, a most daring and wily leader. A heavy reward for the capture of the chief, or any member of his band, either dead or alive, was offered. In this section "a cattle rustler" was dealt with summarily, and was considered the worst of criminals and outlaws.

An hour or so later found us fording the Keya Paha River, which forms the boundary line. It was with elated feelings that we set our foot upon the sands of Nebraska. We both realized what a narrow escape we had had from dying, and there, by the rushing waters of the river, we offered up a thanksgiving for our deliverance.



THE OUTLAW'S CABIN.

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

WE CROSS THE ROCKIES.

We found the whole northern section of the state to be heavy sand. The country was but sparsely settled, and ranch-houses were few and far between, as it was a common thing for one person to own a whole section (640 acres) of land.

For two days we were delayed by rain, staying on a ranch with an old and grizzled ranchman during that time.

Several days were also lost at Valentine, where we had to wait for a shipment of our souvenirs, but even here we waited in vain. To bring matters to a head, we telegraphed the company, receiving the following message in reply. "Aberdeen shipment billed to Denver." There was nothing left for us to do but strike out for Colorado's Capital City. As our treasury was not in the best condition, we decided to make the trip through to Denver as cheaply as possible, and to this end we slept nights in box-cars and almost anywhere.

Valentine to Rushville, something like a hundred and fifteen miles, we kept the railroad track altogether, walking nearly the entire distance. All through this section were the dreaded "sand-hills." These are masses of loose sand, the only

thing that would grow on them being different varieties of cactus, some of which were very small and played havoc with a bicycle tire. Considering this fact, the reader may rest assured that we did not leave the railroad track for one instant.

A familiar sight in this state is the sod house. It is constructed entirely of turf, the walls are four to six feet thick, and are made by laying the large pieces of "sod" flat-wise upon each other. The effect is very novel, but the houses are very warm during the severe weather, while in the hot season they are very cool.

In coming into Alliance we were forced to carry our wheels for five miles on our backs over a cactus plain, in a sweltering sun, at each step the bicycles seeming to increase in weight.

We arrived at Bridgeport on the morning of July 4th, at ten o'clock, after a twenty-three mile "hike." We had been walking since half past four, and owing to the fact that we had not had our breakfast, our interiors felt very peculiar.

We discovered that although even by counting the number of people in the graveyard, Bridgeport boasted of only two hundred population, yet they were having a glorious and rousing celebration. All the ranchmen from a radius of a hundred miles were there, and everything was moving at a mile-a-minute clip. Upon our arrival we were seized by the "celebration committee" and hurried off to the office of "The Bridgeport Weekly

Breezer," where our complete history was written up, and we were urged to take an active part in their celebration by giving an exhibition ride. We expostulated and argued, but all in vain; they were obdurate, and we saw that if we wanted any breakfast we had better consent, and very reluctantly we agreed.

In the afternoon the races took place. There were several races by "cow-punchers" on horseback, who dashed down the only street in the village at a break-neck speed, leaving a cloud of dust so great that one would think that it had been raised by a cyclone; the participants were cheered to victory by the multitude who lined each side of the street. Following this several of the ranchmen gave an exhibition of shooting with revolvers and rifles, their skill being really wonderful. The next thing booked was a roping contest, in which a number of "cow-punchers" participated. The master of ceremonies, who was a tall, raw-boned specimen of humanity, got up in the middle of the street on an empty dry goods box and announced the fact that we would give a half mile dash in heavy riding order, and further added in the way of advice: "You shure want to keep out of the way, for when them fellers do come, they'll come LIKE HELL."

The street was very rough, and although possibly the race was very interesting to the spectators, there was no pleasure in being thrown nearly

a foot off the saddle when we hit the bumps, but we did our best with the result that we "shure did come."

In this portion of Nebraska there are many rocky canyons, which are extremely picturesque; from Bridgeport can be seen what is known as "Chimney Rock," 120 feet high, and composed of a sort of hard clay, its girth appearing to be not greater than that of an ordinary chimney.

Our next objective town was Sidney, a place of about two thousand inhabitants, and the largest town which we would pass through until we reached Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here we turned from our southern course and went directly westward, following the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The country all the way to Cheyenne was fairly level, and the roads were of the rut-like variety. Occasionally along the railroad would be a telegraph station, a store, and a cluster of houses, but outside of those "wide places in the road" there were no towns at all. Sometimes in the distance we would spy a ranch-house, but these were very rare.

In traveling through the Dakotas and Nebraska, the sight of a prairie dog village was a frequent occurrence. These little animals are about the size of a musk-rat, brown in color, and have a stubby tail which is totally devoid of hair. They associate in villages, there being as many as fifty

"houses" in one village. These houses are each mounds of earth in a circular form thrown up around the entrance to their subterranean home. Their senses are very acute, and it is almost impossible to get anywhere near the village without causing a scampering of the little creatures to their retreats. Many of them will lie on the top of their mound-like houses, shrilly squeaking, at every squeak the tail spasmodically jerking and twiching.

We found Cheyenne to be a surprise, a town perhaps of twelve thousand inhabitants, metropolitan in many ways. It is the capital of Wyoming and has a fine capitol building.

Fort D. A. Russel is two miles from the city and here are stationed eight companies of Infantry and a battery of Light Artillery.

Cheyenne to Denver is one hundred and ten miles. It was something like twenty-four miles to the Colorado line, through a very wild country. We spent the first night out of Cheyenne at a sheep ranch. On this ranch there were twenty thousand sheep. We slept in the sheep sheds with several of the herders, rolled up in blankets and lying on the floor.

As we worked southward toward Denver, the country became very much better, more thickly settled, and with more land under cultivation. Irrigation seemed to be responsible for this; nearly every field was irrigated with water forced

through it. Every two or three miles we would come to an irrigation stream, which would be as large as a good-sized river and across which there would be no bridge. It would be necessary for us to remove our shoes and stockings and ford it, and in a few minutes we would have the pleasure of repeating the operation.

We were now passing through the great sugar beet belt; every little village of any consequence had a great crane-like apparatus at or near the railroad station, which was used in loading the beets for shipment, while the sight of large sugar beet factories was a daily occurrence.

We were now traveling parallel with the Rocky Mountains, and to our right like giants rough and grim, were the foot-hills of the famous mountains. They looked so near, that it seemed as if we could almost throw a stone to them, but in reality they were eight or ten miles away.

From Greeley to Denver it is indeed "God's own country." Here farm houses line the way, surrounded by numerous shade trees and fragrant beds of flowers. Of fruit orchards there were many, every square foot of land seemed to be utilized, while the very air seemed to breathe of fresh, young, and growing life, suggesting unlimited prosperity. Through this district the towns were many, and but short distances apart, a sort of metropolitan style characterizing them.

Our stay in Denver was of short duration. We did not receive our shipment of souvenirs, but instead a communication from the express agent at Aberdeen, S. D., that the package was there waiting for us after having traveled half over the continent. It had been sent originally to Aberdeen, Nebraska, but after much difficulty had at last reached its correct destination. This necessitated another long period of rigid economy before we should be able to get the forwarded package. We immediately wrote the agent to send it with all dispatch to Salt Lake City, Utah.

Although this was a long distance ahead of us we wanted to give it plenty of time to reach its destination.

Heavy repairs on our wheels and the purchase of some articles which were a positive necessity in crossing the Rockies, such as sleeping bags, canteens, and compasses, reduced our total worldly wealth to $12.60. It was bad enough to cross the mountains with a pocketful of money, but when prohibited from begging, working, borrowing, or even stealing, we began to feel the gloom of our position, in fact we got so "blue around the gills" that to smile would have been a physical impossibility. While in the capital city we subsisted on ten cent "meals," at the quality of which even a hog who had any self-respect would have uttered a grunt and turned away as if to say: "Not for me! I'm used to better feed than that."

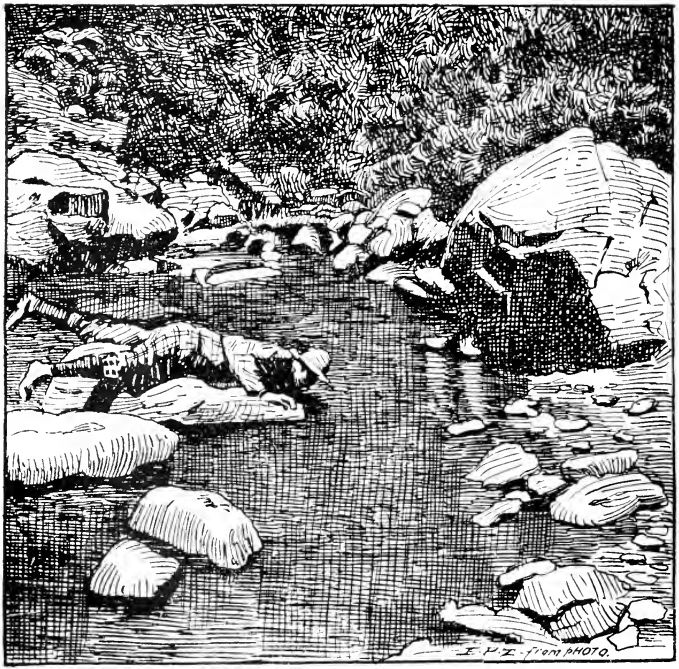
Denver is a Mecca for tourists, the streets being crowded with them, of all kinds and types. The State Capitol building here is an imposing structure. In its museum is a very interesting collection of the various products of the state, both agricultural and mining; while in war relics, and those which have to do with its early and bloodthirsty history as a frontier state, the collection cannot be surpassed.

We left Denver with heavy hearts and strange forebodings of ill, wondering what was in store for us from the dark and menacing outlines of the Rockies which so ominously loomed in the distance.

Eight miles brought us into the foothills, in which a half hour's further travel revealed, as we rounded a massive perpendicular wall of rock, several hundred feet high, a hamlet nestled in the bosom of a towering mountain.

Here we learned that we should follow what is known as "Turkey Creek Canyon;" that there was a fine trail all the way to Leadville, along which was a telephone line, and all through the mountains we should find small villages; all this pleasing information we looked upon with suspicion as we remembered our experience after leaving Bonesteel, South Dakota.

As we proceeded we found that we were hardly able to pedal our bicycles up the slightest of inclines. We thought this very queer, so dismount-



"ONE WAY OF GETTING A DRINK." TURKEY CREEK, ROCKY MTS.

ed and made a thorough examination of our machines, but could find nothing wrong.

The scene around us was of awe-inspiring grandeur. Here our road twisted and turned like a huge serpent, clinging to the base of a giant mountain, whose slopes were thickly covered by tall fir trees, its top indistinct. Beside us fiercely rolling and tumbling over the rocks was Turkey Creek. Then again we would make an arduous ascent of several miles; the road would be very narrow, hardly wide enough for one team, blasted out of the rock or built of solid masonry on the slope of a mountain. Just a misstep, and one would be dashed down an almost perpendicular incline, to the level where, two thousand feet below, our constant friend, Turkey Creek, roared noisily along.

During the first day's travel in the mountains we covered something like twenty-six miles, and the greater part of this distance we walked. The high altitude seriously affected us. Our breathing took the form of gasps; we became very easily fatigued, and rested frequently. As the altitude of Denver is 5,000 feet, we were now up something like 8,000 feet above sea level. During the day we passed a large resort hotel, which was for the accommodation of tourists, and later a large boarding house near which were many tents, it was stated that many consumptive people came here and occupied these tents, staying for weeks at a time. Occasionally the log cabin of some poor man

who was trying to eke an existence out of the stony slopes could be seen, perched high up the mountain side.

As we reach the summit of a tortuous incline, up which we have been toiling for over half an hour, perspiring and puffing, the sublimity and majestic grandeur of the panoramic view spread before us forced from our lips an involuntary exclamation of rapturous delight. To our right and to our left and stretching away in the distance rise innumerable stately mountains, their slopes and summits a green mass of pines, spruce, and fir trees, and although these trees are in themselves forest giants, owing to the great altitude at which they are situated they resemble mere shrubbery. Ah! how wonderful are the works of Nature! As we looked, it was with reverential awe, and we bowed our heads. But the background of this marvelous scene was still more impressive. A range of giants, whose tops pierced the blue ether, and seemed to overlook all their neighbors, was silhouetted, a dim bluish outline, against the lighter azure of the heavens.

The second night we spent at the cabin of a grizzled old mountaineer, who entertained us with many interesting tales of the Rockies. Upon our relating the experience which we had had with our wheels on entering the mountains, and mentioning that they ran so hard that we thought something was broken, he laughed uproariously. After his

hilarity had subsided, he explained to us that the cause of our trouble was the high altitude, and although the road to all appearances would be entirely level, such was not the case. He further explained that after we had been in the mountains for a couple of days our excessive weariness would wear off and we should have less difficulty in breathing.

The third day greatly changed the scenery. The mountains now became devoid of timber, being towering masses of bleak and bare granite. I distinctly remember one which was in the form of a cone, its apex apparently as sharp as the head of an arrow, and the whole mountain of solid rock. In localities the ground would be strewn with boulders, some of which would be as large as a house, as if they had been hurled there ages and ages ago as the result of some awful struggle waged by a race of giants.

Here we came down a descent which we thought was never-ending. The road traveled around a mountain in a circuit, each time being a little lower down. In one place in this descent, but a few feet above us was the road which we had traversed twenty minutes before. At last we reached the bottom to find that a resort town called Bailey lay in a small valley between two frowning mountain ranges. Here the Platte River dashes merrily along, ice-cold water clear as crystal from the melting snow of the white and glistening peaks,

while parallel with it for a distance, run the tracks of the Colorado Midland R. R., a narrow gauge road; then leaving its noisy companion to wind its glistening way out of the valley over a towering giant.

Bailey was a very aristocratic mountain resort at which there were numerous hotels, but none within the reach of our depleted treasury. We found that a square meal would cost us a dollar, but in another hostelry we learned that we could get the same meal without the square corners for seventy-five cents, but we instantly decided that we weren't hungry enough to eat so much food, and accordingly bought a loaf of bread, some cheese, and bologna, at a grocery, which we washed down with "aqua pura" from the bubbling Platte.

At frequent intervals during the afternoon we would spy the diminutive tracks of the Colorado Midland, threading its perilous way through the realm of the giants. We passed many mountain villas, the greater part of which seemed to be occupied by people from the Atlantic coast cities, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia seeming to have the largest representation. Here is Mt. Logan, whose altitude is 14,055 feet, and whose snow-capped summit can be seen very distinctly from Denver. We skirted the base of this noble and rugged monster, where, far up above the timber-line, the glistening whiteness of perpetual snow

seemed to act as a cloak for the bleak mass of bare granite.

At a water tank, where there was a siding, which bore the name of our illustrious American statesman, Daniel Webster, we bought supper of a Hungarian family. They lived in a hovel which would have been a more suitable habitation for hogs than for human beings. There were four large raw-boned and uncouth youths. The mother was a fat and slatternly mass of humanity, whose black hair, tousled and unkempt, surmounted a flabby puffed face, in which two coal black bead-like eyes were deep-set, seeming as they turned toward you to cast an uncanny spell upon you, waddled over the floor in a heavy and uncertain step. The father was so exceedingly slovenly, that it almost bordered upon the picturesque; a large dove-colored slouch hat, covered by such a mass of grease spots, that its color was almost a conjecture, was pulled down over a tangled mass of greasy hair. The face was utterly expressionless. He wore a knitted shirt stiff with dirt, a pair of trousers which were patched with so many different colored cloths, that Joseph's coat would have suffered in comparison. These six interesting pieces of humanity formed the family. The evening repast was a very simple, but substantial affair. Before each was placed a tin basin full of steaming stew, the ingredients of which were a mystery to us, but certainly did taste good. The meal was eaten

in silence, the only sound to disturb the profound quietness being the heavy step of the mother as she replenished the empty basins from a mammoth iron kettle which hung over a fireplace. Although our surroundings did not tend to increase our appetites, the keen mountain air had already done its work, and we ate voraciously. Upon asking our host as to how much we owed him for our supper, we innocently started a whirlwind of argument, which took place between the two heads of the family in their mother tongue and waged fast and furious, while their offspring listened with a stolid indifference, and we looked on with mouths agape with awe and wonderment, marveling how it was possible for the contestants to understand each other, as they were both talking at the same time. But a lull came in the raging tempest, and we were informed that we owed him: "Feefty Zance!"

We left Webster to mount a long ascent, at the end of which, through a narrow opening, walled in on each side by towering masses of rock, could be seen several snowy peaks. This was known as Kenosha Pass.

Through the pass the railroad had to travel twelve miles to cover the same distance which we covered in five. From the home of the Hungarian we could see it winding and twisting in the most erratic manner around the mountain, until, high up near the summit, it straightens itself out and

crawls along a narrow ledge of rock, where for a mile or more it clings until, having made the ascent, its tortuous winding tells that the descent has begun.

As the shades of evening were falling, a cluster of buildings hove into sight. One proved to be that of an abandoned telegraph station, with boarded up windows and barricaded doors, as safe from meddlers as a fort would have been, a second was a dilapidated and tumble down two-story building, with window lights broken, while a section house standing near the railroad track seemed to be the only one of the three in which there appeared to be any signs of life. Here there shone from a chink in the wall a small ray of light. By vigorously pounding upon the door, we aroused one of the occupants, who, with a snarl like a bear, wanted to know: "What in h—l do you want?" We replied that we desired lodging if possible. "Go away you d—n hobos, yeh can't sleep here!" We hastened to explain, through the closed door, that we were not tramps, and were willing to pay for our lodging, that we were traveling by bicycle, just a couple of boys, and neither robbers nor desperadoes. The owner of the gruff voice listened to this outburst in silence, but we heard him moving toward the door, which he unbarred, and to a: "Well d—n it, come in then!" We stalked into a room which was lined with bunks in which were sleeping forms, to confront a man with his face

hidden from view by a mass of whiskers. As we came into the range of the light, he lowered a six-shooter, which he had been holding. In rapid succession he flung these questions at us:

"Where in h—l yeh goin'?"

"Wat in h—l did yeh come to this hellish lonely spot fer?"

"Where'd yeh come from?"

To all of which we replied to the best of our ability, which seemed to satisfy him. But nevertheless he informed us that there was no room in the house for us to sleep, but there was an old building nearby, and he guessed we should be all right there. We suggested that we could sleep on the floor here in the bunk-room, but with an emphatic: "NO! BY GOD!" from the man with whiskers, we meekly retired from the room, thanking him for his extreme courtesy and kindness, and made steps for the old house. We forced open a door and trundled our wheels into the room. In doing this we walked across a mass of broken bottles and glassware, with which the floor was strewn. I accidentally stepped upon the bottom portion of a broken beer bottle, which was standing upright, it cut through the leather side of my shoe as if it had been paper, cutting a long gash in my foot. On lighting matches I saw that it was bleeding profusely, but thought that in a few minutes that it would stop as the blood would congeal.

Clearing some of the rubbish away we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and lay down on the floor. I could feel the blood dripping from my foot while it throbbed with intense pain, but I resolved to forget it and try to sleep.

After lying here nearly an hour, my nerves were given a severe shock by a hoarse whisper from Darling, that there was surely somebody upstairs, as he had heard them whisper several times, and there was a noise just as if they were crawling on their hands and knees over the floor.

We waited with bated breath, and in a few minutes we distinctly heard a suspicious murmur, which sounded very much as if a conversation were being carried on in an undertone. We had no idea who the inhabitants of the upper floor were, and immediately resolved that we did not care to get acquainted. Taking blankets and wheels, we made a hasty exit.

We went back and bearded "the lion in his den," explained our predicament, and asked him if I could come and see how badly my foot was cut and wash it out and bandage it; but the animal nature in the man asserted itself, this being the answer received: "No! yeh can't come in here! D'yeh 'spose that we wanta set up all night fer yeh?" If yeh wanta wash yer foot, they's a ditch back here, where yeh can wash it to yer d—n heart's content." This made us quite angry, and we flung back something to the effect that if there

ever was a beast, he was one, and that we hoped that he would live to see the day when he would beg a favor from us. But to this he replied only with a loud laugh of contempt.

Our only alternative was to walk to where we should be able to get accommodations, although the darkness was intense and it was dangerous to attempt to follow an unfamiliar mountain road.

Many times we would get off the road to find ourselves stumbling against rocks, nearly falling headlong. Now we would climb a steep ascent and reach the top only to go down one fully as steep on the other side. At first at every step it seemed as if there were a thousand needles being forced through my injured foot, the pain being so great, that it seemed as if I must shriek. But, as we continued, the stiffness and numbness wore off and the pain lessened.

Meanwhile we kept a sharp lookout for houses along the road. Seeing a large, dark mass, we investigated only to find that it was an immense boulder. The air was freezing cold, as the altitude was something like ten thousand feet. Espying something which loomed up in the darkness on our right, we found that it was a large barn. The only entrance that we could find was a window which was fully fifteen feet from the ground. We climbed up and dropped down on the inside to a sort of hay-loft, made by laying small saplings across the barn, there being a space of about four

inches between them, over which there was a thin covering of hay. This loft was quite a distance above the floor. We tried to sleep, but were awakened frequently by the extreme cold.

At half past four, we crawled out of the hay, and, climbing up to the window, were astonished to discover that not a thousand feet from us was a farmer's house, and we lost no time in getting out of that barn and away from the premises, as we might have had some difficulty in convincing the farmer that our intentions were all right.

Upon looking at our cyclometers, we discovered that on the night before we had walked a distance of eighteen miles. I could now walk with little difficulty. The extreme cold had rendered my injured foot entirely devoid of feeling.

Although our ears tingled and our hands were blue with cold, all this was forgotten in contemplation of the marvelous scenery.

Here was a large tract of land, entirely level, consisting of meadows and fields of growing crops, while, completely surrounding it, were innumerable snow-clad peaks, which looked so near that it seemed as if we could reach them in a ten minutes' walk. This flat land, we afterward learned, was called South Park, formed by some unaccountable act of nature on the top of the mountains at an elevation of 10,000 feet.

At a large sheep ranch, which consisted of one large mansion, around which were clustered a

number of small shanties, we walked up to the big house to make inquiry if it would be convenient for us to buy our breakfast there. The lady of the house ushered us into a room in which the furnishings were so magnificent, that it took us several moments to recover from our surprise. Everything was on so elegant a scale, that we felt extremely out of place. Our clothes were dirty and torn, both our countenances needed to be made acquainted with a razor, while a big, jagged cut in my shoe surrounded by a mass of blood stains was something of which I was by no means proud.

Our hostess appeared, and summoned us to the dining room. Here the same splendor prevailed. On the table was the daintiest of feasts. While we ate, the lady entertained us with the legends concerning the mountains in that vicinity. Upon learning the nature of our undertaking, she waxed enthusiastic. We found that she was a native of Boston, and that her husband was a New Yorker. She positively refused to accept any money from us for our breakfast, but was very glad to be able to assist us, wishing us the best of success in the rest of our journey.

What a contrast between the brutal monster of the night before and this most gracious lady! Would that the world were filled with more of her type! This kind act of hers we shall not soon forget. To think that notwithstanding our dirty and ragged appearance, we should be accepted in the

same manner as she would welcome her most aristocratic friends. This, indeed, is the true spirit of hospitality!

At a little mountain village called Alma, where we purchased a lunch in a bakery, answering as a substitute for the noon-day meal, a physician made an examination of my wounded member. Upon my informing him that I had walked eighteen miles soon after cutting it, and had not taken off my shoe, he expressed great astonishment, and told me that I was taking great chances of blood poisoning. He found, however, no indications of it so far, and I felt very much relieved. After washing it thoroughly, and tightly bandaging it, he sent me on my way rejoicing.

We were now very near to the summit of the Rockies, approaching Mosquito Pass, the altitude of which at its highest point is 13,700 feet. Alma is considered at the entrance of the Pass.

We traveled eight miles over a rocky road which followed along the bottom of a valley, lined by white peaks. Occasionally deep, dark holes in the rock, surmounted by a rusty windlass, in the near vicinity of which were several dilapidated shanties, told the story of an abandoned mine. There were swift flowing rivulets, formed by the melting snow from the heights above, where the black stream could be seen oozing from every seam and crevice.

We finally reached the foot of the Pass proper, from which to the summit we had been told was seven miles. The trail was a mere path which wound and twisted up the mountain-side in the most sinuous fashion, the acclivity being so great that it appeared to be almost perpendicular. Here it was only with excessive muscular exertion that we were able to push our bicycles on. After traversing a thousand feet we were more than willing to rest. The atmosphere was so rare, that even the slightest exertion caused one to puff like a porpoise.

With nearly four hours of this upward toil to our credit, we had covered five and a half miles. If what we had been told was correct, it was only one and a half miles to the summit. We were now on the edge of a field of snow, across which we very carefully picked our way. It may have been but a few feet deep, or else a thousand feet, where, if the snow should be soft, we should quickly sink from sight. In some places we found for something like a foot beneath the surface it was very soft and slushy, but below it seemed to be hard. Less than half a mile through snow found us again picking our perilous way over the serpantine trail. The way was indeed rough and rugged. Huge boulders fallen from the rocky heights above blocked the trail over which we clambered. Another bed of snow to cross, whose surface unlike the other was icy and slippery, a false step, and we

should be dashed to the yawning abyss perhaps three thousand feet below, where we could see the silvery thread-like gleam of a river. On our left a clean, clear-cut drop to the bottom of the rocky chasm, while on the right a wall of solid rock rose upward terminating in a boulder-strewn slope covered here and there with patches of snow.

Crossing another snowy tract, we found ourselves on the summit. Here indeed was revealed an enchanting picture. On every side of us were barren, rocky peaks, covered by their glistening, sparkling cloaks of dazzling white. The ruddy glow from the dying sun seemed to convert this scene of majestic grandeur into one still more wonderful, as it entered into every seam and hollow, until the whole was changed to a mass of burnished gold adorned by the dazzling sparkle of a million diamonds.

We had begun the ascent at exactly two o'clock in the afternoon, it was now seven, and we had consumed five hours in traversing the distance of seven miles to the summit.

At the high altitude, 13,700 feet, we noted a throbbing, aching sensation in our heads accompanied by a whirring and ringing noise in the ears, while the taste of blood was in our mouths, telling only too plainly of the excessive rarity of the atmosphere.

The descent proved to be fully as steep as the ascent, so that it was only by planting our feet

most firmly at each step that we were able to keep ourselves and our bicycles from plunging down the pass.

Far below us the landscape was dotted by the buildings and debris of numerous gold and silver mines.

We at last reached the bottom in safety, and as it was quite dark now, we hastened to find some place where we could sleep. We found a building used to stable the mules of the mines, the door not locked, and the building deserted. We dared not light matches for fear of discovery, and groped our way in the dark, laying our blanket in one of the stalls which seemed to be less filthy than the others. The smell which permeated the atmosphere was the foulest imaginable, but notwithstanding this we were soon in the land of sleep and the realms of enchantment.

We awoke early to enjoy the most beautiful of mornings. The cold crisp air made the blood go bounding through the veins, every nerve tingling with energy. We learned from a passing miner that Leadville was but five miles away. As we had had no food since the preceding noon, on reaching the city our first movement was to visit a restaurant.

Leadville is a mining city of eleven thousand souls, at an altitude of 10,200 feet, and is the highest city in the world. When gold was discovered in this vicinity and there was a rush from every

part of Uncle Sam's domain, and men were standing in a long line waiting in turn to file their claims, some would be seen to stagger and fall to enter upon their last sleep, or after a long fight, to be nursed back to health. This was caused by the strain of the high altitude upon the nervous system.

Leadville to Grand Junction, by the way of Glenwood Springs, would carry us out of the Rockies. The distance which we had traveled in four days from Denver to Leadville, as registered by our cyclometers, was 114 miles.

The trip to Glenwood Springs, something like eighty miles, was made in two days, and we now descended to an altitude of 5,800 feet. At all times we were near the line of the Denver and Rio Grande R. R., along which there were many small villages. The roads were very good and on this continuous descent, we made fairly good progress.

We subsisted upon lunches purchased at groceries, as it was necessary to practice the strictest economy until we reached Salt Lake City. The first night we slept in a school house, and the second in an abandoned telegraph station, where the railroad traversed a wild and lonely region.

Through what is known as Eagle Canyon it was necessary to follow the railroad track. Again we saw some of the marvelous creations from the work-shop of Dame Nature. The Eagle River, a

swift-flowing, noisy little stream which dashes and dances over the rocks in a channel walled in by two rugged precipices, nearly two thousand feet high, and nearly shutting out the light of day, follows the many devious windings of this narrow gorge, beside which closely hugging the base of the rocky wall, and with the river making every erratic twist and turn, the railroad crawls through the picturesque canyon. Massive boulders perch on the precipitous sides with a hold apparently so slight, that it seems as if at any moment that they may come crashing down into the bottom of the canyon. Here a huge mass of solid rock, high up near the top, closely resembles the head of an elephant. Everywhere the delicate hand of Nature has transformed grim and frowning rock into the most fantastic shapes, while growing in every available seam and crevice are small shrubs and dwarfed spruce trees. However, from a scenic standpoint, much of the picturesque grandeur has been robbed away by the hand of man. Many mines have been tunneled into the precipitous sides, and all these are distinctly marked, as all the soil, rocks, and debris removed is dumped down the sides of the canyon and covers some fantastic formation.

We made the acquaintance of a miner, who proved to be a Norwegian by birth. We met him plodding stolidly along the railroad ties, carrying a large dinner bucket, followed by his two sons,

who trotted behind him in silence. As we walked along with them, we held quite a lengthy conversation with the father, learning that his past had been chequered. He had mined in Norway, Russia, Alaska, and here in the Rockies; at one time he had several thousand dollars in earnings, but reverses had swept this sum from him; in Norway, he made a big "strike," but the government, on hearing of it, had levied so heavy a royalty upon the products of his mine, that it was impossible for him to make any money. Now high up near the top of the canyon he was working a claim of which he had great hopes. He had sunk a tunnel into the side for a distance of over two hundred feet, but in order to reach the mineral deposit which his mining experience had told him was there, he had to tunnel over a hundred feet farther. It was very slow work for himself and his two young lads, as they worked with the simplest of tools, not being able to purchase modern machinery. He lived five miles from his mine, walking daily the entire distance. He invited us to go up with him to his claim, and as we had never had the opportunity of seeing anything of this nature, we accepted. We crossed the foaming Eagle River on the trunk of a tree, and then began our arduous ascent up to the mine. The miner and his two sons were equipped with heavy raw-hide boots, the soles of which had long protruding nails, to give them foothold, while we with our light

bicycle shoes had great difficulty in making any progress up the steep path. The two boys scampered up ahead, and we could hear them tearing over the rocks at a great rate away up the slope, reminding one of a couple of sure-footed mountain goats. The old Norwegian, however, plodded wearily upward, stopping frequently, gasping and perspiring with the tremendous exertion. By clinging to trees and bushes, slipping, sliding, stumbling, and falling, we succeeded in keeping the miner in sight, but when he rested we were not loath to do the same thing. In a zig-zag up the precipitous sides we toiled, until we were told by our guide that we had only a little farther to go.

It was a shaft sunk in the mountain side, 225 feet long, which we explored with the aid of a couple of candles which the miner gave to us. As it was damp and muddy with water dripping from the sides and top, we reached the end only to have our lights extinguished, and not having any matches, we had to grope our way through the darkness, stepping in pools of water and slipping on the slimy mud, until we reached the entrance again. We were shown some gold ore, which was put up in sacks about as large as a common flour sack. When he got enough of this ore, he would ship it away, it being worth at that time something like four hundred dollars per ton. The ore resembled chunks of yellow earth, and could be

easily crushed to fragments by a small pressure of the hand.

We wished the miner the best of success, and, bidding him good-bye, we hastened to make the descent.

Before we reached Glenwood Springs, it was necessary to pass through another canyon which was called "Grand Canyon," but better known as "Glenwood Canyon."

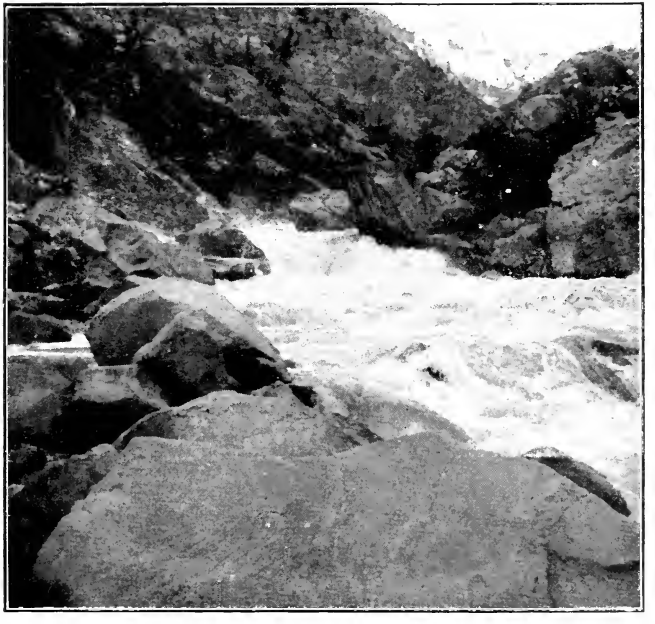
While Eagle Canyon was dark and gloomy, nearly all of the rock being of a sombre colored granite, and the Eagle River made short twists and turns, this canyon was directly the opposite. The Grand River, a very wide stream, flowed tranquilly and peacefully with hardly a murmur, its curves were broad and graceful, suggestive of majestic grandeur. The rock formation, a sandstone, in some places rises perpendicularly to a height of twenty-five hundred feet. Now it rises terrace upon terrace, until the whole is capped by a spiral mass, resembling the side of a Chinese Pagoda. Here, great shelving recesses are formed. Towers, turrets, and spires, at the foot of which are massive bastions, represent the leading characteristics of Gothic architecture. One stops to pause in speechless contemplation of the miraculous work of Nature.

This canyon is sixteen miles long, and on one side of the river the Denver and Rio Grande R. R. traverses a narrow ledge of rock at the base of the

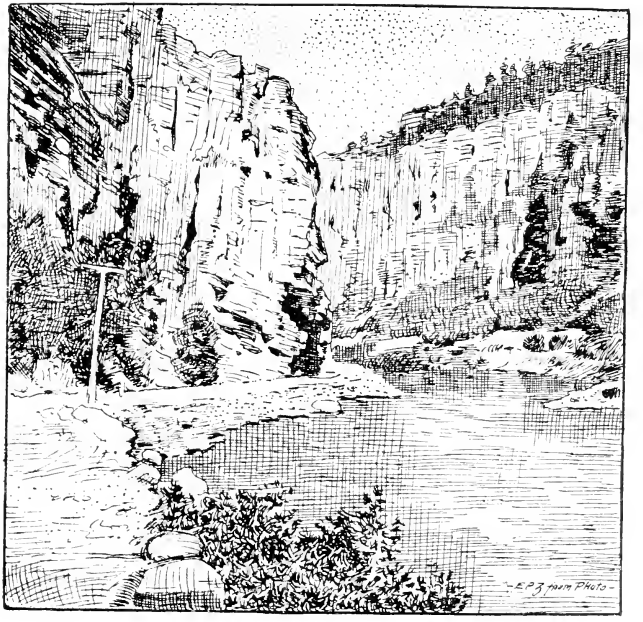
chasm, while on the other side, is a wagon road which runs through the canyon from end to end. This road was built by the state of Colorado at enormous expense; stretches are made of solid masonry. Sometimes it runs close to the water's edge, then it leaves to mount the precipitous sides of the gorge, where it crawls for a distance on a narrow ledge, then making a sharp descent to the edge of the river again. Soon the daylight is shut out by a mass of overhanging rock perhaps a thousand feet high, forming a cavernous recess completely roofed, through which in semi-darkness the traveler cautiously proceeds over the rocky road.

As we proceed up the chasm, we hear a dull thunderous roar not unlike the approach of an express train. The noise increases as we go onward, echoing and re-echoing in the narrow gorge. We round a curve to see a mighty, foaming cataract. The walls of the canyon become narrow, forcing the hitherto tranquil river to rush with incredible force and speed over large and mammoth boulders, a raging mass of seething water. We learn that this cataract is called "Shoshone Falls."

We reach Glenwood Springs at supper time only to find that although it is a town of nearly five thousand inhabitants, hotel accommodations from a financial standpoint were far out of our reach. A lunch of cheese and crackers answered for the evening repast; but just where we were



SHOSHONE FALLS.



GLENWOOD CANYON.

going to sleep was a knotty problem. After a long and earnest consultation, we decided our only recourse would be to find a livery barn and work on the sympathies of the owner for lodging. This we accordingly put into execution. At the first we tackled our success was poor. This broad-minded philanthropist said that he ran a livery barn to keep rigs and horses in the same, and not as an accommodation-house for "hobos" and other unfortunate objects of humanity, who were on their "uppers," and no amount of argument would induce this cordial individual to change his mind. So we departed considerably discouraged and crestfallen. We felt that rather than again go through the ordeal, we would prefer to spend the night in a police station under the guise of vagrants. But after due consideration necessity again dashed our pride to the ground. We found another livery barn, and approaching the proprietor, a genial pleasant-faced German, we told him our long tale of woe and hard luck. When we finished, he slapped us both on the back and said: "Sure I'll let you sleep here; boys that are trying to do what you are I would help every day in the week."

He conducted us to the hay-loft, where there was an old shake-down made of an exceedingly dirty mattress covered by several inches of dust. With the aid of a couple of horse blankets permeated with that odor which is so closely asso-

ciated with the equine quadruped, we spent an exceedingly restful night in slumber.

Glenwood Springs is completely surrounded by towering mountains, whose green slopes make a very pleasing picture. As a health resort, and from the marvelous curative properties of the water which flows from the "Yampah" hot spring, the city is known far and near. Hotel Colorado, which is situated but a short distance from the hot springs swimming pool, has a capacity of four hundred guests and is considered to be one of the finest hotels in the West. The hot water which fills the pool flows from the Yampah spring far up the mountain, being conveyed by means of pipes. The spring has a flowing capacity of 1,700 gallons a minute, the temperature of the water being 127 degrees.

The swimming pool is 600 feet long by 110 feet wide. The boiling water from the spring is mixed with cold, the temperature being reduced to an average of ninety degrees. Bathing is possible during the most rigorous weather. Winter sometimes brings the novel sight of people bathing in this pool during the progress of a snow storm.

A stretch of fifteen miles where there was not a drop of water; a walk of fifty-five miles along a railroad track through a district where the only liquid was the dreaded and poisonous alkali water; a tire on one wheel badly torn and the chain on the other twisted and broken into innumerable pieces;

while we subsisted on wayside lunches and rested our weary bones at night in box-cars, telegraph stations, and the like, were just a few of the experiences that made our journey between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction amusing and interesting.

Massive cliffs of light-colored rock rise vertically in the form of terraces and palisades, their height ranging from a thousand to eighteen hundred feet. These dot the country for a distance of eight miles around the little village of Palisades.

Ten miles out from Grand Junction we are in a valley walled in by frowning mountains, where we see some of the wonders of Colorado's great fruit district. The country is very level, and is entirely given over to the growing of fruits, including apricots, cherries, plums, apples and peaches. Every available acre of ground seemed to be converted into a fruit orchard, all being under irrigation.

This being the first ripe growing fruit which we had seen since we had left "Michigan my Michigan," we lost no opportunity in filling our interiors with the luscious product. At first we always made it a point to get permission of the owner before we dared go into the orchard; but we were given a "tip" after this manner:

"Where you boys from?"

"Michigan."

"I thought you were from the East somewhere. Now when you see any fruit in an orchard which looks good to you, don't stop to ask anyone's consent to get it, but just you climb the fence and dig in; that's the way it is done out here. I know that rule wouldn't work back in your state, as some farmer is liable to give you a load of buck-shot to take home with you; but out here we don't care a continental how much a man eats providing that he don't bring a wagon along and fill that too."

We reached Grand Junction foot-sore and very much fatigued after our "hike" of fifty-five miles. We were now entirely out of the Rocky Mountains. We had left Denver July 11th, and reached here on the 22nd, having spent eleven days in traveling 315 miles.

We found a sympathetic bicycle repairman, who agreed to repair our machines for a reasonable sum, for whose concessions we felt very grateful, as our total worldly wealth was but a few dollars.

There were innumerable people who made it their special duty to inform us of the many perils which lay in store for us in crossing the Green River Desert, the edge of which was but a short distance from Grand Junction, and to the other side of which was 173 miles. Many soberly shook their heads, and said that if they were in our position that they would never attempt it. Others cited instances galore of parties leaving Grand

Junction in the prime of life, a mass of bleaching bones somewhere out on the desert telling the gruesome tale of the finish. In vivid and terrifying word pictures the scarcity of water, the extreme and almost unendurable heat, and the fact that many roughs and desperados used this desolate waste as a hiding place safe from the strong arm of the law, were all in turn brought out into the lime-light, but to no avail; we stubbornly refused to be dissuaded from our purpose.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

THE MANY PERILS OF THE GREEN RIVER DESERT.

After paying for the repairs on our wheels we took an inventory of our resources to find that we had the munificent sum total of twenty-seven cents. A little over a quarter of a dollar to cross a 173 mile desert! Certainly the prospects were far from bright, but we tenaciously clung to the old adage: "Where there's a will there's a way;" and although we were far from feeling sure that we could reach the other side, we resolved at least to make the start.

Noon of the first day on the desert found us reduced to but two cents. Being without souvenirs we had no means of replenishing our treasury before reaching Salt Lake City. We were resting at a station where there was a telegraph office and a water tank, the station bearing the name of Ruby, the name hardly suggesting the surroundings. The thermometer here registered 120 degrees in the shade. The operator had a boy about twelve years of age, who was very much interested in us and our bicycles. Upon his learning that all the money which we possessed was but the price of a postage stamp, he volunteered to get us some crackers.

We divided the crackers, which were of the large soda variety, to find that there were exactly six for each. Imagine six crackers making a meal for two famished boys! But now "beggars could not be choosers."

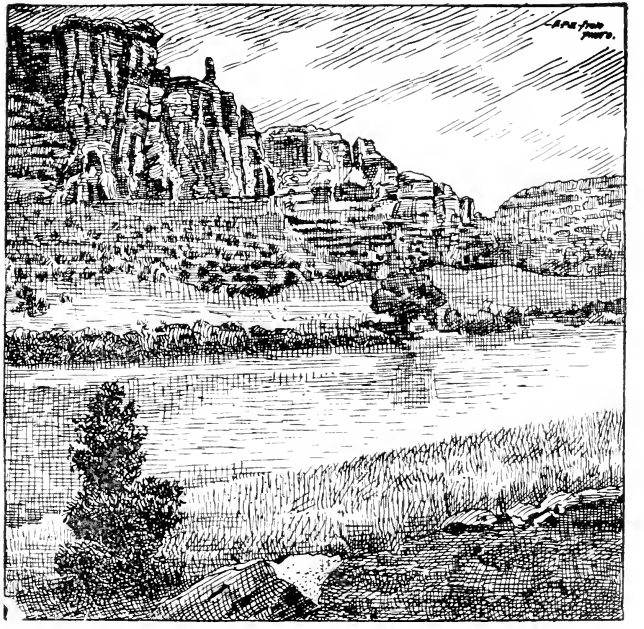
Affected by the furnace-like temperature together with the pleasant sensations resulting from an empty stomach, we were hardly in a mood to appreciate the wonderful scenery which surrounded us. Yet as this was something totally different from anything which we had hitherto seen, we gradually forgot our troubles and were lost to the world staring with open-mouthed admiration.

After trundling our wheels through a tunnel six hundred feet long, in which, had we been caught by a train, the chances for our escape would have been very small, there being but little space between the track and the sides of the tunnel, for a distance of sixteen miles we traveled through a canyon in which the color effect was grand beyond description. Vertical walls of rock to the height of several hundred feet rose alongside the railroad track, their faces being very smooth, neither projections nor cracks or fissues to mar the surface, but cut down by some vast unseen force when the world was but an infant. All the rock in this vicinity was of a deep reddish color, which coupled with the grotesque, fantastic, and artistic forma-

tions which met the eye on every side, presented an enchanting scene, causing one to wonder that this could really be possible outside the realms of fairy-land. Over to our left the rocks formed miniature volcanoes, seamed and furrowed, which told plainly of former volcanic eruptions.

There was no riding the railroad track, which brought "shanks mares" into use. We soon found that if we were able to walk a mile without resting, we were doing finely. This continual resting process gave us a great deal of time for reflection, and among other things, we thought how extremely fortunate for us, that we had a railroad track to follow which traversed the desert from end to end. As we looked off into the desert waste, upon which the sun mercilessly beat, an involuntary shudder shook our frames, and we thought of ourselves without the aid of the track trying to make progress against such overwhelming odds.

During the afternoon we crossed the boundary between Colorado and Utah, sometime after which Westwater, Utah, was reached. This consisted of a telegraph station and a water tank. The operator was a kindly middle-aged man, who was a Michigander by birth. Upon hearing our story he invited us to partake of his own rough fare, which, as he was alone, had to be cooked by himself. We feasted on leaded biscuits and canned beans, washed down by tea which was strong



GREEN RIVER DESERT.

enough to walk, but we disposed of all that was set before us, and without doubt, had we been given the opportunity, we should have eaten the entire month's supplies of the operator. It really seemed that we had never before eaten anything so appetizing.

We slept on the floor of the room which served as a kitchen, wrapped in our blankets, using as pillows our shoes covered with a large bandanna handkerchief. The night proved to be as cold as the day had been warm, so that an extra blanket which the operator brought in to us sometime during the night was very acceptable. We were aroused by our host calling us to breakfast. As this was Sunday morning, he had an extra supply for his morning meal. Fragrant, appetizing coffee, and a plate piled high with steaming pancakes, told of his last half hour's work. We were not in the least backward in disposing of our share; at the finish of which for the first time since we had left Grand Junction we felt that our hunger had been fully satisfied. The operator gave us a lunch to carry with us to serve as our dinner. We told him that we were a thousand times obliged to him for his kindness, but he only said: "A man that wouldn't do as much for one from his own state as I have done for you boys, wouldn't be worth the title of man; take it, and the only thing that I regret is that I have not more to give you. Keep a 'plugging' and don't lose your

nerve, and you will surely reach the other side of the desert in good style."

We will not weary the reader with detailed descriptions of our many trials and tribulations in crossing the remainder of the desert. Suffice it to say, that we reached Price, which was a small village on the other edge of the desert, considerably worse for wear. We covered the 173 miles in four and a half days. After the first two days' travel the railroad track proved to afford very good riding on the well-filled in ties between the rails, so that we were compelled to walk but very little. Of water we had a plenty. Every telegraph station and section-house had an ice-house which was kept filled at the expense of the railroad company. The melted ice made excellent drinking water, and we had no trouble whatever in getting our canteens filled at intervals of ten to eighteen miles apart. For food we did not fare so well. After eating the Sunday lunch which the operator gave us, we had nothing more to eat until Monday noon, when an Italian section foreman gave us several "biscuits" which to us looked more like loaves of bread. Tuesday for supper we again had an opportunity to eat, through the kindness of another telegraph operator. This fellow was a good cook, and we showed how well we appreciated his efforts by sweeping the table of every vestige of food. Tuesday and Wednesday nights we walked the track until nearly midnight,

finding the cool atmosphere a great contrast to the insufferable heat of the day. The only people on the desert were those employed by the railroad company as telegraph operators, section foremen, and section men, all of the latter being Japanese, Italians, and Chinese.

Somewhere near the middle of the desert, we crossed a long bridge over a quarter of a mile in length spanning "Green River." For some reason the waters of this stream are indeed of a deep green, and we were told that the water was so highly impregnated with alkali, that should a person drink of it, it would cause a horrible death. This is the river from which the desert receives its name.

Price, Utah, will always be a delightful spot in our memory, for here we received one of the most astounding and pleasant surprises of our whole trip. By chance we cultivated the acquaintance of a young gentlemen named Wm. Jardine, a Mormon. He was a capital fellow, and became exceedingly interested in our long tour. Upon learning of the low state of our finances, but that we hoped to receive our shipment of souvenirs on arrival at Salt Lake City, he remarked:

"I am mightily interested in your trip, and I'm just going to help you in a small way to get that wager. I'll just make you a present out and out, but when you get your souvenirs, I want you to remember me and send me one of them, and write

me from time to time just how you are getting along. You may reach me at this address: William Jardine, State Experimental School, Logan, Utah."

He reached into his pocket, took out his pocket book, extracted a five dollar gold piece, and handed the same to us. We were dumbfounded and for several moments were speechless. We refused to accept the money, although we needed it badly, on the grounds that it was too much to give to complete strangers. But he insisted that he could easily spare the money, and that it would help us five times more than it would help him. Finally we agreed to accept it, but only on condition that we should pay it back to him just as soon as we were able. At first he would not hear to this, but as we were firm he at length consented.

We were greatly touched by this act of kindness, and with tears of gratitude we grasped his hand, so overcome, that we were unable to speak.

CHAPTER NINTH.

THE "CITY OF THE SAINTS", AND THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

Helper, which is division headquarters of the Rio Grande Western Railroad, and which is located at the beginning of a range of mountains through which the railroad travels, gets its name from the fact that, owing to the heavy grades from this point onward, an extra engine is an absolute necessity until the summit of the range is reached. This extra engine is called a "helper." This village of such an odd name we reached in a little more than twenty miles' travel from Price.

From this point it is necessary to travel the railroad, as the wagon road makes a large detour in crossing "The Wasatch Range."

On our way to the summit we passed through a small town called Colton, a typical western town. From time to time appear pictures of "wild and woolly" towns, of Montana and Wyoming in "Puck" and "Judge." Here was a striking example of such a town.

One single crooked street, about as long as an ordinary city block, very narrow, lined with wooden buildings of all sizes, shapes, and colors. In front of nearly every building is a flaring sign, one announcing to the world that: "Harry's Restaurant," is on the inside; another informs the

patrons of "the flowing bowl" that here is the: "New Artic Saloon—The Largest Beer In The Country for 15 CENTS." The town seems to consist of nothing but saloons, restaurants, and lodging houses. Some of the buildings have a platform in front which is built several feet from the ground and which answers for a side-walk, but the majority have none. Through the vista of the street the mountains are seen towering but a short distance away, reminding one of grim and austere sentinels guarding this little village from marauders.

Soldier's Summit, the highest point of the range, is reached, consisting of a telegraph station and a long train shed. From this place to Tucker, six miles, is the steepest and longest main-line railroad grade in the United States. At the summit all trains are put into the train shed, and a thorough examination is made of all the running parts, after which every brake on every car is set, and the long and heavy train slowly creeps down the mountain-side. At intervals are placed side tracks, which run up into the mountain a half mile or more, so that should the train become unmanageable or in danger of accident, it could be turned into one of these side tracks, where the ascent is so great, that it would immediately lose all its headway. We were told that even though the greatest care was exercised accidents were of frequent occurrence.

Now we pass what is known as "Castle Gate," a gateway to the Rockies. Two perpendicular walls of bare, bleak rock rise to the height of five hundred feet, the space between which is only sufficient to allow the railroad track to pass.

Here is a novel sight: A collection of hovels on one side of the track, while on the opposite is a row of fiery kilns in which coke is burnt, from each comes a continuous stream of dirty, black smoke, while on each side of this narrow valley two grim walls frown displeasure at the scene.

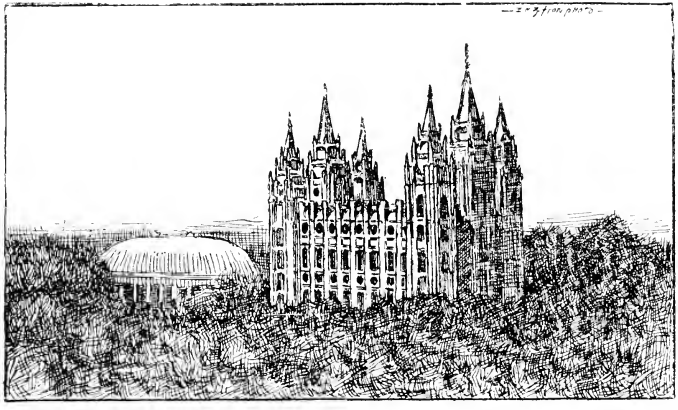
Through this section the scenery partakes of a wild grandeur impossible to describe. High, rocky walls line the railroad for mile upon mile. Huge and massive boulders are carelessly perched high up the mountain side almost directly above the track, their outlines silhouetted against the deep blue azure of the heavens. As you look, they seem to lose their hold, to sway, and go hurtling with ever increasing force down the precipice to crush you with their gigantic weight.

We came down out of the mountains through Spanish Fork Canyon to behold the wonderful, fertile Salt Lake Valley. A flat stretch of land, many miles wide, hemmed in by mountains, with prosperous towns but short distances apart, while the houses of the tillers of the soil dot the landscape, this veritable "Garden of Eden" stretches away to the northward until it meets the sky on the horizon line.

We travel through Springville, Provo City, American Fork, Lehi City, and a number of smaller towns, all of which are strong Mormon communities, all being uniformly laid out with wide streets ornamented by shade trees, all streets running only in the direction of the four points of the compass. All telephone poles and electric lights are placed in the center of the street instead of on the sides, all poles being painted black and white, the former color for a third of the distance from the bottom upward. Everything bears a neat and tasteful aspect, and the towns resemble large parks.

Along the road small fruit orchards are frequently seen, farm-houses are surrounded by shade trees and beds of flowers, while the nodding, golden heads of growing grain lend their touch of color to the home-like scene.

Salt Lake City, or "The City of the Saints," as it is sometimes called, hove into sight. Here we found the same park-like aspect which prevailed in the smaller Mormon cities. We learned that all the streets were 152 feet wide, including the side-walks, and to walk a mile one would traverse but seven blocks. All the streets were laid out at right angles, and were bordered with shade trees. On both sides of the street we noticed that there ran a stream of cold, clear water which flows from the mountains but a short distance from the city,



"TEMPLE SQUARE," MORMON TEMPLE AND TABERNACLE.

which, with the fruit orchards and flower gardens which surround nearly every dwelling, give the city an air of comfort, prosperity, and repose.

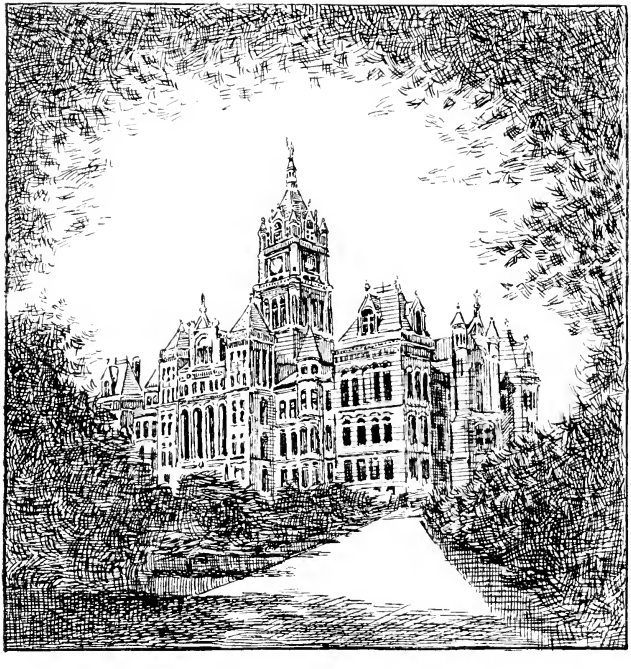
One of the most interesting places in the city is "Temple Square," a large square block surrounded by a high stone wall inside of which are the leading ecclesiastical buildings of the Mormon Church. The Tabernacle, in which stands the famous pipe organ, second in size in America, is an immense structure of rectangular base and oval roof which is supported by forty-six piers of cut sandstone, these with the space between used for doors, windows, etc., constitute the wall. From these piers, the roof, constructed of wood, springs in one unbroken arch, being with one exception, the Grand Central Station, New York, the largest self-supporting roof on the continent. This structure has a capacity of 13,000 people, and is used not only for church purposes, but for other large gatherings as well. The dimensions of the building are 250 by 150 feet, and so great are the sound carrying properties of the dome-like roof, that the sound of a pin dropped can be heard two hundred feet distant from the pulpit, while a conversation in a whisper can readily be carried on from one end of the mammoth structure to the other.

It was our good fortune to hear the colossal organ play. This indeed is a marvelous piece of mechanism. Its volume is such that it seems as

if the very foundations of the immense tabernacle would be shaken, but even as the thunderous echoes are reverberating throughout the great structure, by but the slightest pressure of a finger, it all changes, and tranquilly and peacefully there is borne upon the air an almost inaudible strain of music, tender and sweet.

The voice stops, contralto and baritone, are so accurate a representation of the human voice, that one finds himself looking for the person from whom the sound proceeds, and it is hardly possible to detect the difference.

The Temple, the Tabernacle, and the Assembly Building are all located within the stone wall or "Temple Square." The Temple itself, about which there hangs such an air of mystery, is a building 187 by 118½ feet, entirely constructed of grayish granite, and is surmounted by six colossal gothic spires, three at each end of the building, the highest of which is 210 feet from the ground, and resting on the pinnacle of this is a statue, twelve feet high, representing the Mormon angel Moroni, of hammered copper and gold-leaf plating. This imposing edifice was commenced in 1853, and completed in 1893, all of the stone being quarried from Cottonwood Canyon, in Utah. The estimated cost is $4,500,000. None but the highest officials are allowed to view its sacred interior, or Mormons whose standing in the church is above reproach, who at marriage are allowed to



CAPITOL, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

have the ceremony performed within its grim and austere walls.

Occupying a mammoth square is the City and County Building, which at present is also used as the State Capitol building. It is from the exterior of great architectural beauty, resembling a medieval castle with artistic turrets and towers, the whole surmounted by a massive high tower, at the pinnacle of which stands a glistening statue of white marble representing "Civilization Enlightening The World." The interior is of white marble and costly onyx, all mined in Utah.

Fourteen miles from the city lies that wonderful inland sea of salt water, the existence of which has puzzled the learned and unlearned, and which is one of the natural wonders of the world. Its dead, dreary, silent, slumbering waters are indeed an enigma to all mankind. It is 90 miles long by 45 wide, having a surface of 2,500 square miles, the water containing exactly 22 % of salt. Here one can enjoy the novel sensation of floating upon the surface like a huge cork, it being impossible to sink, while surrounding the lake, one sees the grim, bleak sides of mountains, and you remind yourself that you are at an altitude of almost a mile above the level of the sea!

There is every facility for a day of pleasure at Saltair resort, a magnificent building of Moorish architecture, the original cost of which was a quarter of a million dollars, constructed two

thousand feet from the shore in the form of a monster crescent. Here are bath rooms to supply a small-sized army, a game room, amusement enterprises of every description, and a dancing pavilion, 250 by 140 feet, claimed to be the largest in the world.

During our short sojourn in Salt Lake City, Fort Douglas, a military post at which there is stationed infantry and light artillery, five miles out from the city, was favored by a visit from Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee, the military head of the United States Army, who was on a tour of inspection of all the western army posts. We paid a visit to the fort and after a great deal of effort, Darling succeeded in photographing this "big gun" of Uncle Sam's army.

There are many other points of interest in "The City of The Saints," which, if we had the space, we would gladly describe, but we feel that we have already wearied the reader with facts and statistics, and as we have touched upon the most important features of this noted city, we crave the reader's consent to proceed with our narrative.

We found Salt Lake City to be a very enthusiastic bicycle town, and here is what is called "The Salt Palace," in which there is a large "Saucer Track," where some exceedingly fast bicycle racing events take place, in which participate some of the fastest riders in the world. We were royally

entertained by the bicycle enthusiasts, our machines and accoutrements being placed on exhibition in one of the show windows of the leading bicycle dealer in the city, while the gentlemen of the press rose to the occasion and embellished our adventures so that even we ourselves did not recognize them.

The consignment of our souvenirs, 1,400 in number, which we had awaited while traveling through four different states, was safely delivered into our hands on our arrival in Salt Lake City. After paying the accrued express charges we found that we had but ten cents remaining. However, we had now many friends to whom we could sell our souvenirs, and, lifted up as we were by the wave of popularity, our souvenirs sold very readily, so that on leaving the city we were in excellent financial condition.

CHAPTER TENTH.

A DASH THROUGH A FOREST FIRE IN IDAHO.

For perhaps eighty miles north of Salt Lake City, through Ogden and Brigham City, the general characteristics of the country were the same as those in the southern part of the valley, the roads were good, there were small towns at short intervals in which our souvenirs sold fairly well, and altogether we were enjoying life.

Mile after mile found us within sight of the shimmering, placid waters of the Great Salt Lake, while to our right it seemed but a stone's throw to the mountains, which, exhibiting here nothing of that wildness usually characteristic of mountain scenery rose near us in majestic and quiet grandeur.

To guard against being reduced again to the financial extremities of our memorable crossing of the Green River Desert, we resolved that as we were traveling through a rather uncivilized territory, and had become accustomed to roll ourselves in our blankets and to lie on the soft side of a board floor, we would continue to follow this economical practice until our financial condition should be beyond danger. To this end we slept in haylofts, in waiting-rooms, telegraph stations, schoolhouses, etc.

As the result of this "roughing it" we had a narrow escape from being forcibly detained on a very serious charge. Our first night out of Salt Lake City at nine o'clock, found us in the near vicinity of Kaysville. Finding a farm-house near which stood a large and spacious barn, we interviewed the owner, obtaining his consent to sleep in the hay-loft. The night was fairly warm, so that we did not use our blankets, even removing our coats, lying on the sweet smelling hay.

We awoke at half past five to discover that the outside of our woolen sweaters were completely covered with barbed points of the grass which made up the hay. A great many of these had penetrated to the skin, the sensation being far from agreeable. We spent the greater part of two hours in picking out these prickly little articles, which we afterward learned were called brome grass, or bastard oats.

As it was Sunday morning, few people were abroad, and we decided to oil and clean our machines before starting. Darling suddenly exclaimed "Murph! Look at that smoke!" Less than half a mile distant we saw a dense volume of heavy black smoke, in the midst of which tongues of fire shot forth. We dashed down the road as fast as our legs would carry us, rounded a turn, and discovered that a large barn was afire, the smoke and the flames almost completely enveloping it. At the side was a small enclosed yard in

which a horse was running to and fro, neighing with terror and pain, some of his hairy coat already singed. We were the first on the scene, and we made haste to open the gate to let the horse out, in doing this we had great difficulty, as the heat was terrific. People were now hastening from every direction, and as we were the first there and without coats or hats, with hay projecting from our sweaters, they concluded that we had been sleeping in the barn and had set it afire. All drew off to one side muttering in angry undertones, leaving us isolated. We now saw that we were in a rather unpleasant position. Finally one of the men left the crowd and approaching us, said he guessed he would have to detain us until an officer arrived as that it was his opinion that we had set the barn afire. We protested that we had slept in a barn down the road, and seeing the blaze had rushed down here, being the first on the scene. But as we were unable to tell the name of the man's barn in which we slept, he muttered something about that being a likely story. The crowd was increasing at every moment forming around us with muttered imprecations and black, angry stares; we began to feel our courage oozing out through the bottom of our feet. All this happened very quickly, and we were so dumbfounded by the turn events had taken, that we were not able to collect our scattered faculties, but we saw that unless we made a decisive move, we might

come to personal violence at the hands of the crowd, as a thing of this sort arouses all the ire in farmers' natures. So with an effort we shook off our fears, and putting on a bold front, suggested to our captor, that if he did not believe our story, we would prove it by going up to the farmer's house in whose barn we had slept and asking him personally. This he agreed to do, and, walking one on each side of our guardian, who roughly hung to our arms, and followed by the whole angry crowd, we proceeded thither.

There were no signs of life around the house, but after much battering on the door, an upstairs window was raised, and a tousled head was put forth, wanting to know: "In the name of goodness! What's all this commotion about?" The leader of the crowd soon explained, and the man who had been so rudely awakened from his slumbers emphatically corroborated our story. Our burly captor apologized to us, and the rest of the crowd slunk away one by one, thoroughly ashamed.

We trembled to think what might have happened had the farmer not been at home, for no amount of circumstantial evidence would have proved to this angry mob that we had not slept in the barn, and being utter strangers, our chances would have been small indeed.

From a little community called Collinston, which boasted of a population of something like

two hundred inhabitants, our troubles began.

Through a wild and uncivilized country, across another small range of mountains, walking the railroad track the entire distance, was but the prelude to that which followed.

One night, close upon the hour of midnight, found us walking the track through what is known as Bear Creek Canyon. We had left Collinston at half past seven, the next station being Cache Junction, which was on the other side of the canyon. The night was very dark, and the scenery being one of awful grandeur, as we proceeded the uncanniness and weirdness of the situation began to show its effect upon us in the way of a ticklish sensation down our spines. Down below in the bottom of the gorge we could hear the rushing, roaring black waters of the Bear River, as it seethed and foamed over rapids and cataracts; the track on our right was closely walled in by a perpendicular precipice, the top of which was lost in the darkness. Now with trembling nerves we cautiously pick our way over a long and high steel trestle, beneath which, we can hear the angry waters, and recover from this nervous strain when we find ourselves in a tunnel, where the air is close and stifling. We creep over two more high trestles, stumbling out of another dark tunnel, just as a fast passenger train rushes upon us with a roar of steam and rumbling of wheels, illuminating the dark gorge with its powerful headlight,

until every rock stands out in relief, but only for a second, and then the blackness of night swallows up this terrible monster as he rushes by.

In the loneliest and wildest portion of the canyon, ahead of us, we see a dancing red light, which is instantly suggestive of train robbers. The inky blackness helps to conjure up a picture of our being captured, bound, and gagged, to await the pleasure of these ruffians. With one hand firmly grasping the butt of our revolvers, we warily approach. "How are ye, be jabers?" To our tense nerves, this salutation sounds like a pistol shot. We find that our would-be train robbers are nothing but a lone track walker, an Irishman, whose duty it is to carry a red light, so that in case of defects or obstructions on the track, he could warn trains.

We reach Cache Junction to find that a water tank and a telegraph station completes the town. We get the permission of the operator to sleep on the floor. Our sleep is interrupted by the passing roar of trains and the frequent entrance of trainmen to get their orders, every one of whom thought it his duty to flash a lantern in our faces with the remark addressed to the operator: "Who've you got here, Bill?" Who would reply: "Oh, they're a couple of lads going around the world on bicycles." Which would bring an ejaculation of surprise from the interrogator, causing another inspection with the aid of his lantern,

while we awoke again, winking and blinking, dazzled by the bright rays, upon which the man would good-naturedly laugh and disappear at the door. In a short time, on the arrival of another train, the performance would be repeated.

We cross the Utah-Idaho line, to find that we are in a very barren and wild looking country. A fine, powdery, flour-like alkali dust covers what the people in this section call a road. Ploughing through this under a sweltering August sun makes very unpleasant traveling.

All the way to Pocatello we find nothing but small stations, telegraph office and water tank, occasionally a town which boasts of several stores and a cluster of houses. We are in a valley ten miles wide, hemmed in by parallel chains of mountains; in this valley all that meets the eye is a desert waste of sage-brush, through which the road, a mere wagon track, winds in devious twists and turns.

Two dejected, dusty, and dirty individuals, footsore and weary, hardly able to drag one foot after the other, trundling two bicycles almost ready for the scrap heap, could be seen at half past ten o'clock on the night of August 19th, plodding into Pocatello.

We lost no time in finding a restaurant, which proved to be operated by Chinamen. The almond-eyed Celestials stared in open-mouthed wonderment as we emptied dish after dish.

Scraping an acquaintance with the depot policeman, we made known our wants after a little preliminary conversation. He proved to be of a good sort giving us permission to sleep in an empty passenger coach which stood near the depot, telling us that this did not leave the yards, but probably would be switched a great deal during the night in order to get it into the proper place.

This was surely beautiful; soft, luxuriant CUSHIONS, no hard board floor to-night! Everything went well until the "wee sma' hours," then the switch engine commenced to play ping-pong with our private car. The first bump threw us out of our seats and left us sprawling on the floor, where we endeavored to collect our dazed senses, trying to determine what had happened. Being awakened from sound sleep in this manner is far from a pleasing experience; just as we arrive at the conclusion that it is a night-mare, the engine makes another move, and we cling to the iron frame work of the seats while it is forced upon our minds that our first supposition was wrong.

Pocatello has a population of nearly six thousand inhabitants, a typical western town, in which gambling is looked upon as a profession. The railroad track divides the town into two sections, one of which is the "Tenderloin" district, consisting of dives, gambling-houses, saloons, and low resorts which would do credit to a larger city.

After much difficulty we found a repair shop,

the proprietor of which was a native Texan. He was enthusiastic over our journey, and although, there were extensive repairs to be made on each machine, he thoroughly overhauled them until they looked almost as good as new, refusing to accept any money in payment.

We cross the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, and for fifty miles we travel through a desolate waste on which there is nothing but sage-brush and chico bushes, or grease-wood, under which name it is better known. This is a portion of the Snake River Sage Brush Desert. The soil is all sand, which necessitated our clinging to our old friend the railroad track.

At Idaho Falls we see a sight that is astonishing in the eyes of an Easterner. We arrive the night preceding the entrance of a circus, (Ringling Bros.). The town resembles the bivouac of an army. Camp-fires throw their ruddy glow upon the sleeping forms of men, while the outlines of "prairie schooners" are distinguished amidst the surrounding darkness. We learn that some of these people have been on the road for five and six days, through mountains and across rivers, bringing whole families, just to be able to see this circus. Weather-beaten and grizzled "cow-punchers" (cow-boys) riding in the saddle for several hundred miles, who have never before seen a circus, dance and caper awaiting the arrival of "the show" with as much eagerness and anxiety as

"A WORTHY PAIR," SHOSHONE INDIANS.

that manifested by an eight-year-old youngster back in the East.

Owing to the sand-storms, which usually take place in this region daily, every afternoon at five o'clock, only one performance was given. The attendance was 6,500, the population of the town being but 3,000.

We find in this region many Indians, mostly Bannocks and Shoshones, some of whom are quite civilized, own small farms, and are fairly industrious.

One day we met with a withered, dried up old Indian squaw, her face disfigured by a flattened nose, part of which was missing, her skin resembling brown parchment, so tightly was it drawn across the flesh and bones. Her costume was indeed a variegated one; a tunic, of a material which looked very much like that of which gunny sacks are made, hung to the shoe tops, belted at the waist; her hair was a scrawny tangled mass; over her shoulder she carried a blanket in the form of a sack, in which she had trinklets which she was offering for sale. Accompanying her, decrepit and stone blind, was the remnant of an old Indian brave. We learned that the worthy pair were Shoshones, who had participated in the late Indian war with chief Bear Hunter, and that in this encounter the squaw's nose had been nearly shot off.

Butte, our objective point in Montana, was

reached after many trials and vicissitudes. Most of the time through Idaho found us traveling through the mountains or across a sage-brush desert. We stayed over night with "cow-punchers;" one time we met a rider on the range who invited us to come up to their camp not far from the Continental Divide away up in the mountains. We got onto the wrong trail, and wandered off through the mountains nearly ten miles, and at last were put on the right trail by a lone sheep-herder, it being close upon the midnight hour when we at last found the camp. We were entertained royally, and in the morning the boys gave an exhibition of "roping," of which we took a photograph.

Butte proved to be a city of 40,000 souls, an overgrown mining camp, in which gambling seemed to run riot, surrounded by mountains whose slopes were honeycombed with gold and silver mines.

Northward bound for Deer Lodge and Missoula, we leave the "Pittsburg of the West," as Butte is sometimes called, behind us.

Sunday night finds us at a Montana settlement bearing the name of Gold Creek. A railroad station, painted fiery red; a general store; a saloon in the front of which was hitched to a long railing a dozen or more vicious looking broncoes. The clink of poker chips and the tinkling of glasses accompanied by loud guffaws of laughter, as some fortunate individual would win, while curses and

imprecations told of some who were not so fortunate; these, together with several cabins and a long bunk-house, completed the so-called city, which was hemmed in on all sides by the woody slopes of dark, gloomy, frowning mountains.

Since our entrance into Montana, we had found that the nights were freezing cold, making sleeping outdoors, in barns, box-cars, and the like almost an impossibility. Having concluded that there was no particular glory in sleepless nights, we resolved in future to buy lodging whenever it was possible as now our finances were in good condition.

We entered the saloon to get warm, and found a very picturesque and interesting scene. A large, square room, at the end of which was a long bar, where several "cow-punchers" were partaking of "the flowing bowl;" but a lively card game at a table on one side of the room seemed to be the chief attraction. Around the participants there lounged in all attitudes nearly a dozen of the followers of the range. Now several would leave the table to go to the bar, their spurs clinking at every step. Nearly all were dressed in bear-skin "shaps," loose leggings of skin, the hair outside, reaching to the thighs; blue flannel shirts, felt hats, low-crowned and broad brimmed, red bandanna handkerchiefs tied around the neck with the knot at the back; all which was artistically touched up by a belt full of cartridges from which

the butt of a healthy "Colt's" six-shooter peeped forth from its holster. Owing to the feverish excitement over the card game, no one noticed our entrance, so that we had opportunity for observation. After absorbing as much of the heat as was possible, and in a visit of five minutes, failing to interest the company in our souvenirs, we again went out into the night.

The air was freezing cold, which was intensified by the frigid rays from a full moon; the surrounding mountains were bathed in silvery glory; the hollows and recesses were marked by black shadows.

There was no hotel or lodging-house, the depot was closed, and the only thing left for us to do was to keep a close watch on the cabins, to see a light or hear a noise which would indicate that there was someone inside.

Nearly half an hour passed, at the end of which we were kicking our heels together with hands and faces blue with the cold; then we noticed a stray ray of light which escaped through a chink in the side of the bunk-house. We knocked on the door, which was opened by an old man whose face was enveloped with a mass of black whiskers, from the midst of which two bead-like eyes peeped forth. We told him our story, ending up with a request for some place to sleep within his mansion. After many puffs from a stubby pipe, after a great deal of meditation, during which the bead-like

eyes took in our every detail from head to foot, he said that he " 'lowed that we could sleep with him."

Imagine a room long and narrow, the inside of rough hewn boards, lined with wooden bunks, only one of which had any bedding, illuminated by the sickly and fitful rays of a candle. We three all lay in this one bunk, resembling sardines, so closely were we packed. The covering consisted of two blankets, from which came smells suggesting that the last time they were washed was in the long forgotten past.

Nevertheless we slept the sleep of the just, rolling out at seven o'clock the next morning into a cold, crisp air fresh from the mountains.

Alternating between the wagon road and the railroad track, through mountains, some of which resemble colossal mounds of brown velvet; now passing debris at the side of the track, which we afterwards learn is the remains of a hold-up wreck of a Northern Pacific Express, two months before, in which two desperadoes kill the express messenger, dynamite the safe, and secure a hundred thousand dollars, we at length reach a little cluster of houses called Bearmouth.

From this point onward we are able to follow the wagon road, rough and rocky, picking its way carefully through the mountains.

Through what is known as Hell Gate Valley, a wild and uncivilized region deserving the name,

we followed to our surprise a most excellent road.

At Missoula, a town of six thousand, we learn that to Spokane, Washington, a distance of 272 miles, we shall traverse a very wild and uncivilized territory, through which there are no wagon roads, it being an absolute necessity to follow the track of the Northern Pacific R. R. It was represented to be a most desolate region, heavily timbered, lumbering being practically the only occupation, and that it would be necessary for us to cross the Flathead Indian Reservation, when for forty miles we should see nothing but the primitive tepees of the Flathead Indians.

After several hours' travel out of Missoula we cross the Marent Trestle at a height of 226 feet. It is 1,380 feet in length, and is the second highest railroad bridge in the United States.

We find the terrors of the Flathead Reservation quite as represented. Now traveling through almost impenetrable forests of giant pines and spruce, whose trunks rise straight as an arrow, their bushy tops a hundred or more feet from the ground; now on each side of us appear the outlandish and picturesque tepees of the aborigines, suggestive of the past when the red men and not the white were masters. Occasionally we would spy a brave mounted on a "cayuse" (an Indian pony), neck, face, and arms grotesquely decorated with war paint, while a gaudy-colored blanket hung from his shoulders; or possibly we would be

able to approach a tepee quite near to the track, without the squaw and her several papooses being aware of our presence, where we could get a glance at a real Indian family; but only for an instant, for, on seeing us, the mother followed by her offspring would flee precipitately, to take shelter within their flimsy dwelling.

As we proceed northward the country becomes more heavily timbered, logging trails with deep-worn ruts, running for short distances along side the track, and these trails, bad as they are, we travel with pleasure to relieve the monotony of the railroad track.

Through this heavily timbered region the long drought has played havoc. Forest fires are raging, and at night, up the side of the mountain, the destructive demon can be seen making his way through dense forests. Frequently along the track we see tall, blackened trunks, and acres of forest reduced to a charred mass, marking the path of the monster.

The state line between Montana and Idaho is reached and we are brought into the "pan handle" of Idaho; and on our first day in this state we meet with several startling adventures.

We must cross a trestle a mile and a half long, which spans one end of Lake Pend'd 'Oreille. The ties are nearly a foot apart and over these we bump our wheels; below us are the green waters of the lake. The trestle is in the form of a cres-

cent, and as we reach the middle we are terrified to hear the rumble of an approaching train. Our only recourse is to climb down to one of the beams, lie flat, and support our machines over the edge. We lost no time in carrying out this idea. Hardly a moment passes, when the train is on the bridge, a through express, which dashes across the trestle at a high rate of speed, causing the frame-work to groan, creak, and vibrate with the awful strain and weight, so that we are nearly shaken from our positions.

At last the "flyer" has passed, and we clamber up from our perilous positions, somewhat nervous, but exceedingly thankful for our escape.

Lake Pend'd 'Oreille is a very large body of water, 60 by 20 miles, having a shore line of almost seven hundred miles. We followed its shore for a great distance.

Just before reaching a station known as Kootenai, we have rather an exciting experience in riding through a forest fire.

We learn that by following a logging road through the forest we shall save several miles, as it is a "cut-off" on the railroad. Everything goes well for ten miles or more; we travel through an almost impenetrable forest and thicket, and, owing to the many forest fires, a heavy pall of smoke hangs in the air. Frequently would be borne to us sounds as of the discharge of small cannon, accompanied by a crackling and crashing, as the

giants of the forest would be overpowered by the hungry flames.

As we proceed, the air becomes stifling with smoke, while the raging forest fire seems but a short distance away, and it now resembles a terrific bombardment, huge trees falling every minute, while the rush and roar of the flames are sufficient to strike terror into the stoutest heart, Leaving our machines we go ahead to reconnoiter. Less than a quarter of a mile farther on we reach the edge of the path of the monster. It had eaten its way across the road, which was nearly covered by the smouldering trunks of trees and by a mass of burning fire-brands. The heat was blistering. We saw that the burnt district covered but a thousand feet down the road, and that by making a dash we could cover this distance in a few moments. It was true that we were liable to stumble and fall, getting severely burned, or our clothing might catch fire, yet it was worth taking the risk, for the forest was so dense, that it would be an impossibility to push our wheels through it by making a detour and going around the conflagration, while to return to the railroad and follow that would be over ten miles out of our way, and we decided to make a run through the fire.

Tying handkerchiefs around our mouths and nostrils to prevent suffocation by the smoke, and carrying our wheels over our shoulders, we brace

ourselves for the ordeal, and now we are off, running like deer.

Darling stumbles and nearly falls, but, dropping his machine for a moment, he quickly regains his balance, arriving on the other side in safety. I was less fortunate, for a burning fire-brand fell upon my shoulders, setting fire to the light cloth of my khaki suit, and before I was able to extinguish it, it had burned a large hole.

On the other side we took an inventory, finding that we were but little the worse for our exciting experience, our hair and eye-brows being slightly singed and our suits being scorched.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

NEARLY SUFFOCATED IN A TWO MILE TUNNEL.

We reach Sand Point, a town of several thousand inhabitants, the largest and in fact the only place of consequence that we have passed through since leaving Missoula. Immediately upon leaving Sand Point, we walk another trestle, one and three quarters miles long, bumping our bicycles over the ties, and find it no pleasant experience.

The general characteristics of the country until we cross the Washington-Idaho boundary are much the same as through Montana, and it is necessary to follow the railroad nearly all the time.

As we near Spokane, a rolling country devoid of timber greets the eye, being an exceedingly pleasant change from the miles of dense forest through which we have traveled for the past ten days.

During our brief stay in Spokane we are royally entertained by the Spokane Amateur Athletic Association, one of the strongest clubs in the states of Washington and Oregon. A magnifcent building equipped and furnished on a marvelous scale of elegance, a spacious gymnasium, swimming pool, Turkish and shower baths galore, are a few of the many enticing advantages which it affords to its members.

At this city is located the famous Spokane Falls, consisting of "The Upper Falls" and "The Lower Falls."

The famous Davenport restaurant, claimed to be the most aristocratic cafe in the West, is also located here.

While in one of the large department stores at Spokane we overheard the following conversation between one of the salesman and a true lineal descendant of Abraham.

Mr. Isaacs—"Und dit you told der boss dot I vas goin' to git married to my second vife to-morrow, und dot I vanted der house shouldt gif me a nice bresent?"

The Salesman—"Oh yes, Mr. Isaacs, I told him."

Mr. Isaacs—"Und vot did he zay?"

Salesman—"He said I should give you a neck-tie."

Mr. Isaacs (shrieking)—"A negtie! I don't vant no negtie! I vant me a goot some-account bresent! You go dell der boss dot I traded myself here two t'ousand tollars cash und my node for von t'ousand tollars; und I vant me a nice wedding bresent!"

(The salesman departs, returning in a few moments)

Salesman—"Well, Mr. Isaacs, I spoke to the boss and he's pretty busy this morning, but he told me to give you your note back."

Mr. Isaacs—"All right. But led me asg you von ding. Vill dot boss endorse dot node?"

Salesman—"Endorse the note! Of course he won't endorse the note. What do you take him for?"

Mr. Isaacs—"Den I dake der negtie."

For a hundred miles west of Spokane, until we reach Coulee City, we pass through a rolling country entirely destitute of timber or underbrush, every acre being under cultivation with wheat. Harvesting is now in progress, and occasionally we see a puffing traction engine in the fields, which produces enough power to thresh the golden grain. The method of mowing differs from that in the eastern states. The grain is simply headed, being cut just below the head of the stalk, instead of being cut off four or five inches from the ground. A machine which is called a header, not drawn, but pushed by six horses, has a carrier, similar to that used on a threshing machine, which dumps the grain into a huge box-like wagon called the "header box," which is driven alongside the heading machine. As soon as this is filled it is driven away, and the grain is fed into the thresher, while another "header box" immediately takes its place. In this way the grain is cut and threshed all at the same time, avoiding a great deal of unnecessary delay.

Sometimes the rainy season in Washington and Oregon begins as early as the middle of Septem-

ber, after which it rains steadily during the winter months, turning the roads into one continuous stretch of mud. Unless we get out of these states before this wet season shall begin, we were doomed, for traveling by bicycle under such circumstances would be an impossibility.

Through this wheat belt, which, owing to the fact that the Columbia River there makes a great turn in its course, is called the Big Bend Country, small towns, all of a good type, range eight or ten miles apart, the country being thickly populated as in a great many of the eastern states, in striking contrast to Idaho and Montana.

But a short distance out of Spokane, Darling begins to have trouble with the bearings in his bicycle, which become so bad that he is unable to ride the machine. For seventy-five miles we practice what we jocularly called our "relay system," one of us riding the good machine for a mile, while the other walked, pushing the broken bicycle, and for the next mile exchanging. In this way we both have an opportunity to rest while waiting for the other man to come up with the machine which is out of commission, and making much better time than by a steady walk. This relay system was not unlike the "ride and tie" plan as practiced by the cowboys when two men have to travel with one good horse. One rides the horse for a distance, then tethers the animal on the plain and proceeds on foot. His comrade

comes up, takes the horse, and he also, rides for a distance and does the same thing.

When within five miles of Coulee City, Darling's bicycle tightens up, and we are unable even to push it along. As it is too heavy to carry, we invert it and set it on top of mine, to reach at last our destination with our peculiar machine.

Coulee City, with a population of something like one hundred inhabitants sits in the bottom of what is known as the "Washington Coulee," surrounded by a sage-brush desert, a most desolate region. This coulee, an Indian word for canyon, is nearly thirty miles long, extending directly north and south. Several miles north of the village, perpendicular walls of brown, grim rock extend upward for a height of eight hundred feet or more, one on each side of the bottom land, forming the sides of the canyon. At one point a spire of rock, 2,100 feet high, called Pilot Rock, can be seen for many miles. Here again we see what the fantastic hands of dame Nature has molded: a rocky cliff, six hundred feet in height, is made to resemble a castle of the medieval period, from which it gets its name, "Castle Rock."

With the assistance of a blacksmith, and by using different parts of all the old bicycles which we could find around the village, after spending over a half a day working at it, we succeed in repairing the broken machine, so that we are able to trundle it along, but can not ride it until we reach some town where we shall be able to pur-

chase the necessary bearings. So we return to our "relay system."

Twenty miles' travel in a northwesterly direction brings us to the Moses Coulee, this being very similar to the Washington Coulee, except that its precipitous sides rise to a far greater height, and it is but a half mile across the sage-brush covered flat bottom, from one side to the other. This coulee, like the other, extends due north and south, stretching away as far as the eye can see.

We find the descent into this gorge to be comparatively easy, but on the opposite side the ascent is a tortuous climb of over two miles.

After forty miles of travel from Coulee City we reach Douglass, a community consisting of perhaps twenty weather-beaten cottages, which by their appearance lead one to believe that they were built but shortly after the discovery of America. These, together with a general merchandise and hardware store, complete the village; ah! yes! except a public well, which, judging by the trampled ground around it, is the best patronized and leading attraction of the village. The well, open and walled with stone, stands in the middle of the only street.

We learn that Waterville, a progressive little town of nearly two thousand inhabitants, is but five miles distant from this village. As we are bound for Wenatchee via the Badger Mountains, the foot hills of which are only a few miles from

Douglass, it will be out of our way to go to Waterville, although there might be a chance of our being able to get the necessary bearings there for the disabled wheel. On learning that the two roads from Douglass and Waterville meet on the top of the mountain by an old saw-mill, forming the Wenatchee road, we decide that one shall take the good machine and ride to Waterville, to try to get the repairs, while the other takes the broken bicycle to walk with it up the mountains until the old saw-mill is reached, and that this shall be our meeting place. We toss a coin to decide who will ride to Waterville, Darling wins, and leaves immediately for that place.

As it is close to the noon hour, I choose the most promising of the cottages, making inquiry if I can buy my dinner. A gaunt, spare old lady answers in masculine tones that if I am able to put up with her rough fare I am welcome to it.

During the meal my hostess plied me with innumerable questions concerning myself, my family, the city in which I lived, how old I was, ending by demanding a complete history of our trip since we had started. To all of which I replied in monosyllables between mouthfuls of food. After every incident of my life had been firmly imbedded in the memory of my interrogator, without any requests or suggestions on my part, she proceeded to pour out her history, talking so fast that the words seemed to trip each other. As my chief desire was

to finish my dinner and get away from this extremely garrulous old lady, I heard but little except the fact that she had been born and raised in Missouri, which, according to her account, was the banner state in the Union, and that I had made a big mistake in not being born in that state instead of in Michigan.

At last the meal was eaten and I succeeded in getting away from the house, although she even followed me to the gate, talking in a constant stream. Although she charged me nothing for my dinner, I felt that I had surely earned it.

After a long and dusty walk through a powdery, flour-like dust which covers the road to a depth of four to ten inches, and a tough climb of several miles up the steep side of the mountain, I reach the summit, perspiration oozing from every pore, dirty streaming rivulets running down face, arms, and neck. Thoroughly fatigued, I lie down to rest.

Although by sundown I have walked sixteen miles, as yet I have failed to see the old saw mill, neither have I seen my colleague. On the mountains I find but few houses, passing these early in the afternoon. For an hour or more I have seen no sign of a dwelling, and as the shades of night are fast closing around me, I begin to think that it will be necessary for me to sleep on the ground alongside the road. Ahead of me in the dusk, apparently level with the ground, appears the roof of some large building. This is a strange phe-

nomenon, but as I near it, the mystery explains itself. The house is situated at the bottom of a deep ravine, its roof being level with the ground upon which I had been traveling.

I easily secured accommodations for the night. It is a large wheat ranch, there being three men here, one of whom responded to the name of "Jimmy" and did the cooking. I was told that Jimmy and I could sleep out in the hay-mow, he declaring that he had slept outdoors for such a long time that he was not able to sleep in a bed. We lay down in front of the open door on the soft hay. The air was extremely cold and the darkness was intense, while in the immediate vicinity of the barn there stood a number of pine trees, whose branches swayed by a slight breeze gave forth a dismal uncanny sound, suggestive of the despairing wail of a lost spirit. Altogether it was a weird situation, which was intensified during the night by my being awakened from a profound slumber by my sleeping partner who in noisy somniloquence was living over an exciting pugilistic encounter recently had with one of the neighboring farm-hands. This, together with the surroundings, was sufficient to cause cold chills to chase one another down my spine, while my hair persisted in standing on end.

Morning found me with every joint and bone stiff and aching, with several blisters upon my feet, all caused by my long walk of the preceding

day. Nevertheless I bade good-bye to Jimmy and the others, and started for Wenatchee, which was but twelve miles distant.

Six miles brought me to the "breaks," the edge of the mountains. Here my pains and aches were all forgotten in contemplation of the wonderful panoramic view which lay spread before me. The fertile valley of the Wenatchee, a veritable oasis, bounded by the Badger Mountains on one side and the Kittitasse Mountains on the other, between which on its way to the Pacific Ocean, flowed the Columbia River, a silvery thread, alongside which the town of Wenatchee lay nestled at the foot of the Kittitasse Range.

I at last descended the steep sides of the mountain, to find that a ferry-boat would carry me across the river to the town of Wenatchee for the sum of "four bits," fifty cents.

The Columbia at this point is a half mile wide. The water is of a greenish color which tells of great depth, it is claimed that at its shallowest point it is not less than a hundred feet deep. It has a very swift current, and owing to the fact that it rises among the snow clad peaks, its waters are ice cold.

I had but set foot upon the other side of the river, when I spied my traveling companion. He had followed by another way over the range the tracks of a bicycle which he afterwards learned to be pushed by an old man. Upon crossing the ferry

he had learned from the ferryman of his mistake, but knowing that I would strike for this place, he had waited for me at Wenatchee.

Wenatchee, a town of nearly three thousand inhabitants, for its maintenance depends upon the shipping of fruit, it being located in the heart of the great fruit growing district of the Wenatchee valley. The size of the fruit grown in this valley is marvelous, and it is shipped to all parts of the United States and even to foreign countries.

We were unable to get repairs here, but found that at Ellensberg, which was across the Kittitasse Mountains, we should be able to purchase what we desired. It was represented that by following an old Indian path known as "the Ananam Trail" we should be able to save nearly twenty-five miles, but had we known the difficulties which we were to encounter we would gladly have taken the longer wagon road.

Our experiences before we got across the mountains were many and varied. The first night we became lost in the intricate depths of a pine forest. We had followed several logging trails, but each became dimmer and fainter until they lost themselves. We shouted, whistled, and discharged our revolvers, but only the gloomy solitude of the forest and the moaning of the pine trees greeted our anxious, listening ears. The prospect of spending a night in the forest was anything but pleasing. When we had almost decided that this was our

only course, the faint baying of a dog was borne to our ears. We started in the direction from which the sound came, shouting at intervals so that the dog might respond. After what seemed like an interminable time, during which we worked our way slowly through the underbrush, stumbling over rotten trunks, and pulling our machines, we saw the glimmer of a light. We finally reached it to find that it was a cabin of an Indian. We received food, and slept on a pallet of straw on the floor.

All the next day we traveled the trail, finding no human habitation, and after exhausting the supply of water in our canteens, we had neither water nor food until we succeeded in getting down off the mountains at nine o'clock that night.

The trail ascended the steepest slopes of the mountain, being almost like climbing a perpendicular, over which we panted and puffed and dragged our bicycles with extreme difficulty, but making progress by hanging to bushes and trees, stopping very frequently to rest our wearied bodies.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, after six hours' travel, we reached the summit. Here was a network of trails which ran in all directions; we chose the plainest and followed it.

For four miles we wend our way through a vast tract of land which has been devastated by a forest fire, climbing, and lifting our machines over felled

ON THE ANANAM TRAIL, KITTITASSE MOUNTAINS, WASH.

forest giants, burnt and charred, with which the ground is covered.

As darkness was overtaking us, we came out upon a road, which we followed for a sharp descent of several miles, this bringing us down out of the mountains into a sage-brush desert. It was now very dark, and strain our eyes as we might, we were unable to see a light. We plodded wearily along for several miles, with no change in our surroundings when a dark object loomed before us, which proved to be a house. We wandered around it without seeing any indication of its being occupied, guessed that it was vacant, and were on the point of trying the door, when a window upstairs was suddenly raised and a stentorian voice demanded: "What are you prowling around here for?" We quickly told of our plight, how we had nothing to eat since morning and but little water, to which the owner of the house ejaculated: "To h—l you haven't!" Closed the window with a bang, and in a few moments met us at the door downstairs.

The whole house was aroused on our account; the wife and mother set forth a cold lunch for us, and while we were devouring this as only two famished boys can, our every movement was closely watched by all the family, of which there were seven in number, including the parents. After we had eaten our fill, we were shown to what is called "a tarpaulin," a sort of portable bed, con-

sisting of several blankets enclosed by a heavy canvas sack. In this it is said that one can sleep out in a pouring rain without getting wet. It was spread out into the yard, where we could rest our weary frames.

We learned that we were but thirteen miles from Ellensberg. As Darling had worn out the sole of one shoe, his bare foot resting on the ground, and his feet were a mass of blisters, while I, on the contrary, owing to the hardening given to my feet by my long walk through the Badger Mountains, was less affected. I suggested that he ride my wheel, while I would walk with the disabled one. To this he at first would not agree, but persistence finally won, and he agreed to ride on condition that I should rest at frequent intervals.

Ellensberg, though containing not more than five thousand inhabitants, proved to be the most metropolitan town through which we had passed since leaving Spokane.

Glory Hallelujah! We at last were able to get the necessary repairs, which consisted of small cones and a number of ball bearings, for lack of which we had been compelled to walk all the way from Coulee City, a distance of 135 miles!

For forty-three miles we travel over a fairly good wagon road, through heavily timbered country, and very mountainous, and we are very near to the eastern base of the Cascade Mountains,

whose sharp, jagged outlines we can see in the distance.

From a station called Easton, at the foot of the Cascades, consisting of a round-house and a railroad boarding-house, this being a "helper" station, where extra engines were put on each train to aid in making the heavy grade to the summit, it was necessary for us to follow the railroad, as here the wagon road ended.

We find that we are again confronted with a difficulty. A tunnel two miles in length, which cuts through the summit of the range, was closely guarded by a watchman, no one being allowed to walk through it. There is no other way to cross the mountain, and it is left for us to figure out how to get through this tunnel.

After much meditation and consideration, we decided on a plan of action. Spending the night at a telegraph station called Martin, but a short distance this side of the tunnel, we arise the next morning at daylight.

The grim mouth of this two miles of darkness, on one side of which was the watchman's shanty, seemed to scowl ominously at us. Judging by the loud snores which were borne through the walls of the shanty, we should be in no danger of being molested from that source. Seeing a number of torches in a large tool-box which had been carelessly left unlocked, we selected two of the best, and entered the black and smoky tunnel.

The torches but slightly relieved the inky blackness, casting their feeble rays but a few feet before us. The track is ballasted with a broken rock over which we stumble, and, carrying our torches in one hand and hanging to our machines with the other, we sustain our equilibrium with much difficulty. After we have stumbled along for something like a half mile, we hear a faint and distant rumbling, and as we strain our eyes to pierce the intense blackness ahead of us, a light apparently not larger than a pin's head appears. The rumbling becomes greater, and every passing moment increases the size of the light. We see that we are in a very dangerous position. The train will soon be upon us, there is but very little space between the track and the sides of the tunnel, while the gas and smoke which will come from three engines, the number usually required to draw a freight train, and the slow progress of this advancing light showed that it was this, will fill the air, making breathing almost impossible. But we are too far from the opening to retreat, and our only course is to stand at the sides and hope and pray that there may be room. We readily saw that the handle bars of the bicycles were too wide to be able to clear, and, quickly loosening the adjustments, we removed them, placing the machines one before the other, standing them as closely to the wall as possible, while we each selected a position, standing with our backs closely pressed to

the side of the tunnel. All this had occupied but a minute or two, but even now the headlight of the approaching train bathed us in its dazzling light. The hissing of steam and the thundering roar of the train was made deafening by its reverberation in the enclosed space, and we almost lost consciousness through sheer terror.

Three inches of space between our bodies and the steam chest, as the first engine hissed by us! There were still two more engines, one in the center and the other at the end of the train, two more ordeals and then we were safe!

The train had passed, leaving us limp masses of flesh, quaking in every nerve. As we had expected the gas and smoke were terrible, and incredible as it may seem, we were unable to see the light of the torch two feet away. Tying handkerchiefs over nostrils and mouths, we endeavored to go onward. Every moment made breathing more difficult, until it seemed that unless we could get a breath of fresh air we should suffocate. We could stand it no longer, and, panic-stricken, we turn and flee toward the entrance again as fast as our shaking limbs will carry us. Several times we were nearly overcome by the gas, but by extraordinary effort we shook off the lethargic feeling, knowing that our only hope was in reaching the mouth. Suddenly we hear another thunderous roar, and, instantly divining its cause, we quickly place ourselves and the wheels at the side

out of harm's way, just as a monster of steel, a single engine, rushes past.

Stumbling, half crawling, and half walking, we at last reached the mouth through which we could see the blessed daylight. Ah! it never seemed so beautiful as now!

After we had recovered somewhat, we awoke to the living present, and, as we looked at each other, the ludicrousness of our personal appearance was speedily conveyed to us. The bright yellow of our khaki suits was mottled with huge blotches of soot and dirt, and our backs were as neatly and completely covered by the same commodity as if we had been carefully painted, while our hands and faces were so changed that we could easily have been mistaken for natives of the tropics.

We found that the watchman had arisen, and we held a conference with him, so that he finally agreed to pilot us through for a certain sum, although he said: "'Tis strictly agin the rules," then winked his eye, and bade us follow.

We walk meekly and obediently behind our brawny guide. After we had covered perhaps a mile, the alert ear of the watchman detects the faint rumble which tells of a distantly approaching train, though strain our ears as we might, we are unable to detect the slightest sound. He bade us increase our speed, and we finally reach a large recess cut out of the solid rock at the side of the tunnel. This recess is sufficiently large to accom-

modate a hand car and a half dozen men. Our friend explains to us that these are built for the safety of the employees in case they are caught by an approaching train.

As the long freight train rolls slowly past us, it leaves the tunnel filled with gases and smoke. Our guide waits a number of minutes until the draught has carried out the gas-laden and impure air, and then we proceed, and reach the other side safely and without further incident.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

WE CROSS THE SIERRA NEVADAS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

We are now on the western slope of the mountains, practically in the heart of the range. The railroad wound and twisted in the most erratic manner. At one place we see the railroad track at five different points down the mountains. Here again we see the awful results of forest fires, whole forests being stripped of every green twig and branch, leaving a mass of burnt and charred trunks scattered over the ground, lying like gigantic warriors after a terrific combat, out of which occasionally rose the tall, straight trunk of a monarch which had withstood the ravages of the destructive monster.

Apparently but a few miles distant, but in reality nearly sixty, we see the sharp glistening snow-clad apex of Mt. Ranier, as it pierces the blue ether at the enormous altitude of 14,519 feet, a most sublime sight.

The mountains are very heavily wooded, presenting upon our eyes an expanse of solid green. Frequently we find ourselves peering down into a deep ravine or gorge, the bottom of which is so far below, that even the tops of the tallest trees are over a hundred feet beneath the railroad.

At Palmer, which is but a telegraph station, we

find ourselves out of the Cascades, from which we learn that it will not be necessary for us to walk the track any longer, as there is a wagon road from this point to Tacoma, and that there are small towns scattered along the route, which news we hail with delight.

We spend three hours in Tacoma, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, located on the famous Puget Sound, and built on the side of a chain of hills, which necessitates the use of cable cars and cleats nailed cross-wise on the sidewalks to aid pedestrians to reach the upper part of the city. We had occasion to shove our bicycles up one of these hills, so that it was with genuine sympathy that we thought of the weary hill climbers of Tacoma.

Here also we see something which appeals to us, considering our long tour, and may possibly be of interest to the reader.

On the outskirts of the city is a bridge which is claimed to have been built exclusively for bicycle traffic in 1896 by the wheelmen of Tacoma, its length is 440 feet, width 12, and height from the ground 127, and, as indicated by the inscription, it is "the Longest, Highest, and only exclusive Bicycle Bridge in the World."

The run of forty-two miles from Tacoma to Olympia was made in less than half a day, although the road was covered by eight to nine inches of flour-like dust, this condition having been general throughout the state.

Olympia, as a capital city, was rather a sad failure. A very common looking building, originally built for a court-house and purchased by the state, is used as a state house. A population of something like six thousand inhabitants; nearly all the principal streets covered with plank as pavement; located on one of the many octopus-like arms of Puget Sound and nearly surrounded by a dreary and desolate expanse of pine stumps with here and there dense forests of giant firs, which give one a slight idea of what the country consisted before it felt the magnetic touch of civilization; are the leading characteristics of the capital city of Washington. But when one considers the youth of this state, whose territory was formerly but forest primeval, one becomes more lenient in his criticism.

On account of the heavy downpour of rain, which continues through the winter months, plank turn-pikes are constructed from town to town, without the aid of which it would be almost impossible to traverse the roads during the rainy season. Mile after mile we travel these roads, finding them to be almost continuous through the remainder of the state. However, we were not loath to part with them, as the many punctures which were caused by the myriads of splinters which covered them, were far from pleasant and agreeable as most of our time was spent in repairing them.

A distinct novelty in the way of a road was one built ten feet from the ground, and extending for nearly three miles, being virtually an exceedingly long wooden bridge. This, it was our pleasure to traverse on leaving Centralia.

We leave a small village, Toledo, at nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and several miles out while in the endeavor to make some repairs on our tires, darkness descends upon us before we are aware of the fact. Dense forests of fir trees, some of which are over a hundred feet high, with a diameter of eight to ten feet, whose gloomy depths causes a depression of the spirits, surround us. Caught as we are, our only course is to walk until we find a house and seek to obtain supper and lodging. For two miles we walk, seeing no habitation; while sitting down to rest amidst the ghostly quietudes of the impenetrable forest, but a short distance from us through an opening in the trees we see a ray of light. We find that it comes from a cabin. To our request a reply is made that they are unable to accommodate us, that they have no place nor room for us to sleep, that they are just about to retire, but that we shall be able to get supper at the next house where parties by the name of Gleason reside, and that "it was up the hill apiece," and we are forced to continue our lonesome walk.

We had always supposed that "a piece" meant but a short distance, but after plodding wearily

along for an interminable length of time through the woods, now up and now down steep hills, now through the ghostly remnant of a burnt section, lone blackened trunks standing like sentinels, and stumbling over rocks in the road, we learned that the expression could mean almost any distance from a few rods to several miles. We were meditating on the miseries of life, when our reveries were suddenly interrupted by the barking of a dog, which in the darkness seemed but a short distance from us. We turned in that direction to find that there was a house set back in a small space, cleared of underbrush and trees, surrounded on all sides by dark woods. Had it not been for the dog we should have passed without seeing it. Upon attempting to open the gate, judging by the vicious and threatening howls which came from the canine, which in the darkness looked as large as a Shetland pony, our presence was not wanted. We speedily changed our minds and decided to wait on the safe side of the gate for developments. The continued growls and barks from our four-footed friend aroused the people of the house, who had retired, as it was nearly nine o'clock. The front door opened, and a head was cautiously thrust out. We were asked who we were and what we wanted at this time of night, all in one breath. Upon hearing the nature of our request, the ferocious specimen of the canine race was compelled by his master to retreat, a thing which immensely

relieved us, and we were invited to come in. A lunch was given us, and then we were shown our room.

Kalama, a small town, is located on the Columbia River, which at this point is two miles wide, a truly majestic stream. Upon the opposite shore is the soil of Oregon; where rages a forest fire. Tongues of flame ever and anon shoot into the inky blackness of night. Occasionally with a thunderous crash some forest giant gives up the struggle and falls to earth, while the rush and roar of the flames can be distinctly heard. The illumination is superb, and is reflected in the dark waters of the river.

We cross the Columbia at Vancouver on a ferry-boat, which lands us upon the soil of Oregon. A short ride brings us into Portland, the metropolis of the state.

Unlike most of the western cities, we found Portland to be very level. It is a very pretty city, and nearly all streets are laid out at right angles. The business portion is close and compact, but there are no "sky scrapers." Here one can see many ocean-going boats, a regular line making trips to Seattle and San Francisco.

Passing through a number of villages and towns which were but short distances apart, the principal being Oregon City, Salem, the capital, Albany, and Eugene; traveling over comparatively good roads, even though they are covered with deep powdery

dust; no longer through a wilderness of forest like Washington, but through a farming and fruit-raising country where the bulk of the prune output of the United States is raised, a frequent sight being orchards of vast dimensions, with trees weighed down with this near relative of the plum; all of which greatly reminded us of the thickly populated eastern states.

First we see the snow-clad, cone-like summit of Mt. Hood, and as we travel southward in the state, the sparkling whiteness of Mt. Jefferson, followed by the dim outlines of "The Three Sisters," and lastly the shining and dazzling mass of pure snow which caps the summit of "The Diamond Peak," and all of these, from the different localities of the state from which we are able to see them, are nearly seventy-five miles distant.

The northern part of Oregon is traversed by a line of railroad known as the Oregon and California. Old style of engines, with the large, ancient, funnel-like smoke-stacks are used, and wood is burned for fuel instead of coal. All bridges are covered with huge sheds, as was formerly the type in early railroad construction. In fact, throughout the state, we found nearly all wagon bridges to be constructed on this plan. In the vicinity of stations the track was lined with piles of wood, stored up for use as fuel.

Salem, the capital city, proved to be a very metropolitan town. There is a very novel and

attractive arrangement of three of the principal government buildings, which stand in a row, each occupying a whole square block, surrounded by well-kept grounds. First is the state capitol, of great architectural beauty, Corinthian style, with magnificent dome, next is the County Court House, and lastly the Post Office.

Eugene to Ashland, we have our troubles. Rain compels us to walk the railroad nearly the entire distance, while the country becomes wilder and more rugged and very mountainous.

Ashland is directly at the base of the Siskiyou Mountains. We had heard so much about the difficulties of crossing these, that we viewed them with awe.

However, we found that most of it was much exaggerated. Truly it was a long and arduous climb, and it took us nearly a half a day to reach the summit. The extreme exertion of toiling up the steep slopes bathed us in perspiration, and caused us to pant and gasp for breath; but, aided by an excellent road which seemed to continue to wind around the mountain, each lap bringing us nearer to the summit, our progress was much faster than we expected. The railroad ascends these mountains by a most circuitous route, twisting this way and that, back and forth across the slope, traversing eight miles and covering the same ascent which we make on the wagon road in three miles.

Siskiyou, a telegraph station, marks the summit. From this place, as the railroad cuts its way through the mountains by a 1,300 foot tunnel, while the wagon road makes a long detour, we follow the track and walk through the tunnel.

It was now dusk, yet there were no indications of any kind of a dwelling, only the densely wooded slopes of the mountains which towered on every side.

From out of the gloom we are able to distinguish the shadowy shape of some large building. It is but a short distance from the track, and upon investigation we find that it is an abandoned summer hotel. A noisy stream ripples merrily on its way over a rocky bed near one side of the building, while its desolate, dark, and gloomy appearance, surrounded as it is on all sides by dense forest and underbrush, and the soft sighing of the trees as they are stirred by a slight breeze, produces a general feeling of melancholy and loneliness. We try all the doors and windows, but we find that they are securely fastened. A shed, which stands back of the main building and seems to be used as a sort of general storehouse is not so secure against intruders, for after a little persistence, we succeeded in forcing open the door. With the aid of some pieces of carpet and our blankets we made quite a comfortable bed upon the floor.

Daylight lifts the hand of Darkness revealing the fact that unintentionally we have wandered

into what is known as "The Siskiyou Soda Springs," of which we had heard much. Not two hundred feet from where we had slept was a large summer-house, in the center of which was the largest of the three springs from which this wonderful water flowed. We drank our fill, it seemed to be heavily impregnated with gas and tasted very similar to carbonated water, virtually Nature's Soda Fount.

By following the railroad we reached a small village called Hornbrook, which was in the state of California, the boundary line of which we had passed several miles back. This now brought us down out of the Siskiyous.

Our route followed along the railroad as far as a village called Sisson, which consisted of nothing but saloons, dives, and gambling dens, a most corrupt place, and thence going eastward to McCloud, at the southern base of Mt. Shasta, which has an altitude of 13,350 feet above sea level.

Before reaching Sisson, our cyclometers register the fact that we have traveled five thousand miles since leaving Jackson, Michigan, on May 2, having been continuously traveling for nearly five months through eighteen different states.

The snow-covered summit of Mt. Shasta can be distinctly seen at a distance of fifty miles. In coming from the north we were in constant view of it until we reached Sisson, which is at its western base. It is one of the most majestic of all the high

peaks. Standing alone like a huge and mighty sentinel, far from any other mountain range, it is monarch of all it surveys. The whole upper half is covered with perpetual snow, the lower half being very heavily timbered, causing the glistening whiteness of the summit to be intensified.

McCloud, a lumber camp containing three thousand souls, more closely resembles a prison or a fort. The entire town, including the only railroad, a branch line which connects with the Oregon and California at Sisson, which enters the city; the electric lighting plant; the only hotel and a general store which handles every known article of merchandise, compelling all to patronize it, is owned by the company which operates the saw and planing mills. Rows of houses constructed as near alike as is possible, form the streets, and all things are done in a systematic manner according to a certain rule. A mass of red tape, rules, and regulations surrounds every employee, until each has lost his personality and becomes a small part of a huge machine, his position being very similar to that of a convict in a penitentiary, so strict are the regulations.

Through dense forests of towering pine and spruce, with nothing to relieve the monotony, we travel all day until we reach a village, Fall River Mills, just after Darling has a serious accident which breaks the frame of his bicycle.

With the aid of a young electrician, who is a

sort of "Jack-of-all-trades," Darling's wheel is wired up so that he is able to ride it until he can get it more substantially repaired.

We learn that from this place to Susanville, we cross the Sierra Nevadas, a distance of ninety odd miles, through a most uncivilized district, there being but one house in the entire route. The road can hardly be called by that name, being simply a trail on which it is very easy to lose our way. However, with the assistance of an old settler, who draws us out a rude map of the trails, etc., we leave Fall River Mills behind us and face the knotty proposition.

Something like an hour's travel brings us where it is necessary for us to cross a lava bed. Porous rock, from pieces not larger than a hen's egg to masses weighing tons, covers the ground. It is several miles through this bed, across which, picking our way among the rocks, and trundling our wheels, we travel with difficulty.

Soon we begin the ascent of the mountains. The steep slope is covered with underbrush and dense forest. We climb upward for several miles, then seem to travel on a level for a distance, after which we again climb a gently ascending acclivity, and it is an hour or more before we reach the summit.

It is now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, we have long since exhausted the supply of water which our canteens contained, and have found no

springs nor running water of any description. We also have a sort of empty feeling, which reminds us that the last time that we had food was at breakfast. We had been told that the only house between Fall River Mills and Susanville was but thirty miles distant, and as we have already traveled twenty-five miles as registered on our cyclometers, we are keeping a careful lookout for it.

As we reach the top of a hill, we see nestled at its foot the object for which we are so earnestly looking. A large, spacious barn on one side of which is a long, low house surrounded by a fence. As we dismount in front of the barn, a pack of dogs seem magically to appear from out of the ground, all endeavoring to snarl and growl at the same time, and each striving to make more noise than the other. The reader can easily imagine what a delightfully pleasant sensation such an onslaught would produce.

Although we tried all kinds of coaxing and teasing, we were unable to make friends with the canines. Evidently the owner of the house was absent, as this commotion would almost have aroused the dead. At the back of the house we could see a pump, but here we were held back from procuring the water which we needed so badly, by the yelping and savage curs. As an interval of several moments brought no change, we decided to beard the lions in their den. Arming ourselves with large clubs, we climb the fence and advanced in

force on the enemy. Strange as it may seem, the dogs no sooner saw this sally, than their attitude changed immediately, and they came running towards us, barking and capering in play, jumping on us in the endeavor to lick our hands. Naturally we were somewhat suspicious of this change of tactics, but after we reached the pump and beban to put it into operation, all our friends departed, each hunting a sunny spot to stretch himself at full length, to go immediately to sleep, utterly oblivious of our presence.

We waited sometime, but as the owner did not appear and we were very much in need of food, which we knew must be in the house, we began an investigation and found a window which was unfastened, through which one of us climbed, unlocking the front door of the house.

We had no trouble in locating the pantry, and the amount of edibles with which we covered a nearby table caused a feeling of joyousness.

Just as we were finishing our sumptuous repast, and were preparing to clear up the table, with a clatter of wheels the owner drove up to the barn! A nice predicament, now! To enter forcibly a man's house and help himself to what one wished, was bad enough, but to be caught in the act itself, was far worse. We lost no time in interviewing the gentleman, although it was a very embarrassing position, apologizing for our actions and offering to pay whatever the charges were for food

consumed, or any other damage, telling how very hungry we were, having not had anything to eat since leaving Fall River Mills that morning. He was a short fleshy man, almost as long as broad, with sandy hair and a large, sandy mustache, above which two merry blue eyes kindly beamed upon us, from the midst of a round, good-natured face. He listened to agitated apologies and frank admissions of our guilt in silence, and, after we had quite finished, remarked, in a soft modulated drawl, which betokened a native of the South, "You'all needn't feel so bad; we'all doan cahw jus' so you'all left the house and did'en caiw it away with you'all." Here indeed was a specimen of the hospitality of the true Southerner. Would that our travels through the southern states found more of his type. Forcibly enter a man's house, and then have him almost thank you for doing it! Back in the East, we should have been immediately jailed.

The name of our genial host was Shird Eldridge. He was a native of Tennessee, and that evening entertained us with anecdotes of the South. Among other subjects the large manufacture and consumption of whiskey in his native state was discussed. Here he confidentially informed us: "Boys, Ah've drang 'nuff whiskey in ma life, so ah could swim from heaw to the bawn in it, 'swraght!" We spent a very pleasant evening, and after a most restful sleep in the downy depths

of a feather bed, we arose the next morning shortly past daylight.

Our host gave us all the instructions that he could to aid us in following the rather faint and indistinct trail, admonishing us to be very careful, as it was a very easy matter to get lost in the mountains, where we might wander until we died of starvation. In the sixty miles to Susanville, we should find but one place where we could get water. Filling our canteens, and giving us a lunch to carry with us, he bade us Godspeed with tears in his eyes. Owing to the novelty of our undertaking, he had been very much interested in us. We also were rather loath to depart, the warm, affectionate, and genial manner of our host having completely won our hearts.

The sun was just peeping over the mountain tops, the air was almost freezing cold, causing us to stop ever and anon to plunge our hands deep in our trouser's pockets to warm our stiff and aching fingers, or to clap a hand very suddenly and unceremoniously over an ear; but as the sun became higher in the heavens the atmosphere became warmer.

Many times we nearly lost the trail, which twisted in every conceivable manner through the dense forest. Now we would ascend for a mile or more, then go down the other side, following an almost level stretch for a long distance. Nothing relieved the death-like stillness of the forest as

we were winding in among the tall forest giants, whose trunks rose straight as an arrow, not a branch until near the top, where an interlaced mass of green foliage majestically swayed to and fro a hundred feet from the ground.

Twenty-eight miles from our starting point we are brought to the stream of water which our host had described to us. As it is nearly noon, we eat our simple lunch, washed down with the clear, limpid waters of the mountain stream. So far, at least, we are on the right trail, even though we walked nearly the whole distance. From here to Susanville we had been told that we should find a more traveled trail, and that we should be able to do more riding, and this we found to be the case, arriving at our destination at a little past five o'clock, the last five miles of our travel being a heavy and steep descent, the village being at the foot of the mountains.

A most delightful, neat, and attractive little hamlet, situated on a small plateau, on each side of which is a range of mountains, entirely inland, being connected by stage with the railroad, was Susanville.

We cover the distance of nearly a hundred miles, from here to Reno, Nevada, under adverse circumstances, crossing a sage-brush alkali desert, composed of loose sand, through which it is an impossibility to ride, sinking nearly a foot at every

step and laboriously pushing our machines under a sweltering sun.

For a long distance we follow the shores of Honey Lake, surely a misnomer, as the waters are deadly poisonous, so greatly are they impregnated with the dreaded alkali. It is a very large lake, and, standing as it does surrounded by a desert waste, and its terrible qualities being known, it gives one a most uncanny feeling.

As we near the boundary line between California and Nevada, vast and massive mountains of bleak and bare rock frown down upon us. Here we cross the dry bed of a lake, hard-baked ground covered with a white crust, evidently alkali, revealed by the evaporation of the water, across which it is nearly two miles.

We cross the line into Nevada, where we follow near the diminutive tracks of a narrow gauge railroad all the way to Reno, something like twenty miles.

Over a sort of rocky plateau, surrounded by mountains of solid rock, the toy railroad wends its way. Near one edge of this plateau, one of the curious little trains, consisting of several passenger coaches drawn by a midget of an engine, laboriously puffing, its speed being not much faster than a horse could trot, slowly creeps by us. We again pass it, and keep ahead for a time, but by traversing a very long tunnel, it wins the race, and as we are descending the steep sides of

the plateau into Reno, we see it slowly moving away down below us at the foot of the mountains.

At Reno we are delayed nearly two days by a steady downpour of rain, but the time is very pleasantly spent, as we are guests of the Reno Wheelmen's Club, a very strong bicycling association which has a membership of six hundred, their own club house, containing reading and writing rooms, large gymnasium, swimming pool, and numerous other conveniences, which make it an ideal place to come for rest and recreation.

On the afternoon of the second day, during a slight cessation in the continuous and heavy rainfall, we decide that if we wish to make any progress at all, now is our opportunity. The roads are very muddy, so we walk the track. All the afternoon, at frequent intervals, showers compel us to take shelter under trees or bridges; but finally these gave place to a very slight and disagreeable drizzle, which lasted nearly all night.

We reach Truckee, walking the track the entire distance, in a continuous downpour of rain. This town boasts of a thousand inhabitants, and is a collection of saloons and gambling dens, with not one store in the place which did not partake of the nature of a dive, truly a cesspool, and headquarters for gamblers and criminals.

Two miles from Truckee we enter a continuous thirty-five mile stretch of snow sheds and tunnels, practically a subterranean passage, as but little

light is admitted, all being in a state of semi-darkness. This chain extends over the summit and half way down the other side of the Sierra Nevadas.

These snow sheds are very large, and built of heavy and massive timbers. The top forms a solid roofing, but the sides have openings of several inches between each timber, through which some of the light of day penetrates; during the severe winters upon these mountains tons upon tons of snow fall upon these sheds.

The track makes the most erratic twists and turns, the grade is very great, causing even three engines on a train to make but very slow progress.

We have been traveling in the snow sheds but a short time, when we have our first hair-raising experience, as one of the Southern Pacific Flyers passes us.

We hear it slowly and laboriously ascending the grade behind us, and take steps to place ourselves and our machines in a safe position on the sides. Soon it approaches with a deafening and thunderous puff and chug-chug of the engines, sparks, fire, and dirty black smoke belching forth from the smokestacks, fire shooting from beneath the fire-boxes on each side of the track, for on these engines oil is burned, every sound made a thousand-fold louder by being enclosed in such a small space. To us, with our nerves at their highest tension, eyes nearly bulging from their sockets,

it seems as if we shall never live through the ordeal. It seems an age until the two foremost engines pass us, and then comes the long string of passenger coaches, which gives us a chance to recover and be prepared for the puffing and hissing monster which brings up the rear. But there is an end to all things, and at last as from a dream we find ourselves to be staring vacantly after the departing train.

Before we reach the summit we have many such experiences, trains passing us frequently, coming from each direction. Great watchfulness had to be exercised in listening for trains coming down from the summit, as the grade was so great, that the momentum would carry the train swiftly and it would approach almost noiselessly, so that it would be upon us before we were aware.

We pass through many tunnels, ranging from four hundred to thirteen hundred feet in length. In one of these, which was almost semi-circular, it was as dark as Egypt, and as we had no light nor torch, we could see nothing whatever; by walking the rails we manage to keep in the track. There was no room on the sides, so that we knew that if we should be caught by a train, we should immediately be made into mince-meat. As we get well into the center, we find our courage oozing out at our toes, our knees knock together, hair stands on end, and perspiration springs from every pore at the slightest noise which resembles the

"chug-chug" of a locomotive. Nevertheless, we arrive at the other end in safety.

This is indeed almost one continuous tunnel, even the telegraph stations being built into the sides of the sheds.

We reach the summit, which has an altitude of 7,017 feet, to find that while it has been continuously raining lower down on the mountains, here a fierce snow-storm is in progress, there being a covering of fifteen inches of the beautiful, accompanied by a freezing temperature.

Owing to the many fires occurring in the snow-sheds, a fire train stands at the summit in readiness to respond to an alarm.

Twenty-three miles more of walking brings us out of the subterranean passage of the snow-sheds, and it is still raining steadily. We had many thrilling escapes from being run down by trains which came from our rear down from the summit. Running almost without a sound they would glide around a curve bearing down upon us, causing consternation and terror, which would nearly paralyze our muscles. There we would stand unable to move; but even though each time it seemed as if this surely would be the end and that even now we were staring into the cadaverous features of Death, we always succeeded at the very last instant to avoid the danger, the train passing us leaving limp masses of flesh stunned with fright and terror.

Now that we were out from the protection of the sheds, we have the full benefits of the shower bath so unsparingly dealt by the elements, and we are soon wet to the skin. It rains nearly all the next forenoon, but sometime past noon the rain ceases and we have the pleasure of again viewing the beaming countenance of "Old Sol."

Unhidden by any snow-sheds the glorious and majestic grandeur of the Sierras lay before us. Now we find ourselves high on the side of a mountain; nearly two thousand feet below us is a seething, rushing, roaring mountain torrent angrily leaping like a thing of life. Here the track dizzily describes a complete half circle traversing a mountain but a short distance from its summit, clinging to a narrow ledge, and as one looks into the terrible abyss, a tremor shakes one's frame. Now from the heights we look down upon a panoramic view of a beautiful valley, hemmed in by mountains on each side, where across from us apparently a river seems to be flowing along the side of the mountain. Here we nervously and cautiously pick our way across a high steel trestle, where nearly a hundred and fifty feet below us the diminutive tracks of a narrow gauge railway pass under this gigantic structure.

We are nearly out of the mountains, coming down into the fertile valley of the Sacramento. Vineyards dot the slopes of the mountains.

Now beside the track is a portion of a mammoth

vineyard, its other side lost in the distance. The vines are in the form of small bushes, so that the whole at a distance resembles an orchard. We hasten to drop our wheels and help ourselves to the luscious fruit, but in our haste we fail to note that the gaze of a man who carries a gun over his shoulder is upon us, until we stoop to pick some of the large bunches of grapes when we are very much surprised to be challenged by a stentorian voice, and we abdicate immediately in favor of the man with the gun.

From Auburn to Sacramento we are able to ride over a good wagon road, a pleasant change, as we have followed the railroad continuously since leaving Reno.

We pass through a most enchanting and beautiful country, a specimen of the kind from which California gets its great reputation. Roses and other flowers in full bloom; farm houses surrounded by palm and magnolia trees; all kinds of fruit growing by the roadside; occasionally we spy orange and lemon trees on which we can see the green fruit.

Sacramento, the capital, is a most beautiful city. The capitol building is a very fine structure, surrounded by spacious grounds half a mile square, which contain every known variety of palm tree.

In one section of the city is what is known as "Chinatown." Although we afterward saw the famous one in San Francisco, we were far more

impressed by this in Sacramento. The streets are rather dimly lighted by the sickly glow from Chinese lanterns, several hanging in front of every business place. Quaint and dirty looking dens, which are so small that an American would hardly be able to turn around in one, much less find room for a stock of goods. On one side of the street was a sort of free show of some Chinese musicians, who according to appearances seemed to be itinerant. There were four of them, one played on a reed-like instrument, which gave forth a sound similar to the high notes of a clarinet, droning a weird chant; ever and anon, apparently on impulse, one of the other performers would strike a cymbal which would clang forth like a fire-bell; a third kept a monotonous accompaniment by continuously pounding a Chinese drum; the fourth member of this glorious orchestra, during the very few minutes when he was not engaged in puffing at a long-stemmed pipe, played an instrument which somewhat resembled our violin, but on which there was but one string. This sounded like the wail of a lost spirit. Truly it was a great aggregation, and yet the Chinese call this music!

Nearly all the way to Benicia, which is situated on the northern arm of San Francisco Bay, we are compelled to walk the railroad track on account of the low and swampy condition of the country, which is not more than ten to twenty feet above the level of the sea. Fourteen miles of this dis-

tance, between Sacramento and Davisville, are almost a continuous chain of trestle-work. On each side of the railroad is but a swampy lowland. We had many hair-breadth escapes from being knocked off the trestles by trains, which pass frequently. As the railroad has virtually built its way across this morass, during the passing of a heavy train the track vibrates terribly, causing engine and cars to sway dangerously from side to side.

For several hundred yards along a trestle we see the bloody dismembered portions of some animal, a little farther on we find its head, which for some reason or other is intact, having been cut off the body at the neck. The head tells us that it must have been a most gigantic Newfoundland dog. The poor creature had been killed instantly, not knowing what struck him.

From Vallejo, which is but seven miles from Benicia, and is also located on the shore of the bay, we take a ferry-boat for San Francisco. It is nearly two hours' ride, a distance of thirty miles, and a most interesting trip. First we pass the black hull of a Russian war ship, which lies dismantled, as necessitated by international law, and near by are several American gun boats, one of which is the "Petrel," the baby gun boat of the U. S. Navy. Here we pass the famous Mare Island Navy Yard, and we see a grim and black torpedo

boat destroyer, and in its immediate vicinity the diminutive hull of a torpedo boat.

As we approach "the city," we pass Alcatrez Island, which is used by the government as a military prison. By one of the passengers on the boat we are told many tales of the sufferings of the poor wretches confined here. No visitors are allowed on this island under any circumstances, and only certain government boats are allowed to approach it.

Here we obtain our first view of "The Golden Gate." A small channel between rocky cliffs, beyond which the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean is seen. Just now the sun, a golden orb of fire, is sinking below the horizon, throwing its ruddy glow across the bosom of the ocean, transforming the rock and bleak sides of "The Golden Gate" into masses of burnished gold, a sight which is really worth traveling across a continent to see.

From the bay San Francisco's sky-line impresses one greatly. The tops of many tall skyscrapers are silhouetted against the blue empyrean.

We spend three days here, in which we see the leading attractions of the city, the most important of which are the United States Mint, the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, and Chinatown. In the Mint we are shown the various departments where money is made, first seeing it in large ingots of gold and silver, and following it through the various processes, until we see its last examina-

tion before it is placed in sacks preparatory to be shipped to the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. In one room on a small truck, we see one million dollars in twenty dollar gold pieces, tied securely in small sacks.

The Cliff House was formerly constructed and used as a hotel, but of late years it has been condemned as unsafe, now being used as a cafe in part of which all manner of drinks and refreshments are served. As the name infers, this mammoth building of architectural beauty is built upon a high cliff which is directly above the waters of the Pacific.

Stretching away to the southward of the Cliff House until lost in the distance is the sandy beach of the ocean. Here the sands are black with all kinds and types of people of both sexes lounging in all attitudes, some lying flat on their backs, others amusing themselves by playing with the pure white sand, but the majority dreamily gazing out upon the placid and calm waters of the boundless Ocean.

Under the direction of a licensed guide we see the wonders of San Francisco's famous "Chinatown," about which so much has been written and told. Although there were many interesting localities shown us, and we learned many of the peculiarities of our almond-eyed cousins, we were impressed but little, as the most of this section is so Americanized, that there are left in it but few characteristic Chinese mannerisms.

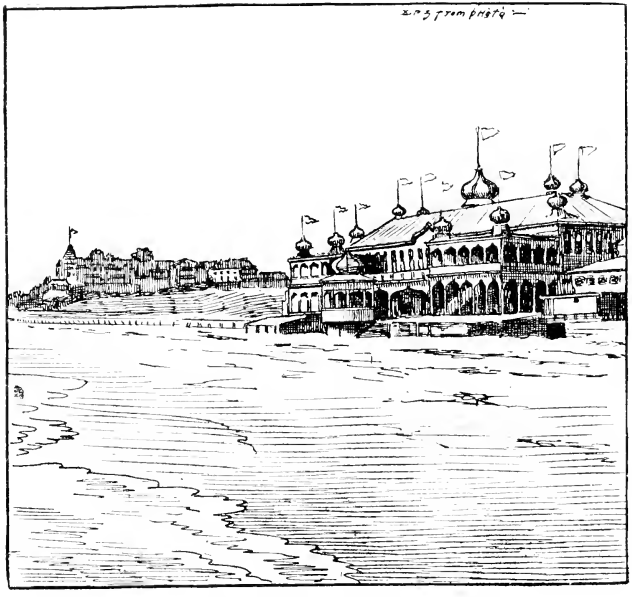
CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

THE "GOD'S OWN COUNTRY" SECTION OF CALIFORNIA.

We finally leave the glories of the western metropolis behind us, going southward into what is really the garden spot of the state. Here we find the country thickly populated, fruit groves on every side, beautiful residences completely hidden from view by myriads of flowers, from which emanates a delicate perfume permeating the entire atmosphere, and lastly, and to our idea, the best, a fine hard wagon road on which we spin along in supreme enjoyment.

We pass through San Jose, a most beautiful city, where the streets of the residence portion are lined with palm and magnolia trees, which lent to it a distinctly tropical appearance. After a severe climb over the Coast Range of mountains, but over an excellent wagon road, which is nearly as hard as pavement, kept in this condition by constant sprinkling, we descend into San Cruz, which is on the coast.

From Salinas, which is about one hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco, the topography and general characteristics of the country are very much changed. Although there are many small villages ranging from ten to twenty miles apart, a wildness and ruggedness with very little of the



CASINO AT SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

ground under cultivation, farm-houses being indeed few and far between, takes the place of the fairy-like scene which has met our eyes in the region between this and the metropolis.

Here at Salinas we spend a most memorable night, having our first experience with real, live, genuine Californian mosquitoes.

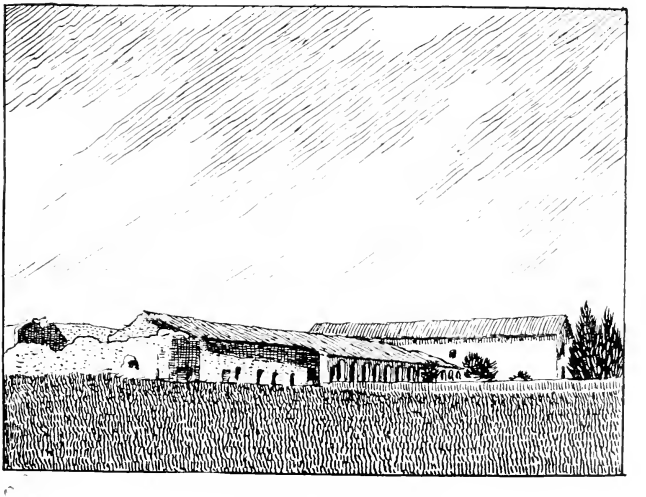
We found on retiring that we were not the only occupants of our room for, judging by the audible buzzing and humming which seemed to fill the air, there must have been a small army of mosquitoes flitting to and fro in supreme contentment and enjoyment. Although we tried our very best to transport ourselves into the land of Nod, all to no avail, we were forced to listen to sweet lullabys sung by the winged insects in our very ears. Many of the more venturesome would light on the exposed parts of our bodies, immediately to plunge their probosces deep into our tender and quivering flesh, extracting their fill of blood. We killed hosts of them, but it did not seem to lessen the number. Finally, after waging warfare an hour or more, we decided that it was a hopeless undertaking to try and exterminate these pests, and, wrapping ourselves in sheets until we resembled ancient Egyptian mummies, we succeeded in passing the remainder of the long night in comparative safety.

In the morning our features were so puffed and swollen that we might have been mistaken for vic-

tims of that dreaded pestilence, small-pox. The number of dead mosquitoes which lay around our pillows told well of the able manner in which we had defended ourselves.

At San Miguel we have the pleasure of seeing the ruins of an old Spanish Mission, which was constructed in 1797 A. D. The entire structure is made of adobe, sun-baked brick, with red-tiled roof, altogether a very quaint affair. It was in charge of a priest, an old man, who kindly gave us permission to inspect the building. This priest had a voice of such shrill nasal tone, that it resembled the creaking of a rusty door hinge. Much of the main part of the Mission was in a fairly good state of preservation, considering its great age. When originally built it was enclosed by a high wall of adobe, as a protection against Indians, answering as a fortress, but time has left but the mouldering ruins of this wall. At one side of the building which was formerly the court-yard, lying on the ground, nearly buried by weeds and grass, is an old Spanish cannon. The priest told us that this cannon was forged in Spain and was brought over by the old Spanish missionaries, and took an active part in many a conflict with the red men.

Every mile southward finds the country partaking more generally of Spanish mannerisms and customs, and the majority of the buildings are constructed of adobe, a large percentage of the



SAN MIGUEL MISSION.

inhabitants being Mexicans and Spaniards. Nearly all the villages and towns have Spanish or Aztec names, to pronounce which it is almost necessary for an American to have his tongue slit, this being a few of the easy ones: Atascadere, Chaular, Hueneme, Tehachapi, Encinitas, etc., some of which nearly twist the alphabet out of shape.

Following the coast, passing through San Luis Obispo, we are in a mountainous territory all the time, and finally make the ascent of the Coast Range over the Refugio Pass, down into Santa Barbara, a resort town of three thousand inhabitants located on the ocean beach.

The climb by the Refugio Pass was over one of the finest mountain roads it has yet been our pleasure to traverse. The road reaches the summit winding completely around the mountain several times. At one point we look down and see the road over which we had traveled but a short time before, at four different elevations. At the summit a most delightful view lies before us, the shimmering, vast expanse of the Pacific stretching away until the earth and sky become one. It seems to lie at our feet, but in reality we are over ten miles from its shore line.

Summerland, a small village six miles south of Santa Barbara, is very famous, as here are situated the noted ocean oil wells. The village is located directly upon the ocean beach, and extend-

ing out into the waters are innumerable piers, where the creaking, pumping oil wells draw crude petroleum from the ocean's bed.

We spend a night as guests of a Spaniard whose house is a few hundred feet from the ocean, being lulled to sleep by the thunderous pounding of the waves on the beach.

In the morning we partake of a breakfast which is strictly Spanish. A stew containing meat and all kinds of vegetables, seasoned with cayenne pepper and a few other "hot things" of a like nature, a mouthful of which made us feel as if a red-hot iron had been thrust into our lips. Our host, learning that we are strangers in this country, courteously shows us the interesting features of his home and fruit farm. We see olive trees, on which hangs a reddish, dark-colored fruit, closely resembling a cherry. We pick one and bite into it, to make immediately a very wry face and to hurl what is left of the offending olive far from us. Ugh! For nearly an hour this bitter and nauseating taste remains. A tree on which is fruit looking very much like small green apples, but pear shaped, the Spaniard tells us bears the luscious fig, requesting us to pick one and eat it, but as our experience with the olive is suddenly recalled, we decline. He picks one and cracks it open revealing a pinkish seed-like pulp, which he ate, throwing the outside peeling away. Next we are shown several lemon and orange trees, but he explained that

these were far from good specimens, being dwarfed by some cause unknown to him.

For sixteen miles we ride on the wet sand of the sea-shore, until we reach Ventura. It is fairly good riding and a distinct novelty. But a half mile back from the sandy beach are large cliffs of rock, rugged and bleak, along the foot of which the railroad picks its way. As a train passes by slowly, many of the passengers watch us curiously from the car windows, and doubtless it is an interesting sight to behold bicycles being ridden on the edge of the sea.

Sitting on some rocks we rapturously gaze out upon the "sad sea waves." It is indeed a most sublime and impressive scene. The huge combers just before breaking would be a solid wall of green water, eight or ten feet high, then the top at one end would curl over, changing into a mass of foam, gradually traveling along its surface until the whole was a churning white mass, to hurl itself upon the beach with a thunderous sound, and with a force which separates the gigantic mass of water into a million particles of foam. We watched this glorious action of the elements, as wave after wave comes crashing upon the sands, fairly fascinated by the scene.

Ventura was also situated directly upon the ocean beach, and suggested a Spanish town, there being flat-topped adobe houses in large numbers. An ancient Spanish church which had a bell strik-

ing the hours of the day, producing the most melancholy tones imaginable, reminding one of a death-knell; a small hut made by the Indians in the year 1790 out of the adobe bricks and tiles from a Spanish mission, on each side of it two stately palms, while the sides of the door are decorated by the ribs of a whale; these form the chief attractions of the town.

We leave Ventura behind us, bidding farewell to the ocean, as this is the last time that we shall see it, and are bound for Los Angeles.

For many miles we travel over a road sprinkled with oil for the purpose of adding consistency to the sandy soil. We had had experience with these oiled roads before on approaching Sacramento and this was far from satisfactory. There seemed to be a great resistance to our wheels, possibly owing to the rubber tires, and we had as much difficulty as when traveling through heavy sand.

Through a most desolate region, practically a desert waste, we cross a range of mountains by the Santa Susanna Pass, not a very difficult climb, but over a fearfully bad road, strewn with numerous rocks. Through these mountains the railroad makes its way by the aid of a four mile tunnel.

Thirty-five miles' travel from the mountains brings us into Los Angeles. Many orange groves line the way, at most of which we stop and fill our interiors with juicy oranges. Occasionally we pass a grove of English walnut trees. As the ground

is strewn with the ripe nuts, we lose but little time in taking advantage of our golden opportunities.

A short distance from the road we see the ruins of an old Spanish mission now used as a stable for cattle. A decayed mass of ruins, the remnant of an adobe wall which surrounded the buildings, lent to it a most desolate appearance. Three majestic palms, standing in the near vicinity, seem to bow their bush-like tops in sympathy, grieving for the former owners, to whom they undoubtedly owed their existence.

All the land is very sandy, but notwithstanding this fact many orchards of various kinds of fruit and a large number of vineyards can be seen on every side.

Los Angeles proved to be a most disappointing failure. Our idea had been that it was a metropolis, one that would compare favorably with San Francisco, but we found instead a confused collection of adobe and one-story wooden structures, intermingled with mammoth ten and twelve story buildings, with no uniformity of architecture, which gave it the appearance of an overgrown town rather than a large city. Owing to the exceptionally fine climate, which is of an even temperature the entire year, inhabitants of all the tropical countries flock hither in great numbers, Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Spanish, Mexicans, etc., being in every nook and corner of the city.

The resident section, however, is truly beauti-

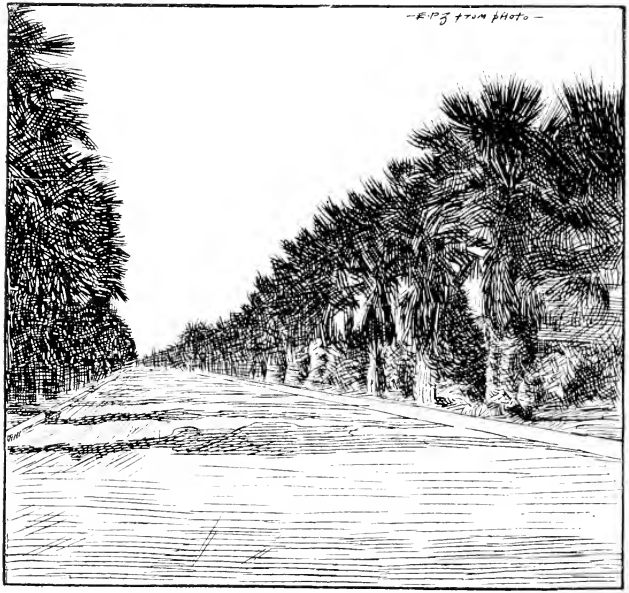
ful. Magnificent dwellings surrounded with palms and flower beds galore, seem to breathe of rest and comfort.

In one section of the city every available square foot of ground is covered by the huge tower-like derricks of the oil-wells, for here is a most unlimited supply of oil.

Six months' travel had brought us a distance of six thousand miles, an average of a thousand miles a month, and although this was the first part of the month of November, the average daily temperature was eighty odd degrees in the shade.

The route from Los Angeles to Redlands was through a portion of the large orange growing district of Southern California. Orange groves of every size and kind are on every side.

Pomona, which gets its name from the mythological goddess of the Romans, is a beautiful little city of seven thousand inhabitants, and a most enchanting spot. It is located between Los Angeles and Redlands. Wide streets lined with tropical trees; a most neat and metropolitan business portion; and a general air of prosperity characterizes the town. One street called San Francisco Ave. is so beautiful that it deserves especial mention. Possibly half a mile in length, an exceptionally wide street, lined with rows of majestic, awe-inspiring palm trees, and magnificent mansions which are almost hidden from view by orange and lemon trees, and whose lawns are beautiful



SAN FRANCISCO AVE., POMONA, CALIFORNIA.

with gay flower beds; certainly a most desirable place to spend the remainder of one's days in peaceful contentment.

Redlands, also, is a very beautiful little city, somewhat larger than Pomona, but it is peopled mostly by aristocrats. Here is situated the hotel Casa Loma, which caters to the most aristocratic guests, and, as it is generally well-filled, it is a most popular hostelry with that class. Some of the modern improvements which this ideal and progressive little city possesses are such as only the larger cities can afford, a conclusive evidence of the enterprise and public spirit of its wealthy citizens.

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

ACROSS A THOUSAND MILES OF DESERT AND WILDERNESS.

Since leaving Los Angeles we had heard much concerning the perils of the tract which we were soon to cross. This was called the Colorado Desert, and extended from a few miles east of Redlands to the Arizona line, a distance of 162 miles. We were also given to understand that this strip was but a beginning; that all the way until we reached Western Texas we should have desert and wilderness, on which there would be no inhabitants except those employed on the railroad.

At Colton, which is several miles east of Redlands, we made the acquaintance of a most pleasant and affable old gentleman, who was a circuit judge. He was very much interested in us and the trip, and gave us rather a lengthy talk, dwelling upon the horrors of this barren waste, calling our attention especially to the fact that there were many wild and desperate characters who would not hesitate to take a life for a paltry sum. This he knew to be a fact as in his vocation he had opportunity of personally coming in contact with these individuals, as the law gathered them into its toils. He also told us that it was most fortunate that we were about to cross at this time of the year, for should we have attempted it in either

September or October, it would have been a physical impossibility as the heat would have been unendurable and that even now the temperature would average nearly ninety in the shade. He advised us to be well armed; to be very careful and not overdo, as the heat was terrible and might cause complete prostration, resulting in death; to see that our canteens should be well-filled at every telegraph station or section-house; under no circumstances to be lured away from the railroad track to some lake which seemed but a short distance, as we should never reach it for it would prove only a mirage.

Bright and early on a Sunday morning we leave Banning, a small village on the western edge of the desert, this being the last of civilization until we reach Yuma, Arizona, nearly one hundred and seventy miles distant! Rather a pleasant prospect, is it not, gentle reader?

Financially we were in far better shape than we had been at any time since leaving our home city, for our souvenirs had sold very readily through all the coast states, this being especially the case in California, so that we now had the round sum of $160.00, with the aid of which we surely ought to be able to cross this wilderness of sand, which was represented to us as extending to Western Texas, nearly a thousand mile stretch.

By walking all day long and well into the night, we reach Indio, which consists of a telegraph sta-

tion, a depot, a water tank, and coal sheds. We passed several telegraph stations during the day, but, though we used all our powers of persuasion, mixed with diplomacy and stratagem, being very particular to convey to the "men with the grub" that we had the almighty dollar and were willing to pay almost any fancy price for eatables, when we reached Indio we had tasted no food since leaving Banning that morning. The chief arguments put forth by the operators had been that they ordered their supplies but once a month, simply ordering enough for their own needs, that everything was in the form of canned goods; if they should sell to all the travelers who passed through the desert, and these were many in number, as there were a constant stream of tramps passing to and fro at all times, that they would sell themselves short, and as there was no nearby place to buy more, it meant go hungry for them. For once we found that there was a place where even money would not buy food. We had no trouble for water, as we found that every section-house and telegraph station had a large cistern, the interior of which was cemented, dug down into the sandy soil of the desert, and this was kept filled with water which was hauled in mammoth steel tanks, similar to those in which crude petroleum is carried on the eastern railroads, the railroad company having a regular water train, which at certain intervals made trips

across the desert to see that every cistern was well-filled.

As Indio was headquarters of a freight division, we found here a lunch counter which was operated by the railroad company for the accommodation of its employees; only after much pleading and begging, we succeeded in breaking down the frigid exterior of the man in charge, at last obtaining at a most exorbitant price the food which we needed so badly.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday still found us wearily following the gleaming lines of steel which stretched away in the distance. The heat was almost intolerable during the day, but at night the temperature was almost freezing cold, and, as we slept on the floors of telegraph stations, we were not any too warm. We found stations at intervals of eight to nineteen miles at which we could obtain water, but that to purchase food was not so easy a matter, and in the last three days, since leaving Indio, we had had two cans of beans, a can of sardines, and a quantity of soda crackers.

The character of the desert seemed to change from time to time: here a white blinding expanse of shining sand, not a blade of grass nor a growing thing to be seen, on which the sun glared in fiery intensity, making a veritable furnace. Again a gravelly formation, stretching away in the distance on every side, as level as a floor, until earth and sky merged, a blue indistinct line, far, far

away. Now low-lying, jagged mountains, composed of bare and bleak rock, could be seen but a short distance from the track; again we would see mountains composed apparently of innumerable miniature volcanoes, the whole merged into one mass, producing a jumble of ragged mounds and jagged points.

In the region surrounding Salton, which is 265 feet below sea level, and is one of the lowest places in the United States, the surface is furrowed, rough, and baked, in many places there being deep cracks and fissures, which indicate that in some prehistoric age the whole was innundated by a raging torrent. Also, in this vicinity, we frequently see mirages. The clear limpid waters of a lake beckon to us from out of the desert waste, inviting us to bathe our hot, aching bodies in its cool depths, but we know all too well that to attempt to reach it would be an endless search.

We meet many tramps, some of whom are indeed disreputable and villainous pieces of humanity, who, unable to steal a ride, are walking across. All are very curious, attracted by our bicycles and outfits, to know who we are, and what we are doing, and where we are going, etc., stopping to chat in the most friendly spirit. There was not one but wished us the best of success, one even making the remark: "Look yere pals, I ain't got only a nickle, but if yez think that yez'll need it, why

take it along." Owing to the novelty of our undertaking and our extreme youth, we were not molested in any manner, but all seemed very much interested.

Forty miles distant from Yuma, chains of sand dunes appear off to our left, while in places the loose, drifting sand nearly covers the track, lying in wavelets. No matter which way one looks, it is the same bare, dreary, monotonous, barren waste.

It had been our custom to walk until nearly nine or ten o'clock at night, as we found that we could make much better progress in the cool night air, than in the torrid heat of day-time. The night before reaching Yuma, which was Wednesday, we walked until midnight, when we reached a station called Ogilby, and, as there was a night operator here, we obtained his permission to sleep on the floor of the office. The next morning he invited us to help him dispose of his breakfast, a thing which we were not loath to do.

Nearly all the section men are Mexicans, a dirty lot, swarthy in color, and mostly inferior in stature. They are but half-civilized, ignorance and filth seem to predominate, living in squalor in a long, low building which is constructed from old railroad ties, something like two hundred feet long, divided into small pig-pen like compartments about eight feet square by five and one-half feet high; Mother Earth provides the only floor.

Here they live on cigarettes and a baked cake made of flour and water, called a "tortilla," baked in the most primitive manner on heated stones. They receive but a dollar a day, but will easily support a wife and several children on this amount. The women are very slovenly and coarse looking. Nearly all wear a sort of mantilla closely wrapped about the head.

At noon on Thursday, after having spent exactly four and a half days on the desert, we cross the railroad bridge which spans the Colorado river on the boundary line between California and Arizona, and enter Yuma.

Here, indeed, is the "getting off place" at the end of the world. A most infamous place, a veritable den of iniquity and hot bed of crime. Gambling and all other forms of dissipation seem to hold sway. Owing to the proximity of the Yuma Indian Reservation, the town is filled at all times with Indians, who cling to their barbarous customs, wearing their hair plaited, are wrapped in gaudy colored blankets, and some being grotesquely and hideously daubed with war paint. Most of them are physical giants, masses of bone and muscle. The majority of the inhabitants of Yuma are Spanish and Mexicans, with numerous "chinks" scattered broadcast here and there. Nearly all the buildings are made of adobe, one-story and flat-topped, with side walls whitewashed and blazing in the sun-light. The main street is

a chaotic and incongruous mass of odds and ends, a typical Arizona town as caricatured by the eastern magazines and newspapers, but even in its very oddity there is a picturesqueness.

The water supply is obtained from the Colorado River, the waters of which are heavily impregnated with alkali. By a filtering process much of this is removed, but still there was enough remaining to make both of us deathly sick. For three days we ate no food and drank no water, and were hardly able to raise our heads. The morning of the fourth day found us extremely weak, but that deathly sickness had left, and we resolved to tarry no longer in Yuma. For the length of time that we had thus unavoidably been detained, the temperature had hovered around ninety-two degrees.

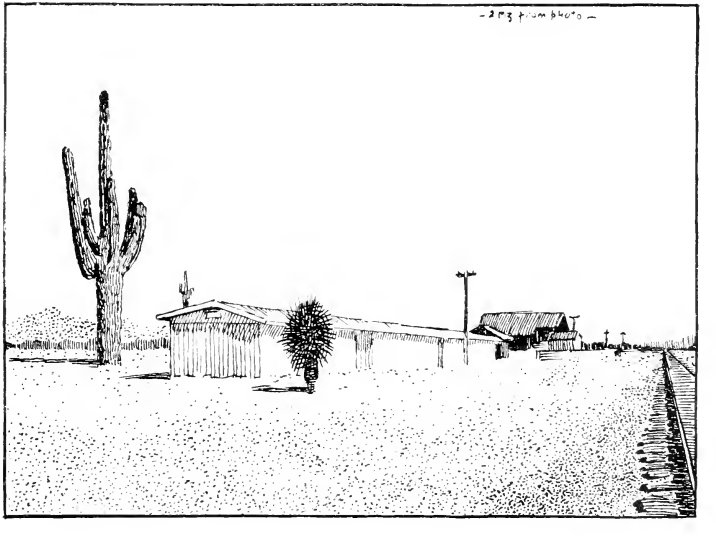
We found that our short period of sickness had cost us exactly seven pounds of flesh. This illustrates what a fearful thing is alkali sickness.

Walking the railroad track almost continuously, buying canned food when it was possible and eating on the average about once a day, sleeping nights in the Mexican tie houses with the temperature down to thirty odd degrees, experiencing much trouble with cactus and mesquite, which punctured our tires galore, after eight days' travel from Yuma, and having covered two hundred and fifty-seven miles, foot-sore and weary, with khaki suits ragged and torn, hair long and unkempt, we slowly came into Tucson, and surely two more

forlorn or tramp-like pieces of humanity could not be found anywhere.

In this two hundred and fifty mile stretch the country remained unchanged and there was but very little to relieve the monotony. Sixty odd miles east of Yuma, occasionally the barren waste would here and there be dotted by cactus and mesquite bushes. The mesquite is a low bush which is but a mass of long, sharp thorns. As we continued to travel eastward the number of these increased until no matter which way one looked innumerable cacti met the eye, of all kinds and species. One species to which I wish to call the reader's attention grows like a tree, one straight horny trunk, sometimes two feet in diameter, and rising sixty to seventy feet. Twenty feet or more from the ground there would be several branches from the main trunk. The mesquite bushes also became thicker until the sandy waste was but an interlaced mass of thorny briars.

For the entire distance mountains could be seen, sometimes but a short distance away, and again their jagged outlines would be seen silhouetted against the horizon. There were no towns nor communities, the only inhabitants being the telegraph operators and the section foremen, these being white men, but all others, section men and track walkers, were Mexicans, in fact, there was nothing whatever to relieve the monotony, the



A TYPICAL SCENE ON AN ARIZONA DESERT.

same scenes every day, the same dreary waste, no roads, nothing but mesquite and cactus.

One day we had a narrow escape from being caught in a sand storm, but a change in the wind carried it away off to our right. We could hear the howls and shrieks of the wind and see the air a dull yellow, so closely was it filled with swirling sand. We heard much concerning these storms, how the torrid temperature in the twinkling of an eye will change to almost freezing; a fierce wind, almost a hurricane, will blow, catching up swirling sand as if by magic to hurl it along at an immense velocity, until the particles of sand will cut like razors, blinding one, until dazed and bewildered he loses his way, wandering this way and that, until from sheer exhaustion he falls and freezes to death.

Tucson, the lung town, with a population of twelve thousand souls, is the largest city in Arizona. Owing to the dry atmosphere, and being situated as it is, in the heart of the desert, it is an ideal place for the cure of consumptives, this really supporting it. Although in some portions, owing to the large number of adobe habitations and the narrow streets, one is reminded of a foreign city, for the most part it is quite American, and has sections which are very respectable. Like nearly all the western towns, it has its quota of infamous resorts, gambling dens and saloons.

Considerably refreshed by two days' rest, we

leave the precincts of Tucson behind us and continue to wend our way across the wilderness, with the railroad track as our guide.

We reach Deming, New Mexico, on December 2nd, having traveled 228 miles since leaving Tucson, through the same kind of desert and wilderness which has characterized the country for the past six hundred miles.

We have many startling adventures, one of the most important of which is when we are forced to spend the night in company with eight treacherous Mexicans, at a tie house where we are the only white persons, the section boss having gone away to spend Sunday, a most lonely place in the heart of the desert, where we are at the mercy of the villainous Mexicans. They are able to understand but a very few words of English, while we know but very little of their language. We sit at the end of the den-like room with hands on our revolvers, and alternate in keeping watch all night, while our unpleasant companions, muffled to the eyes in blankets from over the top of which their black and treacherous eyes watch us furtively, all lie stretched in all positions, at the opposite end of the room. In a sort of fire-place, we keep up a roaring fire, as the night is almost freezing cold, but at last, although that night seems never-ending, a cold gray dawn informs us that day is close at hand. We lose no time in leaving our unpleasant companions behind us.

At two days' travel from Tucson Darling has an accident which breaks the frame of his bicycle. This can be repaired only by brazing, and will necessitate our walking to El Paso, 236 miles distant. But as we have been walking most of the time anyway, since we have been on the deserts, we view this new misfortune with but little concern.

Twenty miles' dusty travel across an alkali flat, the surface of which is covered by a coating of white powdery alkali dust, as level as a table, stretching away on each side as far as one can see, not a living, growing object to be seen, with no water in the entire distance, nor a habitation of any description. Down upon this the sun unmercifully beats. These are the first things which greet us immediately upon our arrival in New Mexico.

We pass through several small villages, Benson, Bowie, and Willcox, which consist of a cluster of stores at which we are able to buy a supply of canned goods from time to time. At one place there is a telegraph station, water tank, and a sort of "make shift" restaurant, a building constructed of rough boards, the front of which was ornamented with a scrawling sign on which was the legend: "Meeles heer all oures." The proprietor was a tall raw-boned six footer, whose face was nearly covered by a magnificent growth of fiery, red whiskers. He was dressed in a red flannel

shirt, cow-hide boots, and belted pants. This gigantic specimen of humanity was indeed a fit representative of the former inhabitants of the West when it was in its infancy. In reply to our question as to how much he would charge us for dinner, looking down upon us fiercely, and with a savage roar, and with Spartan-like brevity, he said: "One dollar and a half." We decided instantly that we did not need any dinner, and lost no time in putting ourselves on the outside of the "restaurant."

We celebrate the annual holiday of "Thanksgiving" by not being able to get any food for twenty-four hours, as unfortunately we had miscalculated, and our supply of canned goods had become exhausted. But late on the night of Thanksgiving day we reached a telegraph station called Ochoa. This is in charge of a most kind hearted middle-aged individual, who invites us to stay with him all night. He makes preparations for supper, while we amuse ourselves in reading some of the latest periodicals before a blazing fire. This surely is a dream! In a short time he calls us to supper, and, wonder of wonders, what do we see upon the table but chicken! We learn that he has a chicken-coop back of the station and has nearly fifty fowls, from which he gets fresh eggs and occasionally a juicy stew, certainly a most clever idea. We find that he is an excellent cook, and we are not in the least back-

ward in disposing of our share of the steaming potatoes, chicken gravy, tea, and fried chicken. This indeed is a most pleasant change from eating sardines out of a can with one's fingers, munching dry soda crackers, washed down with a scanty mouthful of water, for this had to be used sparingly, as it might be miles to the next place where we should be able to get our canteens filled, our wayside repast usually taking place alongside the railroad track in the slight shade afforded by a pile of ties.

While we meet many kindly and accommodating people, there are some who are just the opposite, and several times we were compelled to sleep outdoors, or in some flimsy shelter, because the operator refused to let us sleep in the telegraph office.

Deming, a small town, is supported almost entirely by the stock growing interests, cattle raising being the chief industry in this vicinity.

A heavy downpour of rain which lasted two days prevented us from leaving Deming, but on the morning of the third day we noted with surprise a great change in the temperature. Blinding sleet and snow, urged onward by a freezing wind, took the place of the rain of the last two days. The mercury was below the freezing point, and already the ground was covered with a mass of ice and snow, presenting a smooth and slippery surface. However, we had been delayed too long already, and decided to brave the elements. With

the aid of heavy gloves which we purchased, and by wrapping our large bandanna handkerchiefs around our ears and throat, and by walking exceedingly fast, we kept from freezing.

Just as the sun is about to set, which at this time of the year is but a little after four o'clock, we commence to have troubles galore. We are over seven miles from Cambray, at which we had been told there was a section-house, with telegraph office, water tank and pump-house, and a small store. The road-bed here was but a mass of soft, sticky mud, which at every step would cling to our shoes in the most brotherly way, and in a very few moments there would be so much attached to our feet that it was only with difficulty that we could walk. The ground by the sides of the track was even worse. Here it was utterly impossible to take a step without sinking ankle-deep in the soft clinging soil. We were surely in a predicament, darkness had already closed upon us, to roll our machines was impossible, as with but one revolution of the wheels so much mud would be clinging to them that they would not revolve; they were too heavy to carry, and even to walk in this awful stuff was bad enough without being hampered by a heavy load; the outlook was indeed discouraging.

By resting frequently we carry the bicycles short distances, and making very slow progress,

we finally reach Cambray sometime past nine o'clock in the evening.

We offer money, pleading and begging, to the operator, section foreman, the night fireman in charge of the pump-house, and even to the ranchman, all in turn, merely asking for shelter, so that we may be protected from the freezing temperature, but all to no avail. One sends us to the other, and he in turn sends us back again, while we find that the first parties have extinguished all their lights and have retired, and no amount of pounding or knocking on the doors brings forth a response from within. We tried them all, but obtained no satisfaction, and our only course is to build a fire out of some old railroad ties and endeavor to keep warm as best we may.

We try this for several hours, but instead of getting warmer, we continue to become colder, so that finally we could stand it no longer, and with our ire fully aroused we make steps for the telegraph station. There we pound on the door with the butt of our revolvers, telling him that we are nearly frozen to death and demanding that he let us in to get warm or there would be "trouble in the air." Evidently noting the rather determined way in which we spoke, he unbolted the door and invited us to come inside in the most gushing manner. After we got thawed out, he allowed us to lie on the floor the rest of the night, and treated us

very courteously, for apparently a six-shooter is a good persuader.

Eighty-eight miles' travel from Deming brings us, on crossing the Rio Grande, to El Paso, which we reach over a long steel railroad bridge over half a mile in length, and we land upon Texas soil.

To get the machines repaired, obtain supplies, and to get ourselves into such a condition that we shall be able to stand the hardships resulting from crossing a three hundred mile strip of wilderness in western Texas, we spend several days here.

El Paso, the outpost of Uncle Sam's domain with a population of thirty thousand souls, over half of whom are of Spanish blood, is situated at the base of a monster mountain of bleak, bare, and cheerless aspect. The Rio Grande river, marking the boundary between United States and Mexico, flows through one portion of the city; a small, muddy-colored stream, sluggish, filling one with a loathsome feeling as he looks upon it. The business section of the city is but a jumbled mass of crooked, narrow streets, and is packed into an incredible small area. Most of the streets are unpaved, and during our short sojourn here, we had the pleasure of wading through a miry and muddy mass. The city at all seasons of the year is crowded by eastern tourists, attracted by its proximity to old Mexico, and chiefly from them the town derives its support.

As we are in El Paso over Sunday we cross the

river into old Mexico, to the unique and interesting city of Ciudad Juarez, where we see a genuine Spanish bull-fight.

One story flat-topped adobe buildings, with sides whitewashed, forming streets which are so narrow that they are merely alleys, turning and twisting in sinuous fashion, the inhabitants lounging in doorways, most of them asleep, no one seems to have work to do, with a general air of indolence and neglect clinging about this collection of habitations which the Mexicans call a town; this is Juarez.

A "fiesta" is now in progress which lasts for nearly a week, and during which the chief and, in fact, as far as we could learn, the only diversion is to gamble, in which sport, man, woman and child participate.

A very large circular building surrounding a court-yard filled with a horde of gesticulating, shouting Mexicans playing the games; these of all manners and kinds; here one can play with centavos, two of which are equal to an American cent, up to an unlimited sum of money. Apparently to lose is an impossibility, but as a matter of fact, the impossibility is to win. The noise and din made by the gamblers coupled with that made by innumerable men and women who are scattered throughout the building and squat before small tables laden with various kinds of fruits and can-

dies, shrilly crying their wares, makes the scene a bedlam of confusion.

The city jail is strictly guarded by a company of Mexican soldiers in resplendent uniforms, with guns and bayonets. Although we are not allowed to approach very near to its walls, through the barred door we can see the poor wretches who are confined here, probably for an indefinite period, as the wheels of Justice move but slowly in Mexico.

It is now nearing the hour of the bull fight, the streets are a jamming mass of humanity. Spanish Senoritas resplendent in gaudy dresses, Mexican peons with tight-fitting corduroy pants and sacos, (short jackets) all surmounted by an enormous sombrero, gorgeous with silver and gold tinsel, perhaps weighing ten or twelve pounds, but carried with perfect ease. Americans in great numbers, come from El Paso, are in great evidence. There is a long empty space leading to the bull-pen which is lined with the rude tables of hucksters, the majority of which have large upright piles of sugar cane, of which the natives eagerly buy. It is, indeed, a most ludicrous sight to see a Mexican chewing on the end of a stalk of sugar cane perhaps ten feet in length, but judging by the immense number engaged in this novel occupation it seemed to be very popular with the lower classes.

At last the ticket office opens and the sale of

tickets for the bull fight begins. For the small sum of fifty cents (American money) we procure tickets. The building in which the performance is held is a large amphitheatre, the whole center of which is an open court, a large circular space of ground surrounded by stone wall, this being surmounted by steel pickets, which make it impossible for the frightened bulls to scale it. Tiers of stone seats rise one above the other, while the top part of the building is covered by a sort of roofing under which wooden benches are arranged in tiers.

To the chants of a march played by a Mexican band seated in a balcony in one end of the structure, the participants parade around the arena. The Matador, the one who kills the bulls, gorgeous in a black velvet suit, with knee pants and long hose, and a black wig, which answers as a hat; over his shoulder hanging in loose folds a bright-colored red robe, precedes the procession; he is followed by four assistants who are called Picadors, whose duty it is to wave red cloaks in front of the animal, then to dodge nimbly to one side as he rushes past, the object of this being to enrage the animal; several Mexicans mounted on decrepit horses which are blindfolded, and are hardly able to walk, much less carry a man, completes the procession.

The matador and the picadors take their places in the arena, amid the plaudits of the audience, and through a gate a frightened and enraged bull

comes dashing, eyes wild and dilating. A picador waves a red cloak, which the bull charges, but just as he dashes forward another cloak is waved at another point, and then on his other side another, until the poor dumb brute becomes so confused that he stands stock still unable to move. If he does not move and charge the cloaks, long steel barbs are plunged into his neck, one on each side. We saw during the fight one bull which had no less than six of these cruel barbs hanging from his neck. After the picadors become weary, the decrepit horses are put into the ring, and the bull is permitted to gore them at will. Here, indeed, is a scene to cause one to shudder at its atrocious cruelty and barbarism. A horse which has been terribly gored, with the life blood flowing in a large stream from his shoulders, was being spurred by the Mexican who bestrides it in the endeavor to make the dying animal gallop, while another is scourging it with an ugly looking lash. One horse, whose entrails were protruding, was taken out of the arena, the opening was sewed up, and then he was brought back to participate anew in the performance. At every plunge of the bull as he sinks his horns into a horse, the Mexicans in the audience shout with pleasure and delight. The bull is finally despatched by the Matador, who hurls the sword into the animal's shoulder, where it is buried to the hilt, the point penetrating the heart. This is really a clever performance requiring a great amount

of skill. According to the rules of this atrocious and blood-thirsty amusement which is called a bull fight, it is necessary to kill four bulls before the performance is concluded.

In no sense of the word is it a fight, for the animal has no chance to protect itself in any manner. It is positively a most barbarous and loathsome custom, merely a torture and slaughter pen for the poor dumb animals, and yet this race of people call this sport! This was the first and only bull fight which we had ever seen, and we were fully satisfied that it would be the last.

Our past experience had taught us much, so that upon leaving El Paso we carried upon our backs large sacks containing all kinds of canned goods, so that for once we were going to be prepared in a measure to face the food question.

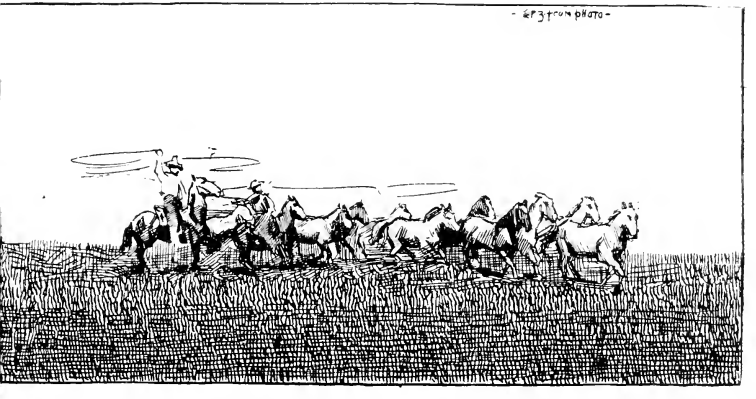
It is hardly necessary to weary the reader with our many trials in crossing Texas. Suffice it to say that it was absolutely necessary to follow the Texas and Pacific Rail Road all the way to Big Springs, 350 miles from El Paso, which we reached on Christmas day, having walked almost the entire distance. A few days' travel out of El Paso we find that the ground is covered by a vine which is called a grass burr, having innumerable sharp and needle-like thorns which completely fill our tires. Although we pass through many villages, we are unable to purchase the kind of tires which

it is necessary for us to have to meet this difficulty, and we are therefore obliged to walk.

A week's travel out of El Paso brings us into the unlimited and vast "staked plains" of Western Texas. A flat surface stretching away on every side until earth and sky meet; this scene greets our eye every day and becomes, possibly monotonous, but as we have been in sight of mountains every day for the past five months it forms a great relief from the bluish indistinct outline of a mountain range in the distance, or the rough and jagged masses near at hand.

Cattle raising is the chief industry, all the land being a range. Some of the ranches occupy as much territory as several counties would in the Eastern States. We find the Texans a most accommodating and generous people, and we are treated royally by them; it is, indeed, both amusing and interesting to hear the native Texans talk, for they seem to have an accent all their own, a soft modulated drawl, a broadening of the sound of "r" which gives it the sound of "w."

Christmas morning dawns a warm, sunshiny day, and surely this must be some mistake; we pinch ourselves to see whether we are not dreaming. We find that this holiday is celebrated very much as if it were Fourth of July instead of Christmas. The discharge of fire-arms and the explosion of fire crackers and torpedoes can be heard on every side.



"ROPING," STAKED PLAINS, TEXAS.

From Big Springs to Fort Worth, 264 miles, we are told that we will find the land more thickly settled, as much of it is under cultivation, and small agricultural communities will be but short distances apart.

Although through Texas we had been having most delightful weather, the nights and early mornings being very cold, but during the day the sun becoming so warm that it caused the perspiration to flow freely, the first day after leaving Big Springs the tropical temperature is speedily reduced to zero, during the time in which a genuine Texas "Norther" holds all within its freezing and icy grasp. That night we spend with a bridge gang, and as we lie in one of the bunks with which the interior of the car is lined, we hear the wind howling and whistling outside, blowing with such force that it sways the car from side to side. The "Norther" rages for two days. We travel just the same, but it is under difficulties, and we make but little progress.

We remain over night at Sweetwater, a small village, at a "hotel" which is a ramshackle affair, the proprietor is a lady whose native state is Georgia. She was assisted by her daughter, who was a young lady in the twenties, who waited at the table. She was very solicitous to see that one had a constant supply of edibles, particularly biscuits. The plate containing them would be shoved under our noses about every minute and a half, while the

maiden would hurl this bunch of English at you, sounding like this: "Habisct!" The first time she shot this cannon ball interjection at me I dumbly shook my head, and was so surprised that I nearly choked on a piece of bread, but after the operation had been repeated several times, I regained my self-possession, and by listening carefully concluded that the English translation must have been: "Have a biscuit?"

Every mile eastward brings us into a more civilized region, and farm houses become more frequent.

One peculiarity, which we learn in rather an amusing manner, is the fact that there are no wells of water through this section, drinking water being obtained by catching rain water in what is called "tanks," but which to the uninitiated would be difficult to recognize as such. We stop at a farm house to get a drink, and are told by the lady who answers our query that we shall be able to get a nice fresh drink at the tank, which is several hundred yards back of the house, handing us a cup with which to drink. We search diligently, but find nothing that resembles a tank, and the only water we see is a sort of mud-hole which is filled with dirty, muddy water. We finally give up in despair, and go back to the house telling her that we could find no "tank," but we are informed that the "tank" is the dirty puddle which we had noticed. The water is kept in this by an

embankment which surrounds it, and is really used as drinking water, but we concluded that we did not want a drink of water anyway.

The roads continue to get better as we travel onward, but still we must walk as we are unable to get the tires. The distance from Weatherford to Fort Worth is something like twenty-five miles, and is over a crushed stone pike. Imagine with what anguish we walk and trundle our wheels along over such a road.

Fort Worth is a city of thirty-five thousand inhabitants, very metropolitan in many respects. The elements forcibly detain us here for two days while it rains incessantly, but as we have to make extensive repairs on our bicycles, (new sets of tires throughout) we notice the delay but little.

Immediately after the rain ceased the temperature dropped to eighteen degrees above zero, with the result that we walked the railroad track nearly all the way to Dallas, thirty-one miles. As we neared the latter city there came a storm of sleet, which as fast as it fell turned to ice, leaving the ground an icy, slippery mass, over which we walked with such difficulty that we had to relieve our pent up feelings by delivering a few pet names for the weather man, and the State of Texas, rounding up by giving a generous slice of the same kind of praise to bicycles, and bicycle trips in general.

Dallas and Fort Worth being but a short dis-

tance from each other, and connected by two railroads and an electric railway, are virtually "sister cities," which therefore causes a large amount of rivalry between them. However, Dallas has a population of nearly seventy-five thousand, and in appearances is more the metropolis than Fort Worth.

As it is now the twelfth of January, and we are to travel northward out of Texas via Sherman and Gainesville, thence through Indian Territory across Oklahoma to the Kansas line, which will then be our most northern point, and we will travel from there in an easterly direction, we look for severe and rigorous weather, and, as events prove, we are not in the least disappointed.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

A FIVE HUNDRED MILE WALK THROUGH DEEP SNOW.

Partly by walking the railroad track and partly by riding the wagon roads which are a glare of ice, we reach the Red river, which forms the boundary line between Texas and Indian Territory.

A distance of 107 miles nearly all of which we walk brings us across Indian Territory. For a day or so the weather became warmer, with the result that the snow and ice melted to such an extent, that the roads, or at least what is called by that name, were transformed into muddy rivers, the soil possessing that "stick-to-itiveness" that made traveling by wagon road an impossibility, with the result that the good old railroad track again did the honors. The country generally is rather hilly, but abounding in swamps and morasses; small villages are short distances apart, but a neglectful and dingy air hung about them suggesting that prosperity was far distant. The inhabitants generally seemed to be an ignorant and indolent class, inclined to talk and gossip rather than work. We learn that it is a most unhealthy country, to which fact the innumerable drug stores, which every village possesses, plainly testify. It is with pleasure and relief that we cross the Canadian river and step upon the domains of Oklahoma.

Following is an interesting conversation which we overheard in a depot, between the ticket agent and a big, old farmer who had a long gray beard, slouch hat, with pants tucked into his boot tops; after stowing a monster plug of tobacco in one side of his mouth so that he was able to talk, he queried:

"What's the fare to Perry?"

"Just a minute, my friend, and I will look it up." (After an interval of several minutes the ticket agent announces: "Eleven dollars and thirty cents. Want a ticket?"

"Naw, got a pass, just wanted to see how much I saved."

We find Oklahoma a great improvement over Indian Territory, a most prosperous country, with good wagon roads, all of which are laid out on section lines running to the four points of the compass. All of the towns bear a prosperous look, and things generally seem to be in very good condition.

We pass through Norman, Oklahoma City, Guthrie, Blackwell, and Newkirk, all of which are fair sized towns; Oklahoma City especially being a most metropolitan city, the largest in Oklahoma Territory. Cold weather still remains, and a light covering of snow is on the roads, but as the soil is all frozen hard, we have but little difficulty in riding.

A week's travel in Oklahoma, and we find our-

selves crossing the Kansas line, several miles from which is Arkansas City.

The morning following our arrival in the state of Kansas, the mercury dropped to zero, but notwithstanding this fact, alternately riding and walking, we cover a distance of thirty-six miles, reaching a small village, Cedarvale by name, that night, although it was necessary for us to stop at nearly every farm house to thaw ourselves out.

During the day we pass through what is known as the "Flint Hills;" since leaving Texas we had heard much concerning the difficulties of crossing this chain of rocky hills, but although we toiled up many steep hills, we did not know that we had traveled over these dreaded objects until, upon reaching Cedarvale, we learned that we were on the eastern side of them.

Thirty-six hours pass, and we arise on a bitter cold morning when the temperature is down to six degrees below zero, to note that during the night there has been nearly a foot fall of the beautiful. However, there is one alternative, and that is to make what progress we can by following the railroad track. No train had yet passed, so that we trudge through the deep, soggy snow and push an unwieldy bicycle which rolls along like a two-ton dray, the extreme exertion from which, although the temperature is below the zero mark, causes the perspiration to ooze from every pore. As it is a physical impossibility to go much farther than a

thousand feet without stopping to rest, our total mileage for the day was but eight miles, at the end of which we were so exhausted, that we were hardly able to drag one foot after the other.

Plodding along a little each day, there having been several light falls of snow since the first heavy storm, which now increases the depth of this snowy covering to nearly a foot and a half, and with the temperature still hovering around the zero mark, we cover 171 miles, traveling very near to the southern boundary line of the state, and reach Joplin, Missouri.

In Kansas we passed through numerous towns and villages, the district being thickly populated, as this is the famous natural gas belt and the oil fields. The frame work of the tower-like derricks of the oil wells dot the snowy landscape, while the rhythmic sound of the pumps as the petroleum is drawn from the bowels of the earth, fills the air. Here we see natural gas burnt with such extravagance and wastefulness, that we shudder to think what the cost of "the gas bill" would be if it were artificial gas. Oil was first discovered in this region two years ago, but now the land is honeycombed with wells, there being the largest number and the greatest oil field of the whole state in Chautauqua County. We learn that the average depth of these wells is 900 to 1,000 feet, while the cost of boring is something like two thousand dol-

lars. The flowing capacity of the largest well in the fields is 225 barrels per day.

While in Kansas we find that the date of February 2 makes nine months that we have been traveling continually, covering 8,000 miles. As the snow brought us so very much trouble, we kept a wary and anxious eye for the man that wrote that most touching bit of poetry entitled: "Beautiful, Beautiful Snow." If we had succeeded in finding him, there would undoubtedly have been an opportunity for an undertaker to earn a few "shekels."

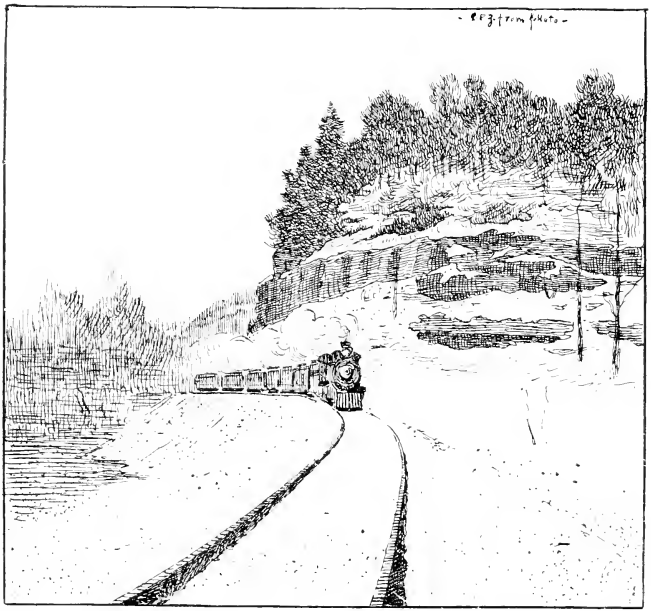
Joplin, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, situated in the midst of rich and vast mineral deposits of lead and zinc, is a bustling, humming city of prosperity. Surrounding it for a radius of ten or fifteen miles many shafts of lead and zinc mines dot the landscape, some abandoned and rotting, while from others, at regular intervals, the droning of machinery attests the fact that mother Earth is slowly and surely losing a small portion of her mineral resources.

The weather in the last several days seems to have become much colder, so that, as we dress with chattering teeth in our room in a hotel in Joplin, and make haste for the hotel office where there is a roaring fire in a large stove, we find that many have preceded us, there being a circle of shivering individuals hugging the source of warmth. There were all kinds of speculations

and rumors hurtling through the air as to just how cold it was. A driver of a delivery wagon declared that was at least twenty-five below; the meat boy swore that he saw a dozen different thermometers which registered twenty below, and the laundry man said eighteen below; every time anyone came in and made a weather report, the group around the stove would hug up just a little closer, congratulating each other that they did not have to go out into the bitter cold. Even after all these rather discouraging comments on the weather, we said we were going to start, and start we did amidst all sorts of expostulations, remonstrances, and exclamations from the frozen brethren who were solicitously engaged in absorbing the heat from the stove.

After we got started and commenced to walk, although it was extremely cold it seemed to be a sort of dry cold, and affected us not so much as we expected. We found that the actual temperature as registered by the government thermometer was twenty-nine degrees below zero!

Naturally, under the circumstances, we look upon this most marvelous SNOWY scenery with tender and delightful feelings. On every side the SNOWY fields glisten in the embrace of the SNOWY SNOW; while even the SNOWY hills are shrouded in the SNOWIEST of the SNOWY SNOW; in fact, it is the most SNOWY of SNOWIEST scenery.



SCENE IN THE OZARKS.

We follow the tracks of the Kansas City Southern R. R. which travels in a directly southern course, through Missouri to Arkansas. Five miles out of Joplin, we commence to arrive into the outlying foot-hills of the Ozark Mountains while every mile's travel onward found them larger and wilder with rocks, the railroad winding among them in the most erratic and tortuous manner. The majority of them seem to be huge mound-like masses, oval in shape, covered by a sparse growth of scrub trees, near the top encircled by a large ledge of bleak rock.

Here, indeed, we behold scenery which in its wild and majestic grandeur greatly surprises us in this region. Here the track winds at the base of a huge bluff of solid rock, grayish and somber tinted, which rises perpendicularly to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, furrowed and seamed in many strata; at and near its top small, dwarfed trees of the evergreen family grew out of crevices, the green freshness of their foliage lending an artistic touch of color to the grim and rocky mass. On the other side of the railroad the glistening expanse of snow-covered ice which holds a river within its grasp, this blinding whiteness on all sides, the winding track, form a picture which causes one to pause and look in deepest admiration.

Fifty miles' travel brings us out of Missouri,

and we enter the much talked about and the much abused state of Arkansas.

A few miles over the boundary line is a very small village, a health resort, called Sulphur Springs, there were three springs not less than twenty feet apart, yet the water that flows from each is totally different. The first is pure, ice cold water, as clear as crystal; the second is what is known as white sulphur water, while the third is black sulphur water, the strongest in minerals of all. We were very eager to taste of this water, but after our desire had been gratified, we were very, very sorry that we had been so enthusiastic, and felt that we should have been much better satisfied had we viewed it at a distance, as the taste of this water resembled that of an egg which could boast of a ripe old age.

We reached Gravette, a small village, from which we follow the line of a branch railroad which connects with Bentonville, traversing what is in reality the plateau of the Ozarks, having left the mountains behind us on approaching Gravette. In following this railroad, we see a fair specimen of a railroad "in ole' Arkansaw." The curves are so many and so short that it was necessary for an engine to have a hinge in its boiler, while we had to exercise great care and caution to see that we did not become confused and find ourselves traveling back over our route. A train creeps slowly, very slowly, upon us, and for a long dis-

tance as we walk alongside the engine we hold an interesting conversation with the engineer, but as we are in a hurry, we can ill afford to lose so much time, bid good-bye to the man on the engine, and walk onward.

The following is characteristic of travel in Arkansas: A lady passenger on one of the proverbial "slow trains" becoming provoked at its slow progress asked the conductor if it were not possible to travel faster; that august official gives reply, that if she is not satisfied with the speed of the train she is at liberty to get off and walk. But this is the spicy answer which he receives: "I would with pleasure, but my friends are not expecting me until the train arrives."

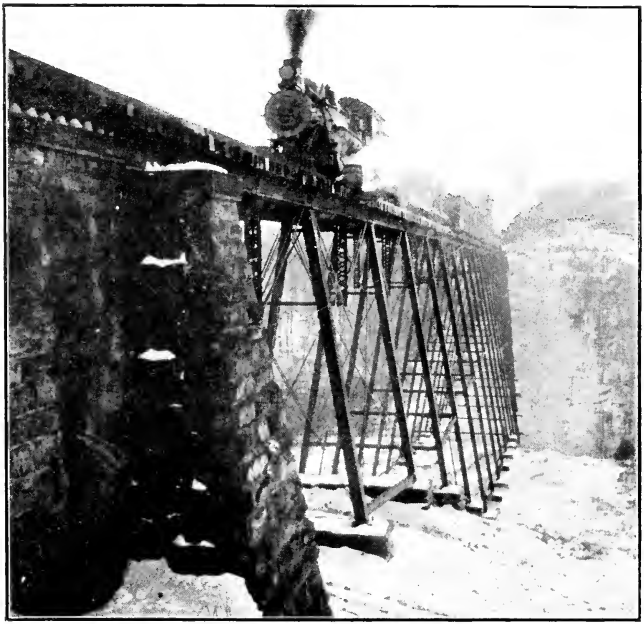
Dizzy and giddy from following the many twists and turns of the railroad track, we reach Bentonville. Here we have the pleasure of seeing a theatrical attraction which in itself and its surroundings is put before the audience in true Arkansas style. We find that the "opery house" is a large forlorn looking, bleak and cold, brick-lined hall. There are chairs in rows for the accommodation of the audience, while back of these are perches built on the same plan as circus seats, and constructed of old boxes, kegs, and boards. These may be regarded as representing the balcony or gallery, but judging from the appearance of them one would place his life in jeopardy should he climb to the heights and endeavor to enjoy the

performance from so lofty and wabbly a perch. At one end of this modern cold storage, an improvised stage has been built which is sufficiently large for a good sized man to comfortably turn around without bumping into himself; the heating department consists of a small wood stove, into which a continuous stream of fuel is fed, and which nobly and heroically struggles to reduce the zero temperature of the barn-like structure, so effectively, that if one should stray six feet from the source of the heat, he would be frozen stiff. We paid our admission fee, but on taking an inventory decided that we didn't believe we cared to see the performance anyway, and departed.

Plodding and trudging through deep snow which still covers the ground, we travel southward, passing through many small villages which are typical of the state, arriving at Fayetteville, a town of several thousand people, at which the University of Arkansas is situated with an attendance of nine hundred students.

It is sixty miles from Fayetteville to Van Buren, through a mountainous district called the Boston Mountains. Between these two towns there is nothing but very small villages, consisting of a few stores and a cluster of houses.

The scenery through these mountains possesses many of the characteristics of the Ozarks. Bleak and grim rocky walls frequently line the track, a snowy covering over all.



A 125 FOOT TRESTLE, BOSTON MTS., ARKANSAS.

Winslow, at the summit of the range, is reached, from which we are compelled to walk through an 1,800 foot tunnel. We reach the other side just as a passenger train comes dashing after us, a narrow escape. In turn, we walk over three high trestles, the first of which is 125 feet from the ground at one point, and is over a quarter of a mile long, the other two being 120 and 105 feet respectively in height.

As we come down out of the mountains, the snow becomes less, so that when we reach Van Buren there are only a few patches of it here and there. We reach this town at nine o'clock at night, having walked a distance of twenty-five miles during the day, over a rock ballasted track, a mass of sharp and jagged points which nearly cut our shoes. For the last eight miles of this lonely walk we are accompaned by an Italian, whom we dubbed "the Count." His general appearance would have made a scare-crow wild with envy. The most impressive features of this were a pair of pants which were easily large enough for two men, the surplus wrapped around the wearer's waist in the manner of a sash; the large balloon-like pant legs idly flapping in the wind like the sail to a ship, for evidently the former owner must have been a "heavy weight;" a pair of shoes which were a wonder, immediately absorbing our attention, large enough for an elephant to wear; a dilapidated coat; a shock of greasy, black, un-

kempt, and matted hair, which would have made a manufacturer of hair mattresses a fortune; a big, heavy Scotch cap set rakishly on the back of the head; all this crowned by an exceedingly large specimen of red nose, to which Cyrano De Bergerac's would have been small indeed; a pair of mild looking, large eyes, of a type unusual for an Italian, having the most appealing of looks. His knowledge of English consisted of about six words. By motions and grimaces, he succeeded in conveying the fact to us that he had had nothing to eat for a long time, and we gave him a small sum of money to purchase food. "The Count" was also very much fatigued and wearied, as he dragged himself along, stumbling over the rocks on the track with his huge brogans, as if every step caused him pain. The darkness was intense, and as we cross several trestles, where a false step would jeopardize life and limb, it is not to be wondered at that we hear the "Count" creeping across these trestles on his hands and knees. Foot sore and weary with aching limbs, we stop often to rest, "the Count" squats immediately down on the track near us, and when we start, he starts, for all the world like a huge Newfoundland dog. We have much amusement at his expense, although we know that the poor fellow is suffering, for he is so ludicrously grotesque and awkward in his actions that it would make a dead man laugh.

We inspect our machines at Van Buren and find

that they are in exceedingly bad shape, as pushing them through the deep snow has played havoc with the tires and rims. We endeavored to get repairs here, but found that it was impossible. We now are to travel along the northern side of the Arkansas River, going in an easterly direction to Little Rock, 160 miles distant.

Van Buren, a town of several thousand inhabitants, is a typical southern community. The larger part of the population consists of negroes, with which the streets are crowded, lounging here and there; about everything there hangs an air of indolence and sleepy repose.

Spring weather, with warm sunshiny days and melting snow, which leaves small trickling streams of water and the soil transformed into a sticky and oozy mass; walking the railroad track day by day over the worst kind of rock ballast; following near to the Arkansas River the most of the distance, where in some places the scenery is very picturesque; the railroad winding along the foot of rocky bluffs for miles, passing through innumerable small villages and several towns of fairly good size; having many and varied experiences with the native Arkansawyers in canvassing with our souvenirs; we finally reach Little Rock, the capital and metropolis of the state.

Before reaching the capital, at a small village, which boasts of a tavern for the accommodation of strangers and the traveling public, we spend

the night. As we sit in the "office" of this so-called hotel, it is with interest that we view the scene before us. Although the days are very warm, the nights are still quite chilly, so that a fire is necessary, and there is a small wood stove in the center of a low-ceiling room; a bare floor and the only article of furniture to accompany the lonely stove is a small table, on which a smoke begrimed lamp throws out a dull, yellow light. This heroically endeavors to penetrate the darkness in the corners of the room, but even as it tries, it realizes that it is a hopeless task, and contents itself with lighting the darkness for a radius of a few feet, while the remainder of the room is in semi-gloom. Sitting in various awkward and unique postures, some with tilted chairs, are eight or nine fairly good specimens of the native Arkansawyer. Tall, slim, and bony, heads and faces a mass of hair, from which at first sight it is difficult to distinguish the features, all trying to talk at the same time, this being a few of the things discussed: "Did yew hear heow Sam Jenkins' little mare has dun got the heaves?" "Widder Brown h'aint been deown to the Post Office tew get her mail since last Friday, reckon as heow maybe she's sick." "I 'low Skinny Perkins is gettin' better, as I heern tell that he's takin' the "Weekly Breezer" agen, an' he aint the man to throw away money for a paper 'less he cud read it." Generally each remark was punctuated by

a resounding splash of tobacco juice on the floor. Truly Arkansas is a great state!

On the southern shore of the Arkansas River, which at this point is but a dirty muddy colored stream perhaps a half mile wide, Little Rock, boasting of a population of nearly 50,000, is located. An air of ease, refinement, and wealth seems to be predominant here. Innumerable strangers and tourists seem to aid with their ready money in supporting the city. Large, wide streets, well paved, lined with the best type of buildings, form the business section. The capitol building is a very inferior structure of ancient style of architecture, and is far from impressive, but we understand that plans are under way for the construction of a new state capitol which is to be magnificent, the estimated cost to be something like $6,000,000.

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

"TROUBLE, TROUBLE, TROUBLE, MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT," UNTIL WE REACH NEW ORLEANS.

Having succeeded in getting all the necessary repairs for our bicycles, leaving Little Rock, RIDING all the way to Pine Bluff, a distance of forty-five miles, we enjoyed our first ride on our machines for just an even month!

After nine miles' travel over the wagon road out of Pine Bluff, we began to get into what is virtually a swamp. Pools of water stand in the road, a sticky mass, which clings to our bicycle tires, making riding impracticable; to increase our discomfiture, it begins to rain. For a half hour or more we plod along through the mud, while the rain descends in torrents, and we see no habitation or place where we can get shelter. By the time that we are nearly wet to the skin, we espy the log shanty of a negro, which is in the midst of a most lonely and desolate region. Here we stay until the rain slackens somewhat, and learn from him that the swamp becomes worse as we go onward, and that the railroad track is but two miles distant through the swamp, and that there is a makeshift road which we can follow. We decide that we will risk the road, and so head for the railroad. After getting mud-bespattered from

head to foot; wading through deep water, crossing running streams by walking the decayed trunk of a tree; carrying our machines over morasses; at each step sinking nearly a foot in the slime; forcing our way through apparently impassable underbrush; we at last unexpectedly stumble upon the tracks of the railroad. This is indeed "the Wilds of Arkansaw."

We follow the railroad all the way to Camden, and from thence to Eldorado, being able to ride nearly all the distance, as there is a very good path alongside the tracks, and through this section there are innumerable lumbering camps, from two to five miles apart, and many people walk the track in visiting back and forth. Although this is very low land through the whole southern part of the state, and is known as the "bottoms," it is heavily timbered with yellow pine, lumbering being extensively carried on.

Occasionally we see a belated native, with long, tangled, tawny beard and a shock of unkempt hair on his head, whose general appearance and costume would make the "wild man from Borneo" look like a member of New York's Four Hundred in comparison.

As we near Camden we cross many long and dangerous wooden trestles, one of which in particular was curving, forming nearly a half circle, and was a mile in length. Camden proved to be a town of five thousand inhabitants, and was the

largest place after Pine Bluff, almost a hundred miles.

A thirty-four mile stretch from Camden to Eldorado is through a wilderness, no settlements in the entire distance. Here and there we would occasionally see the dilapidated remnants of former prosperous saw-mill camps abandoned and rotting.

Eldorado, a county seat, the court-house occupying a square, surrounding which the business portion of the town is built, in neatness and attractiveness greatly surprises us. This is one of the prettiest little towns which we have seen in the whole state of Arkansas.

A downpour of rain which continues for nearly forty hours detains us here, so that when it did at last stop nearly all the surrounding country was overflowed.

In many places the road bed of the railroad is washed away. It is a most desolate and dismal scene. The country is but a low-land, covered with forest and heavy underbrush, which is now transformed into a vast lake of dirty, muddy water. As we proceed, even the railroad for short distances is nearly covered with water, so that it is necessary to walk the rail to escape getting wet.

Now we come to a wash-out, where the water is rushing over the track like a miniature Niagara Falls, being completely overflowed for nearly a half mile. It is a stiff proposition, but our only

course is to wade it. Removing pants, shoes, and stockings, and carrying our bicycles, we start. The current is so swift that it almost carries us off our feet, while judging by the way the water feels it must be around the zero mark in temperature. But we reach the other side with nothing more serious than with feet blue and aching from the ice cold water.

Before the day is over we are compelled to wade through another wash-out, where the track is overflowed for a mile to the depth of nearly three feet, but as this is still water, we have not so much trouble as in wading through the former.

We reach Junction City, half of which is in the state of Arkansas, while the remainder lies under the jurisdiction of Louisiana.

Through a swampy wilderness, heavily timbered with dense forest, lumbering camps being the only communities, still clinging to the railroad track, we travel into Louisiana down to Ruston, which is a fairly good sized town; from thence to Winnfield; thence to Colfax, which is well into the interior part of the state. We are hindered and delayed much by the rain, and sunshiny days are unknown. Most of the time there is a drizzle, for we have chosen, or rather have been forced to choose the very worst time of year to travel through this state, as this is the rainy season.

Colfax is a little village, where there are perhaps a dozen stores. Green sward, in fresh virid-

ity, surrounds the stores and all the dwellings, while rest, quiet, and contentment seem to invite us to linger longer in this oasis in the wilderness.

We find that from this place to Boyce about twelve miles, we can travel by a good wagon road. We follow near to the Red River, the banks of which, owing to recent flood-water, have been washed away so that they are now perpendicular embankments rising thirty feet or more above the waters of the stream. The road in places runs dangerously close to the edge of the bank. In some inexplicable manner I lost my balance, and together with my bicycle went tumbling head foremost down this steep declivity. The machine rebounded, rolled, and tumbled, going away to the bottom, finally stopping on the very edge of the river. However, I was more fortunate, as I dropped straight down for about six feet, landing on a ledge of dirt, somewhat dazed but unhurt; it was surely a miraculous escape, for the river at this point was very deep, and should I have fallen into it, the story might have been different, or had the bicycle fallen into it and sunk to the bottom, its recovery would have been extremely dubious. With the aid of a long rope which we borrowed, and with much tugging and pulling, we finally got the machine on top of the bank, and it proved on examination to be none the worse for its fall.

The remainder of the ride to Boyce was indeed interesting. We were now commencing to see the

South in all the peculiar mannerisms for which it is so noted. This region is very fertile, cotton fields line the road; the stalks are nearly twelve feet high; at frequent distances the shanties of negroes, surrounded by laughing, boisterous pickaninnies; while at one particular place the harsh voice of the "mammy" can be heard on the inside calling her off-spring into the house, whereupon, as they do not respond, she appears at the door, dressed in a flaming red calico wrapper, with her head wrapped in a red turban, and with arms akimbo on her fat hips, delivers the following harangue: "Aw say dah you all Gawge Wash'nton Jones, and you all Cynthy Jones, ef you all doan cum raght into this hyar house, ah's sholy goin' to give you all a lickin'."

To reach Boyce, it is necessary for us to be ferried across the river in a skiff; the stream being nearly a mile wide.

All the way to Alexandria we follow the railroad track, and most of the distance we are able to ride. We find Alexandria a typical southern town of twelve thousand inhabitants. It has many modern improvements, chief of which is an abundance of asphalt pavement. It boasts of a very fine government building and postoffice, and other very fine public edifices.

To a small village which is called Morrow, and is nearly fifty miles south of Alexandria, we are able to ride the wagon road most of the distance,

traveling through a most interesting scene. Nearly all of the land is under cultivation, sugar cane, rice and cotton being the chief products. Fields on every side are being ploughed by negro laborers, while here and there will be a cluster of cabins. The day is ideal, warm and clear, wild flowers are growing in profusion, and occasionally we see a meadow of greenest grass.

From Morrow southward until we reach the Mississippi River, which flows but a short distance from Baton Rouge Junction, is through a country very swampy and low, through which we travel the railroad the entire distance. For the most part it is necessary to walk, although for short distances we are sometimes able to ride.

There are many small villages, all with French names, to pronounce which correctly at first sight is an impossibility. We find that many of the old French customs still adhere to these villages, and learn that this state of affairs will increase the farther south we travel.

We note that there are many methods employed in this state which are behind the times. Most of the wagons are drawn by yokes of oxen. Along the road we pass several large and heavy wagons piled high with household effects, each of which is drawn by six yoke of brawny, mild-eyed steers. Surely this is a slow manner of moving from one locality to another.

In places we see the most tropical of scenes,

"MEEKLY WENDING THEIR HOMEWARD WAY."

especially through the low-lands and swamps which line the track for long distances. Here innumerable trees, whose branches are literally covered with festoons of moss hanging in long ragged pieces, sometimes twenty feet in length; the ground is covered with moss and a small plant which is three feet in height called the Palmetto, practically a small-sized palm tree, the leaves being of the same shape and growing in the same profusion; while there is but little of the ground that is not covered with pools of stagnant water. Here all running streams are called bayous, and some of these are black and treacherous looking. They are but short distances apart, and over them we cross on railroad trestles.

As illustrating the contemptuous and unfeeling manner in which the negro is regarded here in the South, here is an incident which came under our personal observation. In a most lonely spot, morass and swamp on each side of the track, the nearest village four miles away, at the bottom of a twenty foot railroad embankment, blood-stained and dirt covered, lies the body of a negro, who in the darkness of night had been murdered, robbery being the motive. The body is discovered by a section foreman at 7 a. m., which fact he reports to the coroner, whose presence is necessary before the remains can be removed. In the hot sun the corpse lies all day, and up to daylight of the next morning, as the coroner had not yet arrived. The

section foreman then digs a deep hole near the remains and tumbles the body into it, with the remark: "Well, there's another nigger got rid of." Buried much in the same manner as an animal, even though the man was married and had a family who lived at a village not many miles away! Could anything be more brutal or barbarous?

As this state was originally laid out by the French, the political divisions instead of being called counties are parishes, and we find many of these are prohibition, although occasionally we find one in which the statutes permit liquors to be sold. The Atchafalaya River forms the boundary line between two parishes, one of which has prohibition, while the other on the opposite side of the river has not. Milville, a small village, is located in the prohibition parish, situated on the banks of the stream. The only means of crossing this swift-flowing river, almost a mile wide, is by skiff. If one wishes to "partake of the flowing bowl," a negro will row you to the opposite bank, to which is moored a large scow, which is fitted up as a saloon. After you have satisfied your desires, the negro will row you back to Milville across the river, there being no charge whatever for ferriage.

Again we view the turbid waters of the mighty Mississippi, after having been absent from it for over nine months, our last sight of it having been at St. Paul, Minnesota, in June, 1904. For thirteen miles we ride northward on the levee to Port

Allen, from which it is necessary to take a ferry across the river to Baton Rouge. The levee is a very high embankment, two feet wide on top, and sloping at the sides which are covered with green turf. At the bottom this huge dyke is nearly forty feet wide, and boasts of a height of nearly eighteen feet from the ground. There was a fairly good path on the top, from which, owing to our high position, we had an excellent view of the surrounding territory. Occasionally, we pass stately and majestic mansions with spacious grounds beautiful with a wealth of shade trees. These remind one of the old times when slavery was in vogue. Possibly a half mile from the plantation house would be a cluster of negro cabins.

The Mississippi winds with devious twists and turns on its way to the gulf. Something like a mile wide, a dirty muddy color, immense quantities of driftwood and large masses of earth borne onward by its irresistible current, one stops to wonder and doubt. Can this really be the famous river about which there is so much written? Surely this is not impressive, nor is it beautiful. Frequently we pass negroes whose sole occupation is to row out into the stream and tow in driftwood, which they chop into firewood, and sell to the natives. A great many of these do nothing but this and are able to save money, beside earning their living.

As we cross from the western bank of the river

to the eastern, it is with exuberant feelings, for we are leaving the uncivilized country of the West and again landing in "God's country."

Baton Rouge, the capital city of the state, with a population of 12,000, is virtually a French city. The architecture is mostly of French type, large iron balconies being in front of nearly every business place. The streets are narrow, but well paved with asphalt, and a magnificent hotel and a very fine Post Office building, help to offset the other peculiarities.

The Capitol is constructed of gray granite, and as it was built by the French settlers of Louisiana, it bristles with turrets and battlements, with the result that it more closely resembles a prison or a castle of the medieval period, than a modern state capitol building.

We learn that New Orleans is one hundred miles distant, and that we shall be able to travel the wagon road nearly all the way. Leaving Baton Rouge at two o'clock in the afternoon, we travel over a fairly good road for ten miles, when suddenly without warning, rain descends in torrents. We take shelter in a house and stay there for an hour or more, at the end of which, as it slackens slightly, we decide to start. We have not gone far when the water again commences to come down in bucketfuls. We can find no shelter, and are compelled to "grin and bear it." Covering several miles in the driving rain, with every stitch of our

clothing wet, we finally come to the tumble down shanty of a negro, which is located in the heart of a swamp. Near the house is a dilapidated shed in which we take shelter. There are several negroes in the house, which number is increased at frequent intervals by the arrival of others, some walking, some on horseback, and some in carts, until there are nearly a dozen, all of whom are burly, villainous and treacherous looking. They all stand on the porch and look in our direction in a furtive manner. We are not in the least desirous of becoming acquainted, and "stay in our own corner." We stay here for nearly two hours, during which every passing moment makes the outlook more dubious. We are not in the most pleasing position, assuredly; here alone in the center of a wilderness, with a dozen black ruffians as our companions. But finally, as we see that there is not likely to be a cessation of the rain, and noting that the negroes appear to be more uneasy and restless, we decide that we can easily part company with them, and so, when circumstances seem most favorable, we quietly depart, and our departure is not noticed until we are seen down the road nearly a quarter of a mile from the shanty, from which a chorus of derisive yells bids us farewell.

The soil, which is of a clayish consistency, is now transformed to a sticky mass, through which we are unable to push our bicycles, and we are compelled to carry them; the road is covered with

water at different places, and altogether we have a most delightful time in the endeavor to make any progress through the pouring rain. After an hour of this sort of adventure, glory of glories, we behold a large plantation house, which is but a short distance from the road. We look upon this with delight, and make haste to inquire if it be possible for us to be permitted to get a lunch or supper, lodging, and a place to dry our wet clothing, for which we offer to pay any price. But we are refused on the excuse that they have company, and it would be impossible to accommodate us. We argued, pleaded, and begged, all to no avail; offered any sum of money just for shelter, said we were accustomed to "rough it," and almost anything was good enough for us, anything to be sheltered from this driving rain, but notwithstanding all our entreaties, we are given a curt refusal, and the door is closed in our very faces. Ah! Is this a specimen of the famous southern hospitality! Hospitality, indeed! One must have a heart of iron to turn a human being out into such a night!

A short distance from the mansion, we see the shack of one of the negro laborers, for which we make steps. We approach it noiselessly, and through the open door we see a most humble and touching scene. Two middle-aged men, one woman with a sleeping babe at her bosom, all negroes, closely hugging a scanty fire which burns

sleepily in a fireplace at one end of the small room; the only articles of furniture are a rickety rocking chair, a make shift bed, and a rude wooden table on which are a few dishes containing the remnants of the evening repast, by appearance far from bountiful. We pause a moment, and look at this scene of dejection and misery, before we make known our presence. We are told to come in amidst a bowing and scraping by the inmates; all arise, and we are offered the only chair which they are able to afford, together with a small box which answers for the same. We ask them if we can sleep there for the night, and are told by one of the men that: "Ah 'spose we all can fix you'-all." After a short conversation in an undertone in which the spokesman and the woman take part, the latter arises, and laying the baby on the pile of rags which answers for a bed, she goes into the other room of the shanty, from which after a very few moments she returns, carrying what was supposed to be a mattress, but more closely resembled a huge, very heavy and ragged quilt; this she spread on the floor in the room in which we were, then told us that we could occupy the other room, and could retire at any time. We thanked her and went into the other room, and made haste to remove our wet and soaked clothing. Evidently this was the room which the woman occupied with her offspring, and which she had vacated in our favor; what a contrast between these simple-minded peo-

ple and the rich owner of the plantation who lived next door. Even though they were black, they were at least human.

The bed had no springs over the slats, and no mattress, nothing but a couple of blankets, with the result that when we arose in the morning there were several small depressions worn into our bodies into which the slats neatly fitted. We had spent far from a pleasant night, but we were very thankful to be able to be sheltered from the elements, as it rained a continuous downpour during the whole night.

When we arose in the morning it was still raining, and as we saw that the negroes had but very little to eat themselves, much less feed two hungry individuals like us, we paid them for our night's lodging, and started out in the pouring rain to walk three miles to a point where the negro told us was a grocery called Hope Villa, located on the bank of a bayou, across which as there was no bridge, it would be necessary for us to be ferried. Although it was but three miles, before we reached the store it seemed like ten. We were compelled to carry our bicycles on our backs for the entire distance, slipping and sliding through the slippery clay, now wading through water knee deep, and completely submerging the road for a half mile or more, with exactly three hours' travel to cover three miles. We finally reached the store, where we purchased food, this being the first since leav-

ing Baton Rouge yesterday at twelve o'clock, nearly twenty-four hours.

We continue to wade all the afternoon through water which covers the road, passing many houses at each one of which we endeavor to obtain lodging and accommodations for the night, but upon different pretexts we are refused. At almost five o'clock in the afternoon we apply at a house, where, after a slight discussion, we are told that we can remain all night. We are so surprised, shocked, and dumfounded, that we are hardly able to stammer our thanks. Is it a dream, or really true?

Here we stayed all night, while it rained incessantly. The house, like the majority in the South, was constructed of rough boards, unpainted, the inside being finished in the same manner; the floors are bare, carpet being almost unknown; a porch, which in this region is called a "gallery," extends across the entire front, while through the center of the house there is a long hallway, which extends from the front to the back, the rooms opening from the sides. All the furniture is of the most simple and practical kind, there being a noticeable absence of small knick-knacks which are so dear to the feminine heart. Like all southern homes, a fire-place serves to heat it, from which amidst the cheerful crackling and sputter, enough heat radiates to dry our dripping clothing in a short time. We find our host, an industrious

and very simple-minded individual of middle-age, whose wife is also possessed of the same characteristics, they being blessed with three children, all of which were very young. The fare was most simple, consisting of corn-bread, or pone, as it is called, and pork, but of which there was a goodly quantity, so that, if one was not particular regarding the quality, he would not go hungry.

We spend a most delicious night in profound slumber, buried in the depths of a feather bed, and arise in the morning to find that it has finally stopped raining, although the sky is overcast and cloudy. Before we are dressed our host enters bearing two steaming cups of coffee, which he bids us drink. We afterwards learn that this is an old French custom which has been handed down from one generation to the other, and that this coffee is "French dripped," being made by pouring water on coffee which is in a receptacle, the bottom of which is a sort of sieve. This stands for twenty-four hours or more, the water which has percolated falls into another dish, from which the beverage is made, with the result that it is as strong as lye and as black as can be, neither milk nor sugar being used when it is drunk.

We bid our host a cheery good-bye, and start to wade the roads again. He had told us that it was eleven miles to the railroad, and that it was very low country the entire distance, and undoubtedly the most of the wagon road would be under

water, so that we foresaw a most pleasant and delightful experience in store for us. We were not in the least disappointed, as the water was very cold, and the roads were so awfully muddy that we removed neither shoes nor stockings, but waded through the deep water with our clothing on. At one place the water was so deep that it was necessary for us to remove all our clothing, first carrying this in a bundle over our heads, then to return and carry our machines in the same manner. Through this it was almost half a mile.

At another point a big stream had swollen until the road was submerged to the depth of three feet for a half mile on each side of the bridge, and even over it the water was quite deep. We hesitated somewhat in attempting this, but while we wait we see a negro on horseback start across from the other side, and we watch his progress with interest. The water mounts to the animal's flanks, but horse and rider safely reach us, so that we conclude that we will risk it. Removing our clothes and tying them upon the machines, we hoist the whole above our heads and start. Darling is perhaps twenty feet ahead of me as we near the middle, when suddenly I see him sink out of sight in the swift-flowing muddy waters, machine and all, and as he goes down with terror depicted in every feature, he hoarsely ejaculates: "My God! Save me!" I rush to his assistance as soon as possible, and succeed in pulling him out after

much difficulty, and as he had tenaciously clung to his machine, that also was safe, which was very fortunate. Apparently he had made a misstep, and fell off the edge of the bridge into the swirling depths where the water was ten or twelve feet deep. With exception of this mishap, we reached the other side in safety.

Darling took an inventory to find that his blue flannel shirt was gone, and that one of his leather leggings was also counted among the missing, both of which were doubtless decorating the bottom of the river bed.

After much wading and paddling we succeeded in arriving at a point from which we are told it is but two miles to the railroad track, but here we learn that the difficulties that we have been through are nothing compared to what is in store for us. Although this stretch of road between us and the railroad is not covered by water, it is far worse. A mass of sticky adhesive clay, in which one sinks at least a foot at every step, and from which it is almost impossible to extract one's foot. Here we are indeed in trouble in its very worst form. To make a long story short, two hours pass before we reach the railroad, after such an experience as we shall not soon forget. This in all probability will seem fictitious to the reader, that we should consume two hours in covering two miles, but when it is considered that we were forced to carry our bicycles, that we were not

THE WAY WE FIND THE WAGON ROADS IN LOUISIANA.

physically able to take a dozen steps without stopping to rest, and that the clay stuck to everything in the most brotherly manner, our slow progress can possibly be understood.

After scraping a few tons of mud off the wheels and ourselves, we overhauled the machines to find that Darling's was away beyond repair, the water having so badly warped the rims, that the wheels would revolve only with difficulty. However mine was in much better condition, except that both tires were punctured, but, after repairing this slight damage, it was all right. All the way to New Orleans, which was sixty-nine miles, we follow the railroad, and use our now famous "relay system" the entire distance, i. e. one walks a mile with the broken machine, while the other rides, in the next mile to alternate.

We now pass through immense sugar plantations. There are a few straggling and scrawny villages, but for the most part the entire land is under cultivation with sugar cane. Small armies of negro laborers can be seen at work in the fields, while at frequent intervals are the mammoth plants of sugar factories. Here we learn and note that the negro is not in much better condition than when he was a slave. He receives sixty-five cents a day, for which he must agree to work for a certain period of time, signing a paper to that effect. They live in small shanties, which are in clusters, possibly a hundred or more, which are built so

near alike that it is almost impossible to distinguish one from another.

As we enter New Orleans, we note that the outskirts are nothing but swamp and low-land, the majority of the houses being built on piles.

We remain in this, the twelfth city in size in the United States, but a day and a half, in which time we see the leading and most interesting features of this French City. Canal Street, which has a width of two hundred feet, is the principal business street, and divides the American from the French Section. St. Charles Street is practically in the heart of the American district, a rather narrow and twisting thoroughfare, on which the famous St. Charles Hotel is located, the finest hostelry in New Orleans. We stroll through the French section which is most interesting and quaint. Very narrow streets, twisting and turning in the most devious manner, resembling alleys rather than streets; the buildings are small, musty and dingy, the majority constructed of a sort of cement, which is of a somber color and helps to increase the general gloomy aspect. The buildings are adorned with immense iron balconies which project over the walk into the street itself, and all the windows are equipped with iron shutters. French is the chief language spoken in this section. At one place I remember a group of negroes, who were engaged in a very active conversation carried on in French; these we were told are called

"French Niggers." French customs, architecture, and mannerisms face one no matter which way he turns, so that one does not need to possess a very vivid imagination to think himself in the heart of Paris.

Owing to the fact that the city is built on virtually made land of the Mississippi, there is practically no system of sewage, nor is it even possible to bury the dead in the ground, but they are laid away to their last resting place in stone vaults which are built on top of the ground in tiers, one above the other. Even here in New Orleans we find the same state of affairs existing with respect to drinking water as in the remainder of the state, at least in the portion through which we have traveled. Owing to the swampy condition of the country it is not possible to get water from the ground, the drinking water being obtained by catching rain water in huge tanks, which in the majority of cases are constructed of wood, and to drink the water from which is to take the most nauseating of doses. In fact we have not had a good drink of water since leaving Arkansas; all over the city behind every house is a large wooden tank where the water is caught, while there hangs about nearly every dwelling the mustiest of smells. Although New Orleans is a very large city, it is far from being modern, up-to-date, or metropolitan, and the highest building is but eight stories. The scene along the levee is a busy one.

Here one can see cargoes of sugar, spices, coffee, and bananas unloaded from ships which hail from all the South American countries, there being a continuous swarm of negro laborers passing to and fro, which remind one of bees in a hive. Here are the stately and majestic outlines of an Ocean Liner, which plies to foreign climes, and moored next to it is the awkward but picturesque typical Mississippi River boat, which makes trips up the river as far as Memphis, Tennessee; now a string of barges laden with coal which have been towed all the way from Pittsburg, down the Ohio, thence into the Mississippi; innumerable one-masted oyster luggers, lined up to the wharves, whose owners are busily engaged in unloading their cargoes of oysters preparatory to making another trip; and so no matter which way one looks one sees something interesting, a continuous change of scenes and transactions, at which the stranger and tourist is never tired of looking. Now we pass along toward the cotton wharves, where every foot of available space is piled high with huge bales of cotton, whose monetary value is fabulous, when one considers the immense quantity.

Small parks, whose cool, shady nooks invite one to rest in peace and comfort, abound in almost every section, chief of which are Lee Circle, Jackson Square, and Lafayette Square.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

IN WHICH WE DISCOVER THAT THERE IS "STILL SOMETHING DOING."

We leave this quaint city in the same manner as we entered, over the railroad track. For forty-four miles, until we cross the Louisiana-Mississippi state line, it is low-land, swamps, and salt marshes, there being only small hunting and fishing lodges, which are built on piles at the sides of the track, and even they are few and far between; in this space there are also a great number of trestles, but the longest is but half a mile in length, and although there are many trains constantly passing, which travel at a high rate of speed, we have no very narrow escapes from being run down, our chief difficulty lying in the fact that we are compelled to walk the entire distance, as it is impossible to ride on the track or alongside.

After four miles' travel into Mississippi we find that the country is higher and better, and we have an excellent wagon road of powdered oyster shells, and packed so that it is almost as hard as pavement. This condition exists for nearly fifty miles, in which space we pass through some of the leading resorts of the Gulf of Mexico, chief of which are Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Long Beach, Gulfport, Mississippi City, Beauvoir, Biloxi, Ocean

Springs, and Scranton. The wagon road follows the shore of the Gulf nearly all the way, and on one side we look out into the placid expanse of shimmering water, which lies calm and undisturbed; on our other, the shore is lined with magnificent dwellings, which breathe of sumptuous elegance, surrounded by palatial grounds. This surely is a haven for the wealthy and the aristocratic. In front of each mansion there extends out into the waters of the Gulf a long pier, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, at the end of each is a summer-house and bath-house combined, as the shore is so strewn with shells that it is impossible to bathe on the beach. Although there are a number of distinct resort towns, it is virtually one continuous city, as the shore is lined with houses the entire distance. Another thing which we hailed with delight upon entering this state is the fact that the drinking water is most excellent, no small matter, and one which we are able to appreciate at its true worth and value.

At Bay St. Louis we cross a trestle two miles in length. We reach the center, when a fast mail of the Louisville and Nashville R. R., bound from New Orleans to Mobile comes rushing upon us. The telegraph poles are connected to the sides of the trestle by a large plank, and on one of these we stand in safety until the train dashes by us.

All of these resorts are very pretty and attractive, there being numerous, large, and palatial

hotels at each; but the largest of these is Biloxi, which has a population of nearly twelve thousand, an ideal place, neat business portion, streets well paved and very neat in appearance, while the residence section is truly magnificent. On the shore of the Gulf there stands a lighthouse, painted white from top to base; beside it is the glistening powdery whiteness of the shell road which threads the shore line; these, contrasted with the mass of green foliage which surround the magnificent residences, together with the many colors of myriads of blooming flowers, form a color picture which is indeed ideal and divine.

In leaving Biloxi it is necessary for us to walk across another long trestle, a mile and a quarter long, and reach the other side just as the train passes us, but, as, according to the old adage, "a miss is as good as a mile," we are safe.

We follow the railroad all the way to Mobile, necessarily, as the land all the way from Biloxi is very low, and after we cross the Alabama line, owing to the large amount of sand, it is also our only recourse. Within fourteen miles of Mobile we find a shell road over which it is delightful riding, but, five miles from the city, Darling who had had his wheel repaired at New Orleans, has the misfortune to have a blow out, which entirely destroys the tire, an injury which it is impossible to repair on the road, so for the remainder of the distance we use our "relay system."

We find Mobile to be a city of forty thousand, and almost a pocket edition of New Orleans, narrow streets, with many buildings of French type; but, unlike New Orleans, it has a very fine water supply, and the land on which it is built is high. Government Street is the main residential street of the city and is well paved, very wide, lined with a wealth of shade trees and most beautiful dwellings; while Royal Street is the main business street. It has many miles of asphalt pavement kept extremely clean, and in the heart of the city there are many parks and plazas, which lend to it a most pleasing aspect. This also, like New Orleans, is a very large banana center, in fact it is represented that more of this luscious fruit is brought into this port than into that of its competitor.

As has lately been our wont we leave Mobile over the railroad track, which we are compelled to follow for twenty-six miles, as the country is very swampy, and there are many rivers which we cross over long trestles. We have never seen so many rivers in so short a space and we come to the conclusion that they must have been placed there for our especial benefit. On one long half mile trestle, we reach the center, when we hear the rush and roar which tells of an approaching train, but as there is a draw-bridge over this river, the Alabama, which is navigable, we get upon this out of harm's way just in the nick of time.

We reach a small village which is called Bay Minnette, from which we take a short cut over land for Pensacola, Florida, which is said to be some fifty miles distant.

Before we reach our destination, we find that though we had thought that upon crossing the Mississippi we had left the wilderness behind us and henceforth would travel through a thickly settled territory, we now discover that such is far from the case, as in this tract we thread our way with difficulty through a wilderness of pine stumps, with here and there, few in number, a lone and solitary tree. The soil is very sandy, and the road is but a logging trail which runs at will, up hill and down, turning and twisting in the most erratic manner, across a barren waste on which fences are unknown, and where to espy a settler's cabin is a rare occurrence. Owing to the fact that our rather indistinct road is frequently crossed by others, some of which run parallel for a short distance, then merge with the main road, leave it altogether, starting in another direction, we have much difficulty in keeping on the right way.

For thirty miles all is beautiful as far as our machines are concerned, and we are able to ride most of the distance, although occasionally an exceptionally heavy bed of sand compels us to walk, then events change, and the bearings in Darling's rear wheel grind into pieces; he repairs the damage by replacing new balls, but he rides

it hardly a half mile when it occurs again. He replaces these broken parts three different times, but in vain, until finally he has used all his extra supply, so that for the remainder of the distance, which is seven miles, to a lumber camp called Muscogee, we are compelled to adopt again that now familiar "relay system."

At two o'clock in the afternoon, when our interiors are loudly clamoring for the noon-day meal, and, as we have not seen a house since we left Bay Minnette, we are rapidly coming to the conclusion that we shall be unable to get food until we reach Muscogee. We reach the summit of a hill, and, O joy! what do we see but the cosiest of cottages surrounded and almost completely hidden from view by a wealth of shade trees, nestling almost at our feet.

We find the people here very accommodating and hospitable, as they had once been residents of Michigan. We partake of a most bountiful repast served in the good old Michigan manner, for even though these people are at present residents of Alabama, their northern method of cooking still clings to them. Here indeed is an oasis in the wilderness, for the interior of this diminutive and cozy little nest is fully as attractive as the exterior. As to the latter, innumerable beds of flowers, the fragrant perfume from which fills the air, are on all sides; the green clinging tendrils of vines of ivy tenaciously hang to the sides of the house;

while several large tree-like masses of purple flowers, fairly dazzle the eye with their rich colors.

We cross the Perdido River, which forms the boundary line between Alabama and Florida, and immediately upon the other side is Muscogee.

This is but a large saw mill, employed in which there are perhaps two hundred men. A company store, which deals in all kinds of merchandise, supplies the needs of the people; outside of these there is virtually nothing, the whole being merely a large lumbering camp.

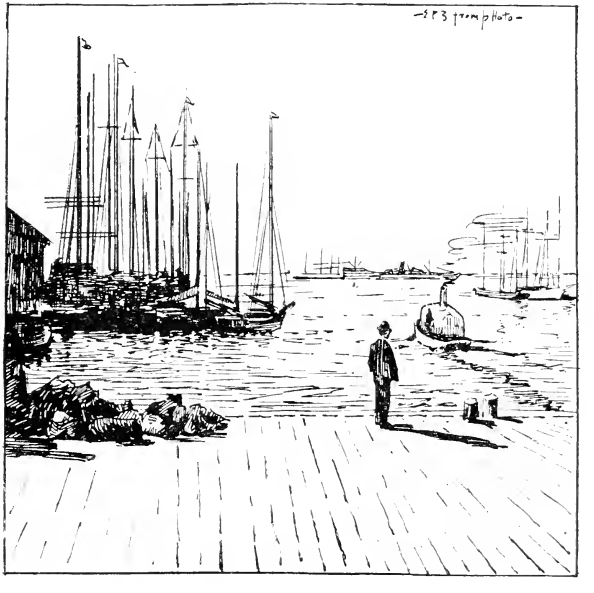
We are now but twenty miles from Pensacola, and we cover three-fourths of this distance by using the "relay," but as we find that in the last five miles there is an excellent built road all the way to Pensacola, we tie the machines together and tow the broken bicycle, the man in front doing the pulling while the other calmly sits upon the disabled machine and views the passing landscape.

Although Pensacola has a population of but twelve thousand inhabitants, this is greatly increased for the time being by hordes of "Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets," there being at present in the harbor the entire Atlantic Coast Fleet of warships, consisting of nearly thirty-five battleships, cruisers, gunboats, and torpedo boats. The complement of one of these battleships is something like seven hundred men. On each day a hundred men are given shore leave from each vessel, with the result that the small and tranquil town of

Pensacola fairly bristles with "Jackies." Owing to the fact that the majority of them had been kept on the sea for such a long time, more privileges were allowed them, so that with this immense number of "salts" turned loose and bidden to do what they chose, pandemonium reigned supreme.

Pensacola Harbor is counted one of the best south of Boston on the Atlantic Coast; long and narrow, almost land locked, and even though a storm be raging upon the Gulf, the waters of the harbor are affected but little.

On a small gasoline launch we take a trip across the bay to the life-saving station, which is situated on the Coast of the Gulf of Mexico. A strong gale is blowing so that the rollers are dashing upon the shore line with terrific and thunderous force. On our passage over and back we dodge among the battleships, colossal masses of steel, the hulls of which are painted white, while the upper works, turrets, etc., are yellow.



HARBOR SCENE, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

THE FAMOUS LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AT CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE.

As Pensacola is the only city which we are compelled to pass through in Florida, our route now lies directly northward back into Alabama to Montgomery, the capital city.

For sixteen miles we traverse the same road over which we so recently entered Pensacola. This is the only distance in the entire tour of 13,407 miles that we doubled on our route. For the remainder of the state of Florida, until we enter a small village called Flomaton, which is just over the state line in Alabama, it is heavy sand, very hilly and through dense pine forest, over a greater part of which it is necessary for us to walk. It is now the first week in April, and the weather is very torrid, so that we toil wearily along under a blazing sun with perspiration trickling down our faces and arms, and welling from every pore. But as Flomaton is but forty-four miles from Pensacola, an end soon comes to this state of affairs.

Five days' travel from Pensacola brings us to Montgomery, 119 miles from Flomaton, our way alternating between the railroad and the wagon road. As the latter was in poor condition, we

made "slow but sure" progress. The soil is of reddish clay, and but a small percentage of the land seems to be under cultivation; copses of timber several acres in size dot the landscape. The bulk of the labor is performed by the negroes, their dilapidated and tumble down shanties being a frequent sight. There are quite a number of small villages and fairly good sized towns, but in many features it is far behind the general march of civilization.

We pass through a fruit belt, where strawberries and garden vegetables are raised, the entire output being shipped to northern consumers. At one farm radishes are being packed with ice into barrels and for these the producer receives from the jobbers nine dollars per barrel, it is left for the reader to calculate how much the poor frozen Northerner is compelled to pay for this toothsome delicacy.

Since we have entered the southern states, we note that the snuff habit is very general amongst the women. This is a most disgusting and loathsome habit, especially for the fair sex. The snuff is tobacco ground to a powder. A conversation with a "snuff fiend" is punctuated by her stopping ever and anon to expectorate, while the sides of the mouth are artistically decorated with a brownish streak.

Montgomery, population 38,000, is a most beautiful city built in a hollow from which it is impos-

sible to reach the outskirts without climbing steep hills. In the heart of the business section five streets radiate from a common center forming the points of a star; in this large paved area, known as Court Square, is a magnificent fountain. The most of the streets are very wide, and an air of refinement and wealth hangs about the residence section. A vast horde of northern tourists have homes here in which they spend the winter, and from these the city gets much of its prosperity. The state capitol is very old and is built on a hill. At its side is a massive monument consisting of a stone column nearly a hundred feet in height surmounted by a statue which represents "The Confederacy;" at the base are four statues, one at each corner, representing different types of Confederate patriots. The corner stone of this monument was laid on April 29, 1886, by Jefferson Davis. This state house boasts of having been the first Capitol of The Southern Confederacy; a large bronze plate inlaid in the floor at the entrance bears an inscription which states that Jefferson Davis stood upon this exact spot when taking the oath as President of the Confederate States of America.

We leave Montgomery, taking a northeasterly course until the state line between Georgia and Alabama is reached, from which we will travel in a direct northerly course to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

For twenty-seven miles out of Montgomery everything is beautiful, and we travel over a built road which is as hard as pavement, and over which we fairly fly. But darkness envelopes us within its folds seventeen miles from the first town, which is Tuskegee, immediately following which we cross a long stretch of low-land and swamp, where the mud is sticky, and puddles of dirty and stagnant water are in the road. Our cyclometers by the light of a match show that we have walked five miles through this mud, and as there is no hope of reaching the town tonight, and we are nearly exhausted, we keep a wary eye for some place where we can sleep for the remainder of the night. Nothing but the occasional shacks of negroes, which are dilapidated and tumble down affairs, can be seen along the road. But we finally come to a church, which, after a slight investigation, we enter through an open window, and prepare to stretch our weary bones on the floor.

About midnight we are awakened from a profound slumber by most terrific peals of thunder, accompanied by frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, while the rain beats against the roof and sides of the church as if it might at any time wash it away. This is accompanied by a terrific gale of wind, a veritable hurricane, causing the building to creak and groan like a human being. We listen to this unusual frenzied disturbance of

the elements with trepidation, expecting at almost any moment to have the rickety church crashing down upon us. But nothing so serious happens, although the storm rages until almost daylight, when it suddenly subsides, and we arise at five o'clock just as the sun in all its ethereal glory rises above the horizon, causing the dripping twigs and branches of trees to sparkle like diamonds.

The heavy rainfall had increased the muddy condition of the road so that the red clay persisted in adhering to any object with which it came in contact, and for the remainder of the way to Tuskegee we have the delightful recreation of carrying our machines on our backs while we slip and slide in the mud.

Here is located the famous Booker T. Washington Colored Institute, which is doing much to improve the condition of the negro. This school has many large and spacious buildings, and has an enrolled attendance of thirteen hundred students. In connection with and owned by the college are six thousand acres of land. The aim of this educational movement for the uplifting of the negro is to teach the different crafts of practical benefit to the working class.

In the course of one day we pass through three towns, the names of which are tongue twisters, Loachapoka, Notasulga, and Opelika.

Now following the track, then again for a few

miles traveling the wagon road, delayed considerably by night rains, which keep the soil muddy and soft, we travel through the remainder of Alabama and cross the line, entering Georgia at a small but neat little town called West Point.

From here we journey in a northward direction, passing through numerous small villages and a few towns, chief of which are Newnan, Tallapoosa, Carrollton, and Rome.

Here at Rome we find that we have traveled 190 miles from Tuskegee, Alabama. This is a small city of possibly twenty thousand, metropolitan in some ways, and like its ancient namesake built on seven hills.

Following is a clipping from a weekly newspaper in one of the small Georgia villages, the proprietor and editor being an exceedingly crusty old individual, who always makes it his policy to print items of local interest in an honest straightforward manner, and one wonders how it is possible for him to have any circulation at all.

Here are several items reproduced word for word from the issue of the paper which we saw:

"John Doyle, our grocer, is doing a poor business. His store is dirty, dusty, and odoriferous. How can he expect to do much?"

"Rev. Styx preached Sunday night on charity. The sermon was punk. If the reverend gentleman would live up a little closer to what he preaches he'd have larger congregations."

"Dave Sonkey died at his home in this place last Sunday. The doctor gave it out as heart failure. The fact is he was drunk, and whiskey is what killed him. His home was a rented shack on Rowdy Street."

"Married—Miss Sylvia Rhodes and James Canaan, Saturday evening, at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary town girl, who don't know any more about cooking than a rabbit, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means, and has a gait like a fat duck."

All over the South we find that the negro is not considered as a human being, but more as a chattel, something made to work like a machine, with no human feelings or desires such as the white man possesses. He is treated with contempt and scorn, with the result that a negro lives in abject terror of a white man. So closely is the color line drawn that in all public places a separate compartment is always reserved for the negro. At all railroad stations and all trains signs of "Waiting Room For Colored Only," and "This Car For Colored Passengers Only," will be seen.

Now as we proceed northward toward the Tennessee line and approach the southern end of the Alleghanies, the country becomes more rugged and very hilly, while in the distance the blue and indistinct outlines of mountain ranges are seen.

If the gentle reader has infant offspring which

he is at a loss how to name, we suggest the following, all being names of rivers in Georgia: Chattahootchie, Oostanaula, Etowah, and Coosa.

We cross a small range of mountains through a gap, the road winds and twists, and the grade is very steep, but we succeed in crossing without difficulty.

La Fayette, a small hamlet twenty-eight miles from Chattanooga, we reach by an excellent turnpike built by the government.

When within five miles of Chattanooga, we enter into the boundaries of the Chickamauga National Park, which consists of 5,000 acres, and is reserved by the government to commemorate the Battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge fought here during the Civil War. Huge metallic tablets giving names and detailed description of the bodies of troops which occupied this ground during the battles, have been erected at hundreds of places all over the battle ground, so that even a child could follow the movements of the armies during the battle. In many places batteries of cannon are drawn up, occupying the very position which they held during the engagement. There are monuments without number scattered all over the Park in memory of different divisions and regiments, some of them works of art and costing fabulous sums of money.

Chattanooga, with a population of thirty-five thousand, is completely surrounded by mountains,

chief of which is Lookout Mountain, which virtually overhangs the city, although its base is two miles from the city. Through this valley, with many devious twists and turns, the Tennessee River, a yellow, dirty, and muddy stream, flows through the city. The city itself is a conglomeration of odds and ends, and impresses one but little.

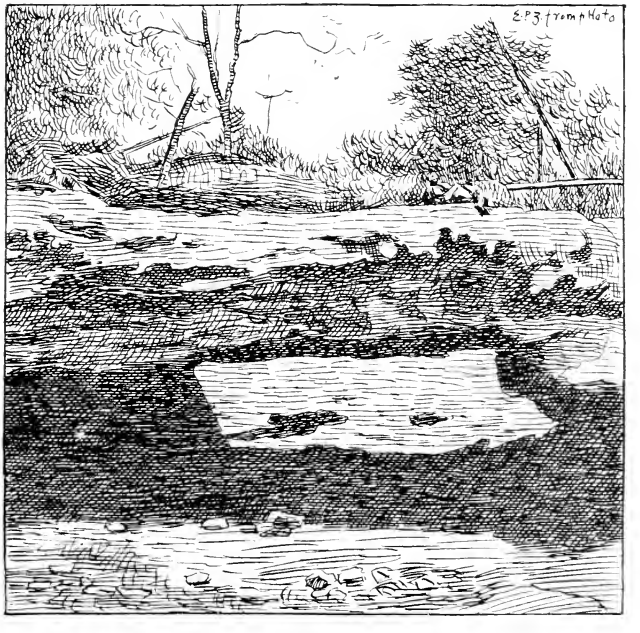
The summit of Lookout Mountain is three thousand feet above the level of Chattanooga. It is reached by a cable car, which ascends almost perpendicularly up the side of the mountain, and is a most daring engineering undertaking, as in some places the grade is fifty-seven feet to every one hundred, and as one looks at it from the city it appears as if it were indeed a vertical incline. For a novelty we decide to climb up the mountain side, although we are told that it will be a most arduous task. We consume several hours in making the ascent, but as we near the top, the government has built steps, with the assistance of which we easily reach the summit. The mountain is in the shape of a triangle, and terminates in a most abrupt and sharp point. A perpendicular wall of bare, bleak rock, nearly fifty feet in height, extends around it near the summit, and this wall is called "The Palisades." All the way up the slope of the mountain we see many markers and monuments which are commemorative of the Battle of Lookout Mountain.

On the extreme point, with one of its extended ends overhanging an abyss which is a sheer drop of several thousand feet, stands what is known as "Umbrella Rock," a huge balanced mass which somewhat resembles an umbrella.

As the top of the mountain was held by the Confederates during the battle, but was afterward evacuated, it has a great deal of historical importance attached to it, so the United States Government is building a massive wall which will enclose this space, the entrance through a most artistic gateway, on each side of which are turrets, a very clever arrangement.

There are many beautiful mansions here, a street car line, and a magnificent and mammoth hotel, which is called "Lookout Inn." We walk farther back on the mountain, where we see "The Natural Bridge," one of the many strange works from the hand of Dame Nature.

We descend by means of the cable car, and although several of the lady passengers aboard sit in the bottom of the car and fervently pray for their safe arrival at the bottom, there is nothing very thrilling or hair-raising in the ride downward.



NATURAL BRIDGE, LOOKOUT MT., TENNESSEE.

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

ACROSS THE CAROLINAS BY MEANS OF "SHANKS MARES."

From Chattanooga we head for Atlanta, which is 138 miles distant, passing through Dalton, Calhoun, Cartersville, and Marietta, all of which can boast of a population of several thousand, and are very neat and attractive. For fifty miles southward it is very mountainous, but we at last get out of the real mountains, yet find that the country is very hilly all the way to Atlanta, while the wagon roads are so very poor, that we are compelled to follow the railroad nearly all the time, although occasionally for a few miles at a time we are able to ride the dirt road.

At a village called Ringgold we spend the night with an ex-Confederate General, who was in the Civil War from the beginning to the bitter end, taking active part in thirty-two different battles, in all of which he received but one slight wound, certainly a most remarkable record. He entertained us with many glowing accounts of various battles, one of which, the Battle of Ringgold Gap, was fought in the immediate vicinity of the village. He exhibited many relics of this battle, giving us out of his large collection, a rusty old bayonet and several bullets, which we appreciated very much.

Along the entire distance to Atlanta, we are constantly passing battle grounds. We spend the night at what is known as Kennesaw, but during the Civil War was Big Shanty, which occupies a most prominent page in history. Here it was that Capt. Andrews of the U. S. A., together with twenty volunteers, who were afterward dubbed "The Andrews' Raiders," in broad daylight, and in the heart of the enemy's country, captured a valuable and important railway engine of the Confederates, known as "The General." They were immediately pursued, but not until they had traveled nearly a hundred miles, and had almost reached their destination in safety did lack of fuel compel them to abandon "The General," and these daring Yankees were compelled to flee for their lives. This is counted one of the most daring acts of the war.

We finally reach Atlanta, capital of Georgia and metropolis of the South, having the usual run of troubles with our machines, and delayed and hindered by rains.

Atlanta is sometimes called "the Chicago of the South," owing to the numerous high buildings known as "sky-scrapers," there being a number of fourteen and seventeen story structures, while the "Coca Cola Co." are building one of twenty-three stories. However, the business section is far from artistic, it being jumbled into a small area, a bewildering mass of irregular streets.

As it is Saturday evening, and the day preceding Easter, we stroll down Decatur Street, which is narrow, dimly lighted, and lined with infamous resorts, a veritable den of iniquity. The bulk of the "dens" are operated by negroes, and it is a "nigger street." Here we enjoy a sight which is certainly unique. The sidewalk is a seething mass of negro men and women, all of whom seem to be in the best of spirits, laughing boisterously and chatting in loud exuberance; innumerable low-class lunch rooms are crowded to overflowing with both sexes, who seem to be eating as if their very lives depended upon it, meanwhile being active participants in the hilarous scene which is taking place around them; here surely is a most happy-go-lucky race of people, whose chief desire in life seems to be to have a light heart and a full stomach always.

At Grant's Park, which is located near the outskirts of the city, we gaze upon a most wonderful painting which is supposed to represent the Battle of Atlanta as it was originally fought during the War. This is in a large circular building called "The Cyclorama," the painting forming the entire side walls of the structure, which one views from a raised platform in the center of the building. In the enclosed ground space are strewn rusty and dilapidated cannon, while through the center there extends what is remaining of a railroad, the original road-bed now being strewn with twisted rails

and debris from the battle, while at different places are dummies representing dead soldiers lying prone upon the ground. The whole is so constructed, and the painting and the real so blend, that for a moment one is unable to distinguish one from the other. The painting itself is a panoramic view of the battle, and represents territory which has a radius of twenty miles. The soldiers, cavalry, artillery, and even the topography of the surrounding country, is so realistic, and the desultory firing, volleys, and discharge of cannon, so accurately depicted, that one almost imagines himself an eye witness to the battle. The cost of this most wonderful painting was $37,500, and five years were consumed in preparing it.

From Atlanta our objective point is Greenwood, South Carolina, which we reach after five days' travel through a most hilly country, where the roads run at will and are bounded by neither fences nor section lines, twisting and angling in all directions, so that many times we are at a loss to know which is the right one.

We are entertained at Winder, Georgia, by one of the officials of the town, which has a population of nearly five thousand; and while on our way to a lecture scheduled for that evening and considered one of the social treats of the year, our attention is attracted to a large blaze which seems to be on the outskirts. We lose no time in rushing to

the scene of the conflagration, for as there is no fire protection whatever here, the aid and assistance of each person is more than welcome. It is a long run of more than half a mile, now across a ploughed field to vault a fence, now to run at break-neck speed down a steep hill, up the other side, and so on. Our august friend, who was very portly and had exceptionally short legs, was easily distanced, and the last time I remember seeing him was when, upon looking over my shoulder, I saw him frantically endeavoring to crowd his huge avoirdupois through an eighteen-inch opening between a pair of bars which answered as a gate, meanwhile puffing like the exhaust on a locomotive, while an ejaculation of surprise and disgust at his failure to crowd through this small space was hurled in rather slow and uncertain accents upon the air. This I pieced together as being: "B-B-B-l-e-s-s M-M-y S-S-S-o-u-l b-u-t this is HELL!"

The fire proved to be a barn from which a house was not far distant, and as there was a stiff wind blowing, there was danger of this catching fire. By this time half of the population of the town was present, some carried buckets of water, while others made haste to carry the furniture out of the house, and all helped in any way that it was possible.

As soon as the night watchman had discovered the fire, he shot his revolver into the air, mean-

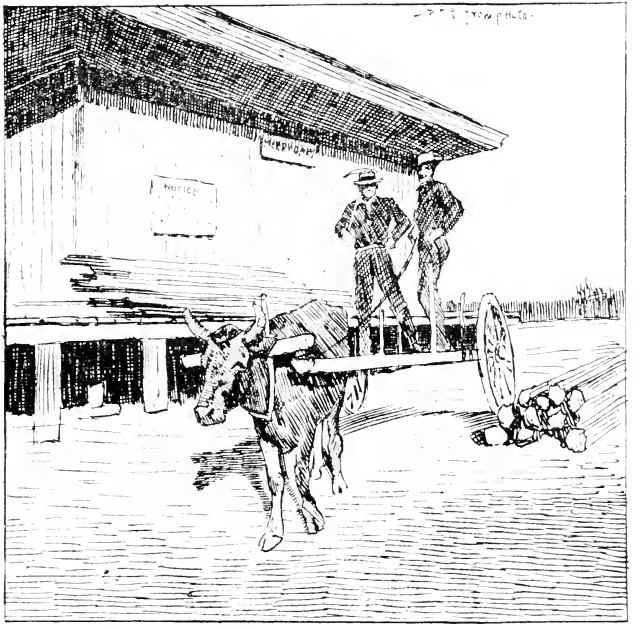
while shouting like a maniac with all his might and main; every school and church bell rang furiously; while the whistles of several manufacturing institutions located here tooted in ear-piercing shrieks, so that pandemonium was on all sides.

But at last the fire is under control, after the structure is almost razed to the ground, and we depart for the lecture, after having been taken in tow by our fat friend.

We find that the state of Georgia on the whole is much better than Alabama, and as we proceed northward and eastward, we note that there are fewer negroes and more white men at labor in the fields. The country seems to be somewhat better, although the houses are of the same type which is predominant in all the southern states, small one-story, unpainted, dreary, and bleak looking cottages.

The Georgia-South-Carolina Boundry is crossed, and we are compelled to take the railroad track for a short distance, after which we find a wagon road which looks fairly good, but we travel less than five miles when we meander off into an impenetrable forest where the road loses itself. We wander around for a time and play hide and seek with ourselves. Accidentally straying upon a lone individual chopping trees into firewood, we are directed aright and go on our way rejoicing.

Here at Greenwood we find that we have traveled 10,031 miles, and have been on the road con-



"THREE OF A KIND."

tinuously a year, lacking four days, covering twenty-nine states and four territories in that time.

Owing to a heavy rain we are compelled to walk the track for fifty miles, passing through small villages, thus consuming two days and finally spending the second night at a place called Whitmore. Here, through the courtesy of one of the officials, we are shown through a cotton mill. We see the raw cotton fed into a huge machine which is located in the basement; then we are taken to the top floor, five stories up, and shown the next process, then every floor in turn until we come to the first floor, where we see the cotton cloth being packed into large bales, the size of which are nearly the same as those which contained the raw cotton when it was first fed into the machinery. Our guide tells us that the machinery alone in this mill cost something like a million dollars, and some of these machines are so complicated and perform so many almost impossible things that they appear almost human. Owing to the fact that there is no compulsory school law in this state, we see innumerable small children, both boys and girls, some of them mere tots, ranging from five to ten years of age, employed at simple tasks, threading their way among the dangerous, roaring, and humming machinery with apparent unconcern. This is surely a touching sight, and is a disgrace to modern civilization. We are told that many of

the older employees are unable to read or write, having been employed since childhood in the mills, so that no opportunity was given them to acquire an education.

With a walk of thirty more miles on the railroad, during which we cross numerous long and high wooden trestles on which the ties are nearly two feet apart, so that one has the enjoyable sensation of peering down into the depths below, Chester, a town of three thousand inhabitants, is reached. The weather now is very hot and sultry, and we perspire freely.

For thirty-six hours, during a continuous downpour of rain, we are held in Chester, but on the morning of the second day, although the sky is overcast and threatening, we make what little progress we can by walking the railroad track. As Chester is but a short distance from the North Carolina state line, during the afternoon we enter into this, our thirtieth state.

Covering a little over one hundred miles, and passing through Monroe and Wadesboro, we arrive at Rockingham, having been compelled to follow the railroad track all the distance, and having several rather peculiar mishaps.

Across a most dangerous trestle spanning the Peedee River, a half mile long, from which on the preceding night a man was hurled into eternity, we pick our way with trembling and shaking limbs, momentarily expecting a train to dash upon

us, perhaps to throw us into the waters of the swift-flowing stream fully a hundred feet below. But it is the only way by which we are able to cross, and though the risk is great we reach the other side to find that we are still together and alive.

At another point, while we step off the track to permit a freight train to pass, an iron rod fully eight feet long, projecting from the trucks of one of the cars deals me a teriffic blow on the leg which fells me to the ground like a log. The pain is so great that I almost faint, but though Darling afterward tells me that my face became as white as chalk, I succeeded in retaining consciousness. Gradually the faintness leaves me, and in the course of twenty minutes, with Darling's assistance, I hobble beneath the shade of a tree nearby. By chafing and constant rubbing I am somewhat relieved and an hour later I am able to proceed, very slowly, it is true, and then only with acute pain at every step. But as we are only a few miles from a village where I procure medical assistance, and where we spend the night, I think myself most fortunate.

We leave Rockingham headed for Raleigh, and after a few miles' travel we find ourselves in an immense wilderness consisting of sand, grub oaks, and underbrush, not a habitation of any description to relieve the monotony, and counting our-

selves fortunate that this is traversed by a railroad.

But like an oasis, after an all day's weary, weary journey in the wilds, Southern Pines, a very pretty resort town, settled by northern people exclusively and dubbed "The Yankee Town" by the natives, is reached and forms a delightful surprise.

At Southern Pines we learn that Raleigh is seventy-five miles away. We follow the railroad until within eight miles of that capital city, but I have great trouble with my tires. I stop frequently to repair punctures, and, at one place, I spend nearly half a day in this pleasing occupation. But strange to relate, I succeeded in riding all the way to Raleigh, a distance of eight miles, over a most excellent road without a single further mishap.

Raleigh is a very pretty little city. The residential portion is traversed by wide streets, well-lined with shade trees and paved with asphalt. At the head of Fayetteville St., the main business thoroughfare on which the brick pavement is so rough that it is really a disgrace to the city, the state house is located. This occupies a square block and is surrounded by well-kept grounds. The building is of very ancient architecture, and the interior is gloomy and forbidding. For such a small city there are quite a number of small park-like resting places in different localities.

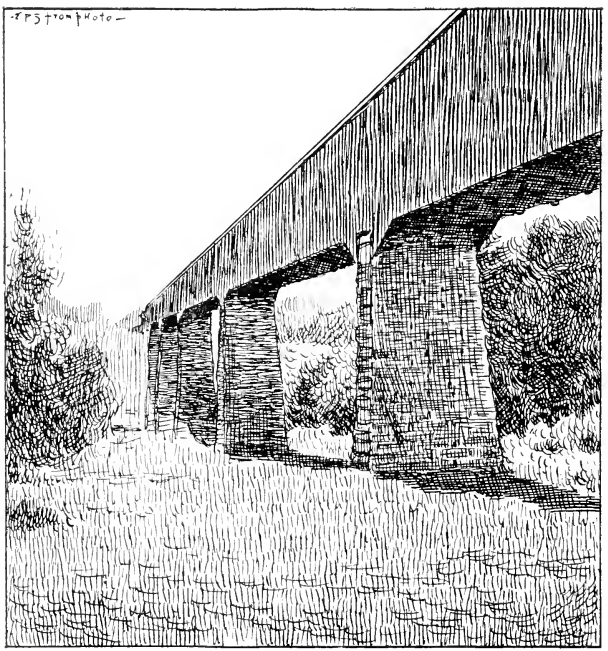
An all night rain which extends into noon of the

next day prevents us from leaving Raleigh, but finally, at two o'clock, "Old Sol" presents his beaming countenance from behind the clouds, and we make haste to depart.

For fifteen miles we have good riding, up hill and down over a built macadamized road, but after this we accidentally stray into a bed of red clay which extends for nearly four miles, and which, for adhesiveness, we found unequaled.

Six o'clock finds us 21 miles from Raleigh at a small town called Wake Forest, at which there is located a small college. Owing to commencement exercises in progress, every available lodging and boarding house in the place is filled to overflowing, of which we are fully satisfied when we make a house to house canvass, all to no avail. Just as we enter this place, I discover that I have a puncture in one of my tires, and as it is now too dark to attempt to repair it to-night, and we can find no accommodations here we walk four miles to the next village, and arrive only to meet another disappointment. There are only three places in the village where accommodations are to be obtained, and these, owing to the fact that there is a traveling concert company from a reform school giving entertainments here, are completely filled. We buy a lunch of crackers and cheese in a grocery and succeed in obtaining the consent of the night operator to stretch ourselves

out upon the floor of the station-room, using our shoes for pillows. During the night a terrible storm rages, the wind blows a gale, while terrific peals of thunder rend the air, which is illuminated by the ghastly flashes of lightning; meanwhile the rain falls in torrents, and all this is made more enjoyable by the passing fast trains which shoot through as if hurled from a catapult.



A PECULIAR RAILROAD TRESTLE, N. C.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

IN WHICH WE HAVE A FEW PLEASING EXPERIENCES WITH THE "OLD DOMINION ARISTOCRACY."

We follow the railroad through the remainder of the state, and cross the line into Virginia, which is the last of the Southern States, for which we are extremely thankful. We pass through Henderson, where we are delayed by rain; while we are canvassing the town, a sympathetic barber takes compassion upon us, and donates to each of us a shave. We certainly do need it, as before the "shearing act" was performed we both looked as if we might be near relatives of "Jo-Jo, The Dog Faced."

We cross several wooden trestles, which are very high and are constructed in the most peculiar manner. A long, shed-like affair, completely enclosed; on the top of which the track is laid, virtually on the roof.

Since we have entered the Southern States, we have experienced a very poor sale for our souvenirs, and this we account for in many ways. The South is far from being in a prosperous condition, and consequently money is not plentiful; there is more prejudice existing against the Northerner, or "the Yankees," as we are called, than one can

imagine; upon canvassing towns, our accent very readily branded us as such, so that the sales were few and far between. Of the $160.00 which we possessed on leaving California, we have but twenty-five dollars, which includes monies received from souvenirs sold in the meantime. Accordingly we have far from a pleasant prospect. Moreover we shall soon travel from Washington, D. C. onward up the Atlantic coast to Portland, Maine, through almost a continuous chain of large cities, so that we shall hardly be on the outskirts of one before we shall find ourselves within the precincts of another, which state of affairs will hardly be propitious for a large sale of souvenirs, so that we begin to have forebodings of not being able to live up to the conditions of the wager for the purse of $5,000, but we resolve at least to do our best.

One hundred and six miles of travel over the railroad track in Virginia brings us to Richmond, passing through a country which is not much better than any of the other Southern States, more particularly Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolinas, presenting a wild and barren appearance, although there seems to be more acreage cultivated in Virginia than in some of the others.

We have several amusing experiences with the aristocratic Virginian families, many of which, after the war, having lost all their negro servants, are forced to earn their living by other means than tilling the soil. Many, especially in the smaller

towns and villages, conduct a sort of combination hotel and boarding-house.

At a small village in which there is only one place where strangers are accommodated and which a family, descendants of the old aristocracy of Virginia, are the proprietors, after much haggling and pleading and being compelled to pay our bill in advance, we are finally admitted, but even then only with suspicion and overbearing contempt, to which we are subjected chiefly because our apparel does not appear genteel. The hostess, gowned in spotless white, is accompanied by her mother, and both examine us much as if we are a species of animal recently discovered, but, as the scrutiny appears to be dissatisfying, each with an aristocratic toss of the head, which has doubtless been practiced many times until proficiency has been acquired, turn on their heels and leave, advising us, in a voice which would transform burning flame into icicles, that if there is anything about which we need information we shall find the negro porter in the back room.

At supper we are not permitted to eat at the table with the others, but are given a small table at one side, and by many ways we are given to understand that we are social inferiors to these aristocratic lineal descendants of the blue-blooded Virginians. Instead of being hurt by these many snubs, on the contrary we are much amused. We learn that these people are dependent upon guests

for their support, and that even the house in which they conduct their hostelry is rented, and yet they think themselves ARISTOCRATS! This is a fair sample of many of the old Virginian families, too proud to work, some of which nearly starve themselves that they may be able to dress in the height of fashion.

We have much difficulty on account of frequent rains, and nearly every night there is a thunder storm, followed the next day by a hot, sweltering, and blazing sun.

So far in this state we have passed through but one town, which is Petersburg, and outside of this there are only a few scraggy and forlorn-looking villages.

Richmond is but twenty-two miles from Petersburg, and to reach the capital we follow the railroad the entire distance, there being little villages and stations but a few miles apart.

Of all the cities which it has been our pleasure to see, Richmond has positively the worst and roughest pavement of any. It is situated in a most hilly region, and it is hardly possible to travel over a quarter of a mile on any street without being compelled to climb a steep ascent. If one desires to live in Richmond, lessons should first be taken of the famous and world-renowned Swiss mountain-climbers.

There are innumerable historical features attached to this rather sleepy old city. We view the

former residence of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis; an old and quaint building used by George Washington as his military headquarters during the Revolutionary War; the famous Washington monument which stands in the capitol grounds; the Robert E. Lee monument; the former site of that den of horrors, Libby Prison, and many others of a like nature.

The state capitol is situated on the side of a hill and is a most common affair, but is placed in the midst of a spacious park, at one side of which is the Governor's Mansion.

Directly back of the state house, on Broad St., stands the city hall of Richmond, a most magnificent building, a bewildering mass of turrets and spires, the interior of which is resplendent in marbles and color decorations.

There are but few metropolitian features in Richmond, and the architecture of the buildings is of very old style, although the residential section does much to off-set the uncouth appearance and narrow streets of the business portion. There are innumerable small parks, while "The Jefferson," "Murphy's," and "The Richmond" are the leading hotels in the city.

In many sections throughout the South we have noticed that prisoners are compelled to labor in digging excavations, improving roads, and many other menial tasks of a like nature, dressed in the regulation striped suits under the scrutiny of a

guard who carries a loaded gun ready for instant use.

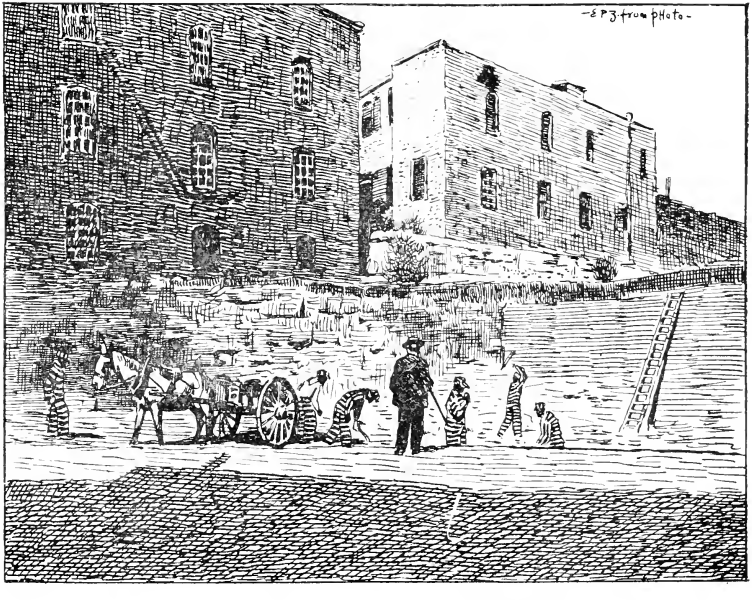
We find that we are 116 miles from Washington. We travel nearly seventy miles on the railroad track, a double track system nearly all the way, on which there is fairly good riding. The country is fully as wild as it was in the southern part of the state, and small villages consisting of a few stores and about the same number of houses range several miles apart.

We reach Fredericksburg, which is a town of six thousand inhabitants, and, judging from appearance, about that many years old. Narrow streets, with styles of architecture which were in vogue during the Revolutionary times, while a quietness and air of indolence and repose hovers in the air. Certainly a most sleepy town. Here is located the home of George Washington's mother, a very small yellow brick house.

Shortly after leaving Fredericksburg we cross the historic Rappahannock River over a very high and long steel railway trestle, beneath which at least a hundred feet the yellow waters eddy and boil.

At a small village called Quantico, we are unable to purchase either meals or lodging, and are compelled to buy a lunch in one of the stores and spend the night in the depot.

Mile after mile we follow near the shore of the mighty Potomac, which at its widest point is four



"THE WAY THEY DO IT IN THE SOUTH."

and a half miles in width. This is a beautiful river, its clear limpid waters rolling onward without a murmur or ripple.

When fourteen miles from Alexandria we learn that from this point onward there is a good wagon road, and we gladly leave the track to travel over the hilliest kind of country, but over a fairly good road. When within seven miles of our destination, Darling has the misfortune to break the frame of his machine, which necessitates our covering the balance of the distance by the aid of the "relay."

Alexandria is practically a suburb of Washington, being but seven miles distant, and has a population of about twenty thousand. There are many historical features attached to it, chief of which are, "the Old Christ Church," where Washington worshipped; "Ye Braddock," and "Ye Carlyle" hotels, very ancient and interesting structures; while seven miles from the city, at Mt. Vernon, is the birth-place and home of Washington. In various portions of the city are many ancient and old-style colonial structures suggestive of Revolutionary days.

As Darling is unable to get his bicycle repaired in the manner that he wishes here in Alexandria, we arise early and use our "relay," reaching Washington, the capital city of the glorious United States of America, before the city is astir.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

BEAUTIFUL WASHINGTON AND HISTORICAL PHILADELPHIA.

Without doubt Washington is the most beautiful city in the whole United States. Wide, park-like streets, lined with a wealth of shade trees, even the main business thoroughfare, Pennsylvania Ave., being softened and made beautiful by the green foliage of occasional trees.

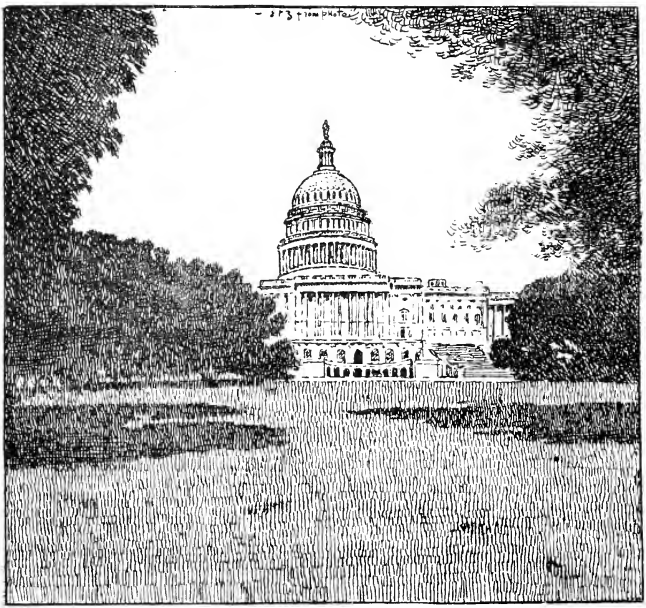
Washington Monument, rising to the stupendous height of 555 feet, being the highest monument in the world, and undoubtedly one of the most famous, towers above the city, a grim and austere sentinel. It is surrounded by spacious grounds, which are in the form of a circle, in the center of which is situated the monument, constructed of huge granite blocks. The base is fifty feet square, and from this the monument gradually becomes smaller, until, five hundred feet from "terra firma," the four sides begin to slope more abruptly inward until they form a sharp apex, 555 feet from earth. On the interior the top is reached by an elevator which is in charge of a most courteous uniformed attendant, an employee of the Government, there being no charge whatever; or if one wishes to walk, there are iron stairs, by

climbing which one can see the innumerable memorial stones which are inlaid in the walls at various places from top to bottom, there being one from every state and territory in the Union, and from the majority of the large cities. Five hundred feet upward is as far as one is permitted to ascend; here are four small windows, one on each side of the towering structure, through which one can obtain a view of the city. Owing to the enormous height it seems as if the wind is blowing a gale.

The Executive Mansion, or "White House," by which it is better known, we visit. A portion is open to tourists and strangers, so that we have an opportunity of seeing the much talked about and famous "East Room," in which the Presidential receptions and the more important social functions are held. The interior is so beautiful, that the furnishings and decorations fairly dazzle the eye; the chandeliers by which the room is lighted are hugh masses of cut-glass which shimmer and sparkle like myriads of precious jewels. The exterior and interior of the mansion is most closely guarded by innumerable Secret Service men, but while the visitors are treated by them in the most courteous manner, beneath their suave manners one can detect a most wary watchfulness.

In turn we are shown through the Army and Navy building, a most magnificent and imposing edifice, in which are the offices of the heads of the

Army and Navy, the two departments employing some hundred of clerks; the United States Treasury Building, in which, under the leadership of a guide, we see more currency and money than we ever hope to see at any future time. In this institution there are a host of ladies employed, young and old, and we are told that the salaries paid are very good, so that it makes a most pleasant and at the same time, lucrative occupation; the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, which is also a most interesting sight; the National Capitol, which is situated at the head of Pennsylvania Ave. We inspect it from the top of the dome to the basement and from wing to wing, and surely it is a most wonderful and beautiful structure, and the native American can well feel proud that America has such a building as the real seat of the Nation. The interior decorations and furnishings are most beautiful. As we ascend to the dome, we pause an instant in horror to observe several painters on a narrow ledge not much more than two feet wide, which extends on the interior of the dome, where a slight misstep or a sudden giddiness would precipitate them through space to be dashed, a pulpy mass of flesh and bones, on the marble floor fully two hundred feet below! Next we visit the Congressional Library, which is located directly back of the Capitol, and is without doubt the most wonderful and most beautiful building in the whole world. The interior is im-



UNITED STATES CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

possible to describe with justice; suffice it to state that the total cost of this magnificent edifice was $6,500,000, and on its shelves are 2,300,000 volumes. Immediately upon entering an exclamation of delight and surprise is forced from the most apathetic, and one pauses to wonder how the hand of man could possibly construct such a veritable scene of enchantment, transported apparently from the realms of fairy land. Many kinds of marbles and precious stones aid in making this the most artistic achievement of the age, as even the best connoiseurs of the world admit.

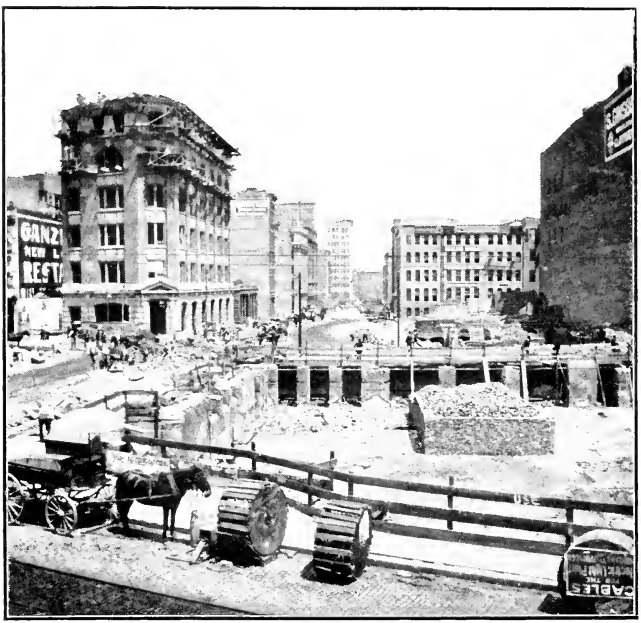
It is with feelings of regret that we leave this most beautiful and attractive city behind us, and travel to Baltimore, which is fifty miles distant, and at which we arrive at five o'clock in the afternoon, having left the capital city at 8:35 a.'m.

We ride over a fine stone road nearly all the way, and are constantly either climbing hills or being dashed with terriffic velocity down a steep decline, but as the road is excellent, we notice this ruggedness but little. A little more than an hour's travel brings us out of the boundaries of the District of Columbia into the state of Maryland. From here on until we arrive at Baltimore our way is through a most beautiful and picturesque country, all land under cultivation, green fields on every side, either of growing crops or green meadow, here and there dotted by small clumps of trees, surely a most pleasant and refreshing scene after

having traveled through the barren and desolate Southwestern and Southern States.

In this entire ride we have no trouble with our machines except that we are compelled to stop to repair one or two punctures. When within ten miles of our destination, we virtually enter into the precincts of Baltimore, as from here onward the space is occupied by suburbs, of which there are many, and which seem to adjoin one another, so that it is almost a continuous thickly populated district, until we reach the heart of Baltimore.

Although this is the sixth city in size in the United States, it gives one the impression of a small boy who has outgrown himself. It is located in a most hilly region, and the most of the pavement in the business section is of a rough-hewn granite block, which makes far from a beautiful or smooth surface. The extensive area of the burned district, in which the principal business houses of the city were located, and was practically the city's heart and industrial center is larger than any one could imagine. Laborers and skilled mechanics are laboring with all possible haste in constructing huge and massive "sky-scrapers;" everywhere in this region is a scene of confusion and bustling, and of teeming energy; the air is filled with the hoarse shouts of men in command, the wheeze and clatter of dummy engines, and the hissing and escaping steam from the colossal cranes. Although innumerable mammoth struc-



EXACT LOCATION (X) OF BEGINNING OF GREAT BALTIMORE FIRE.

tures have already been erected in this district, to the casual observer it hardly seems noticeable.

The city has many beauty spots, chief of which is Mt. Vernon Place. It is a small park, a square block, which is situated on the side of a hill in the most aristocratic portion of the city, in the center of which is an impressive monument, a stone tower something like a hundred feet in height, the top of which is surmounted by a bronze statue of George Washington. The bottom has several fountain arrangements, which lend to the scene attractiveness and freshness.

This is positively a city of flats, there being block after block and mile after mile of nothing else. We also see the Johns Hopkins Hospital, which is claimed to be the largest institution of its kind in the world.

We leave Baltimore in the afternoon bound for Wilmington, Delaware. Darkness finds us at a small village which bears the name of Abingdon at which we are unable to obtain accommodations, as there is no hotel or boarding-house, or any people who make a practice of sheltering the weary traveler. Although we are ravenous, we can find no place to buy a meal, and are forced to resort to a grocery, where the old story is repeated, and we fill our interiors with a lunch of sardines, crackers, and cheese. While we eat our rather scanty repast, we are plied with many questions with reference to our trip by several persons, who

with a number of others are lounging in all attitudes on cracker barrels, boxes, etc., as is the custom in small villages, to all of which, between courses of cheese and crackers, we do our best to reply. One of the group, an old man, upon learning that we have no prospect of a place to sleep, proffers his assistance, telling us to come with him down to his house, and that even though he and his partner were living together, and sort of keeping bachelor's retreat, he thought that possibly he would be able to find some place for us to stretch ourselves.

Our friend, with the aid of several horse blankets and pieces of carpet, makes us a most comfortable "bunk" on the floor, in which we spend a very restful night in delicious slumber.

We are awakened the next morning at five o'clock, and bidden to partake of a breakfast which is most appetizing, and to which we surely do justice, fully attesting to the success of the culinary efforts of our hosts.

We make a ride of fifty-four miles today, reaching Wilmington, over very fine roads, with no difficulty with our machines, through a pretty country with small towns and villages scattered every few miles, and what more can we wish? This certainly is "God's Own Country."

From Havre De Grace, which is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna River, we are compelled to cross the river on a trestle nearly a mile across.

We ride over this on a ten inch board which is laid between the tracks, rather a ticklish experience, but made necessary by the frequent passing of trains.

Wilmington, although it has a population of eighty thousand, has a business section which is more fitting for a large village, there being a notable absence of the high buildings which are so common to the Eastern cities. This also is a city of tenements, and their grim, forbidding, and squalid rows greet one on every side. This metropolis of the state of Delaware boasts of forty-eight miles of paved streets, and the same mileage of street car lines.

Here is situated the Old Swedes' Church, built in 1698 A. D. by the Swedish colonists, the original building now standing and in use, being the oldest church in America founded by the colonists now in actual use. The walls at the base are seven feet thick and at the eaves two feet, a most quaint looking building, located in the midst of a grave yard, where are buried bodies which have lain at rest for the last two hundred years. The inside of this ancient structure is fitted with pews, the same style as those in vogue in colonial times.

Something like a half mile from the church in the midst of a dumping ground for the city's sewage and garbage, there is a small rock enclosed by an iron fence, which bears the following inscription: "This stone is a portion of the rock on

which landed the first Swedish colonists in America, 29, March, 1638. On this spot stood Fort Christina. Here the Swedes held their first civil courts, and in the chapel of the fort celebrated their first Christian worship in the New World.''

A scanty stream of water which flows sluggishly with extreme difficulty over innumerable rocky boulders with which its bed is completely covered, and which closely resembles a brooklet, is the noted Brandywine, which Washington made famous during the unequal struggle for independence in '76.

A thirty mile ride over the best kind of roads, all turnpike, brings us into Philadelphia. This road is so thickly populated that it is almost the same as traveling through a continuous city. Chester, which is sixteen miles from the metropolis, and located on the Delaware River, has connected with it a most historical event. Standing on the exact spot on which William Penn landed on the soil of America in October 28, 1682, protected from the unscrupulous by stout iron bars, is a portion of the original rock on which this most historical individual disembarked in his new domain.

Philadelphia, which ranks third in size of the large cities of the United States, is the most perfectly laid out city in the Union. No crooked, angling streets here, but all extend directly to the four points of the compass, and this, together with the most simple method of numeration of dwelling

and business places, makes it an ideal city for the tourist and stranger to visit. Most metropolitan in build, with innumerable towering and frowning structures, the highest of which is the Land and Title Building, boasting of twenty-three stories, and the next highest being that of the Philadelphia North American, two stories lower than its neighbor. The main business street of the city is Broad St., which extends due north and south, 113 feet wide and of uniform width in its entire length, the longest street in the world, being exactly twenty miles from end to end, paved mostly with asphalt. As the city occupies the entire County of Philadelphia, the City Hall is also the Court House and is a most impressive and magnificent structure occupying a whole square, situated in the very center of the bustling life of the metropolis. This is built in the form of a castle, the center of which is a huge court yard; seven stories in height, surmounted by a colossal tower on the top of which rises a statue of William Penn, this image of the founder of this glorious city being in itself thirty-seven feet in height. The crown of Penn's hat is exactly 548 feet above the pavement, or only seven feet lower than the apex of the Washington monument in Washington. As appearances with reference to height are very deceptive, we are inclined to be incredulous, but through the courtesy of one of the officials of the city we are permitted to ascend to the very top, a platform

which extends around the base of the statue of William, and after taking one look upon the tops of the tall sky-scrapers, the tallest of which are far below us, we are speedily convinced. We are told that this glorious edifice has a floor space of fourteen and a half acres, and occupies four and a half acres.

We are courteously shown through the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, which is the most aristocratic in Philadelphia, and are well nigh dazzled by the splendor and luxuriousness of its equipment.

In the evening we stroll through the tenement district, and behold a most unique and interesting scene. All sizes, types, kinds, and colors of children, ranging from small tots hardly able to walk to large boys and girls, are playing in the most boisterous manner, meanwhile dodging the traffic and just stepping aside in the nick of time as a street car passes. The street from curb to curb is crowded with laughing, shouting, playing children and one stops to pause and wonder where they all came from. The side walk is also a crowded jam of hurrying humanity, young girls and young men, with a goodly number of the older generation; the majority of the business places which line the street are proprietored by descendants of the Hebrew family, being mostly pawn shops, second hand, and clothing stores, in passing which it is almost impossible to evade the sentinels who are stationed on the walk and whose duty it is to keep a wary

eye for all the promising pedestrians, to persuade them and to use if necessary a small amount of force to direct the wandering foot steps of the prospective customer to the inside of the shop, where he turns him over to the tender mercies of a gentleman with a hooked nose, whose duty it is to sell you something before you leave, and in which he generally succeeds.

As Philadelphia abounds with historical localities and features, we spend the greater part of a day in "sight-seeing." On Chestnut Street stands that building most famous, most noted, and dearest to the heart of the true American, Independence Hall, where this grand and glorious republic received its birth by that simple act, yet which meant so much, the signing of the Declaration of Independence, on July 4th, 1776. The entire building is open to visitors and is full of all manner of relics, chief and most important of which is the Liberty Bell, which is about three and a half feet high. This is a brief history of it: cast in England in 1752; recast in Philadelphia 1753; rang for Independence July 8, 1776; July 8, 1835 broke while tolling for death of Chief Justice Marshall of the U. S.

Independence Hall exhibits the silver ink stand which was used in the signing of the Declaration of Independence; a piece of the original elm under which Wm. Penn in 1682 made the treaty with the Indians; (this tree blew down on March 5, 1810);

sofas and chairs used by Washington and Penn; through a glass plate inlaid in the present floor we see beneath it the original floor, when the hall was first built; and lastly, the Declaration of Independence, the original document, guarded from wear and injury by a covering of glass.

Next we have the pleasure of standing in the very room of the "Betsy Ross House" in which the first American flag was made, "the real birthplace of Old Glory," this quaint little house of peculiar architecture stands on Arch Street and is surrounded by frowning and gloomy buildings. Also, a little farther up this street, in the very heart of the bustling life of the city, separated from the street by a stone wall, is a very small cemetery, where rest many of the noted persons who labored to build this present nation, which is one of the powers of the world, among which peacefully resting beneath two large slabs of stone are that noted scientist and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, and his wife.

In course of construction are an elevated railway which is to traverse the outskirts, and a subway which will undermine the business section, and by which the present transportation system will be very much relieved.

Philadelphia is an ideal city in almost every respect. It is very level, and Broad Street, its principal thoroughfare, is positively without a superior.

BROAD ST., PHILADELPHIA, LOOKING TOWARD CITY HALL.

As we leave the heart of Philadelphia behind us, it is with feelings of genuine regret, and we feel as if are leaving an old friend. Our route now lies up the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware to Trenton, New Jersey, at which place we cross into our thirty-fifth state.

As Trenton is but thirty-eight miles from Philadelphia, and nearly half of this distance is covered before we are even out of the real limits of the latter city, we reach our destination traveling over the best of stone road in less than half a day's travel.

Trenton, although the capital of the state, and with a population of seventy thousand, has not much which would interest the stranger and tourist. The Capitol building is of the dome variety, but not so pronounced as the majority, rather small and insignificant from the exterior, but the interior is one of opulence, magnificence, and splendor, made as beautiful as lavish decorations and tinted marbles and costly stones can make. It is claimed that Washington crossed the Delaware but eight miles above Trenton, and as a commemoration of this most historical event there stands in a small park a large, stone column, one hundred and fifty feet in height, surmounted by a statue of the General.

We are now but seventy miles from New York City, to reach which we travel through almost a continuous stretch of towns and cities, among

which are Princeton, New Brunswick, Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City, all of which are large cities.

This distance we travel over a most beautiful macadamized road which is as smooth as a floor. We meet hosts of automobiles going in the opposite direction, and these we learn are on their way down to the sea-shore, the most of them hailing from New York City, this being Saturday afternoon, and all business ceasing at noon in the metropolis.

Six miles from Trenton brings us to Lawrenceville, where there is a preparatory school for Princeton University, and four miles farther on this same road, we come to the University itself situated in the town of the same name. Most beautiful and spacious grounds surround the University buildings, and an air of delicate refinement, wealth, and luxury suggests that this is a college of learning for the aristocrats only.

For long distances the road runs alongside the tracks of the Pennsylvania R. R., which has a four track system from Baltimore to New York, and on which innumerable passenger trains dash by us at frequent intervals at an incredible rate of speed.

We stop only long enough in Newark, although it has a population of over two hundred thousand, to get our credentials, after which we leave immediately for Jersey City, which is but seven

miles distant, there being a solid stretch of marsh between the two cities over which a plank road has been built.

Jersey City, being across the Hudson River from New York City, has most of its vitality sapped by its more powerful neighbor, so that there is not much of which to boast, though it has more than 200,000 inhabitants.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

NEW YORK, THE MOST WONDERFUL CITY IN THE WORLD.

We spend the night in New Jersey and early Sunday morning we cross on the ferry to New York, landing at the foot of Cortlandt Street, up which we travel until the famous Broadway is reached. As it is only about seven o'clock in the morning, and Sunday, we are disappointed at the quiet scene which meets our eye, for there are but few upon the streets, and that unceasing jam and crush of humanity with which we supposed that Broadway would be filled either day or night was absent, so that we voted it a failure.

We spend three and a half very pleasant days in this the greatest and most wonderful city in the world, in which we see many of those attractions and stupendous undertakings from which it has acquired so much of its fame and prestige.

To attempt to describe New York by piecemeal, would be trying to accomplish the impossible, so I will but touch on the most interesting and important points.

Hosts of "sky scrapers" line Broadway from the Battery northward for several miles, so that although the width of this street is much more than the average, the towering structures on each

side almost shut out the daylight and make it resemble an alley. The highest building in the city is the Park Row, thirty-two stories in height, which stands but a short distance from the City Hall, in the heart of the down-town section on lower Broadway. After we see the city on a week-day, when Broadway at almost any point is a hurrying, rushing, and jamming mass of clanging street cars, wagons, drays, automobiles, runabouts, and almost every other kind of vehicle, and through this maze seemingly in danger of life and limb, pedestrians thread their way, surely this hardly seems the tranquil and peaceful street which we beheld but yesterday.

"The Tombs," the city jail, which has been made famous by many writers, stands on Garden St. in the heart of the down-town section, a grim, gloomy, and forbidding looking structure, bristling with turrets and surrounded by a high wall. This structure is connected with the Court-House which stands on the opposite side of the street by a stone passage-way extending from the second story of each building, which, after the more famous passage of Venice, is called "The Bridge of Sighs," certainly a most fitting appellation.

"The noted "Flat Iron" building, which has a height of twenty stories, and stands at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Twenty-third Street, is indeed a peculiar novelty in architectural construction.

Central Park, made as beautiful and attractive as fabulous expenditures of money can make, is situated four miles from the city hall, beginning at 59th Street, and extending to 110th Street, fifty-one blocks or a little more than two and a half miles in length, bounded on one side by Fifth Avenue and on the other by Eighth Avenue. This vast park is the more wonderful because of the fact that it is located almost in the very heart of the city, occupying ground which is extremely valuable.

Commencing at 72nd Street and extending northward, directly along the banks of the Hudson, is the famous Riverside Drive, which is to New York what the Lake Shore Drive is to Chicago, a very wide park-like boulevard lined with delicious resting-places made attractive with the aid of beds of flowers, small fountains, green turf, and garden seats without number.

Also on this Drive, at 123rd Street, stands the tomb of General U. S. Grant, a fitting mausoleum for so great a general and statesman.

Madison Square Garden, which is one of the most noted convention and assembly halls in the Union, is situated at 28th Street and Madison Avenue, occupying a complete square, surmounted by a very high tower capped by a glistening statue of bronze representing Mercury.

The New York Hippodrome, at 43d and Fifth Avenue, the largest theatre in the world, with a

capacity of 5,200 people; the Grand Central Station, which is located but a few blocks from the Hippodrome, from which one can step onto trains which will carry you to any portion of this vast continent; the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, located at 34th and Fifth Avenue, the most famous hostelry in New York City, are a few of the most noted edifices in the vicinity of upper Broadway.

A maze of elevated railway, surface electric lines, and the Subway, handle the enormous and crushing traffic with perfect ease, and although all things move with the characteristic swiftness of a large city, there is no confusion, but like a gigantic machine the mechanism rolls smoothly, undisturbed.

We ride on the Subway and marvel at this stupendous undertaking to complete which cost the city of New York $50,000,000, there being a total of twenty miles of this subterranean transportation. Four tracks are parallel to each other, on each pair trains running in opposite directions; on two of the tracks the trains stopping at every station, all underground about five blocks apart, while on the remaining two tracks the Subway Express, which travels at almost the rate of a mile a minute, runs through in each direction. The Express stops but five times in traversing seven miles, with the result that residents of the outskirts who desire to reach the down-town section as quickly as possible patronize the Express. The

trains, like those on the Elevated, are run in seven to eight cars on each, the power being taken from an electric "third rail" which extends alongside of the tracks.

It is a pleasure to travel with a bicycle or any other kind of vehicle over the streets of New York, the predominating pavement being asphalt which is as smooth as glass.

Wall Street, which holds largely in its control the commerce and finance of all the powers of the world, is a crooked and narrow street lined with towering and frowning buildings, between which it is almost impossible for the rays of sunlight to penetrate to the gloomy depths below. It is only a few blocks in length, and insignificant in appearance. Around the corner from Wall Street on Broad Street, is situated the Stock Exchange, to which after much difficulty we obtain a permit to pass into the interior to the spectators' gallery. Below us is a scene of pandemonium. The air is filled with a thunderous roar of human voices, while the vast marble floor below is filled with a struggling, shouting, jamming mass of men, while intermingled with the members of the Exchange and almost as large a number are messengers in gray uniform, who dart hither and thither, so that the whole looks very much like a very large hive of bees at work.

New York is built on a very long and narrow island which is called Manhattan, and the south-

ern portion of this island terminates in a sharp point on which is located Battery Park, where one can gaze out upon the waters of New York Harbor to the point where on Bedloe's Island, her uplifted hand grasping the torch of civilization, stands the colossal statue of Liberty, Enlightening the World; near it is Ellis' Island, headquarters for the emigrants immediately upon their arrival on American soil; while on its other side is the circular mass of Governor's Island.

With the intention of climbing to the top of the Statue of Liberty, we board a small steamer bound for Bedloe's Island.

With the assistance of iron stairs on the interior of the structure, we ascend to the very top of this noted statue, and, through an orifice in the top of the head we have a most perfect view of the city of New York, which lies three miles away, presenting a solid front of high buildings. This statue, which was a gift from France to the United States, is 351 feet in height, including its stone base. Also on the island there is an army post, at which troops are stationed at all times of the year.

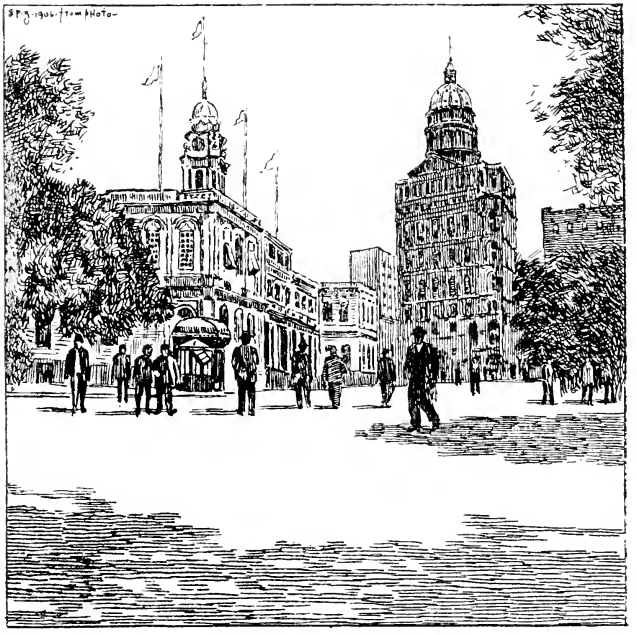
The Brooklyn and the New Williamsburg Suspension Bridges, both of which connect New York City with Brooklyn, are indeed most wonderful; the length of the former is one and one-fifth miles, while the latter is one and one-half. The distance above the water is about the height of a common

five-story building, while two lines of elevated railway, two lines of street railway, two roadways for vehicles and a passageway for pedestrians traverses each.

To leave New York without seeing Coney Island would be like partaking of a most sumptuous dinner without having any dessert. Here is the culmination of the efforts of the amusement enterprises of the country, which places before the public many and varied forms of glittering attractions, to see all of which would take a small fortune. Without doubt there is only one Coney Island in the world, and nothing else along its own peculiar line can in any way compare with it.

At last our sight-seeing is completed, and we leave this most wonderful city behind us. We travel thirteen miles before we are out of its precincts, the streets numbering as high as 236th Street.

The first place of any importance reached is White Plains, twenty-seven miles from New York, with a population of fifteen thousand.



CITY HALL AND WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

WE CROSS THREE STATES AND REACH THE ROCK BOUND COAST OF MAINE.

We work eastward as far as New Haven, which is sixty-four miles' ride from White Plains, through a thickly populated district, virtually being one continuous city, there being towns and cities but short distances from one another, with good roads all the way, and having no trouble with our bicycles. Surely the tide has turned, and we have seen an end of our trials and tribulations.

New Haven is a very large city, but hardly worthy of especial mention except that in the very heart of the city the famous Yale College is located.

A ride of fifty miles over excellent roads and through a somewhat hilly country, with innumerable towns, brings us to the capital city of the state of Connecticut, Hartford, a most beautiful city.

The citizens of Connecticut may well feel proud of their state house, a most magnificent and imposing edifice of Gothic architecture, bristling with spires, and to the stranger appearing like a cathedral. Spacious and beautiful grounds surround it, and but a short distance from it there flows a small stream which winds in graceful

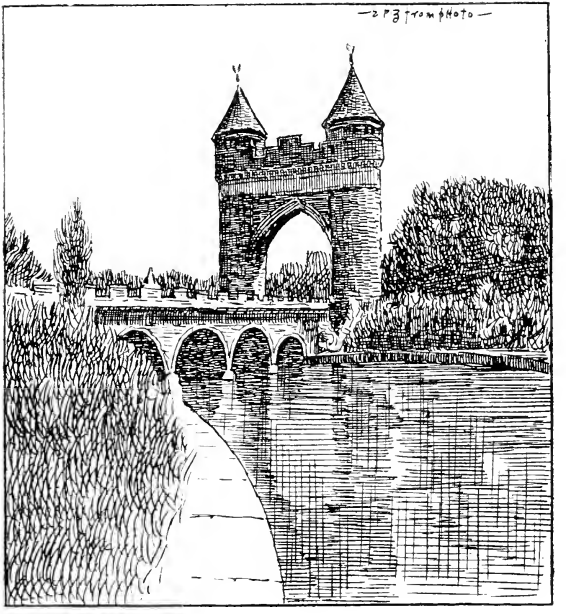
curves through the park-like grounds, at one place this stream is spanned by a massive stone bridge, at one end of which is an arched gateway, each side capped by two high stone turrets. This is called the Memorial Arch, and is commemorative of the veterans of the Civil War and those who in the bloody struggle lost their lives.

The distance of ninety-three miles between Hartford and Providence, Rhode Island, we cover in one day. The roads are very bad, frequent beds of sand, and such hills! These are the worst roads that we have traveled since leaving Washington. In this space there are a few straggling villages, Willimantic being the largest, most of which are supported by woolen and cotton mills. The country on the whole surprises us by its roughness, especially in this portion of Connecticut.

Although Providence has the distinguished honor of being the capital city of the smallest state in the Union, namely Rhode Island, and ranks as twentieth in size of all the cities of the United States, most of the city is composed of twisting, irregular, and very narrow streets, while the most of the pavement is frightfully rough.

The capitol building, interior and exterior, is constructed of white marble throughout, and as it is built on a hill, this is transformed into a white glittering and dazzling mass.

While being photographed in the office of the



MEMORIAL ARCH, HARTFORD, CONN.

Providence Telegram, our machines peacefully resting in front of the building, in some explicable manner a blundering drayman, in attempting to drive through a very narrow alley alongside the newspaper building, accidentally knocks the bicycles down, and before any of the bystanders, a crowd of whom were curiously examining the veterans of long travel, could rescue them, one of the machines, which happened to be mine, was immediately and in the twinkling of an eye transformed into a twisted mass of steel spokes and splintered wood, with a gaping hole cut in the tire. Fortunately the other bicycle escaped injury.

We were delayed nearly a day before the repairs could be completed on my machine, immediately whereupon we leave for classic Boston, which we are told is fifty miles away.

We arrive at our destination in less than half a day's travel, having found all the way excellent roads, although somewhat hilly, with innumerable villages and towns scattered along the way.

We spend but a day and a half in this the fifth city in size in the U. S., and part of this time there is a steady drizzle. We are very much disappointed in Boston as a city, a jumbled mass of crooked and very narrow streets, a veritable "mystic maze." Our "sight-seeing" here is under great difficulties, for even though we ask many of the inhabitants the exact location of some of the principal historical points of interest, they

state that they themselves would be able to find the places, but are at a loss to know how to direct us; one gray-haired old man, who stated that he had lived in "the Hub" all his life, in answer to our queries, rummaged in one of his pockets, producing a pocket map of the city, on which he endeavored to show our route through this most tortuous and weblike city, adding that as a matter of safety he oftentimes was compelled to refer to his map to be able to find his way home.

Heading for Faneuil Hall, "the Cradle of Liberty," after turning and twisting along the angling streets and inquiring of innumerable pedestrians, and just when we were about to give up in despair, we turn another corner, and there the object of our search stands surrounded by reeking shambles, and upon investigation, we find that even the lower part of this most famous and historical structure is devoted to the use of a large meat market, from which the pleasant and delightful odors of fresh meats are wafted, surely a strange place for the venders of meats! With what reverential patriotism the inhabitants of Boston must regard this grand old building to allow such proceedings. The second story of the building, however, is reached by a stairway in the rear, and the interior is decorated in a most fitting manner, the hall being open to tourists at all times and in charge of a courteous old man.

After taking several more doses of the crooked

streets, after which our physical condition is bordering upon sea-sickness, we see the following interesting historical buildings: the Old State House, the front of each corner of which is surmounted by gilded images of the Lion and the Unicorn, emblems of the British Government, at one side of which structure was the scene of the Boston Massacre; the Old North Church, from the high belfry of which the lanterns which started Paul Revere on his famous ride, were hung, and which is hemmed in by foul-smelling and dirty tenements; the Old South Church, once used as barracks for British Red Coats, almost hidden from view by towering "sky-scrapers;" the home of Paul Revere, a three-story tenement, now occupied by natives of "Sunny Italy."

We visit the present capitol building, the gilded dome of which is the pride of Boston and of the state of Massachusetts, and which is situated at one side of the famous Boston Common, the latter being a very large area of land, part of which is fitted as a park, but the greater part resembles a large field. The exterior of the Capitol, crowded as it is into a small space, bordered by residences on one side and a small park-line area on its other, impresses one but little; however the interior is most beautiful and artistic. The Memorial Hall seems positively aglow with soft tinted marbles and beautiful decorations. Next we see the North Union and the South Union railway stations,

which handle the entire railroad traffic of the city; and take a ride on the elevated, which also carries you through the Subway, of which Boston is most proud, but which as a matter of fact is but a very short tunnel as compared with the most perfect Subway of New York City. And after seeing the plate which marks the spot of the Boston Tea Party; Bunker Hill Monument, with a height of a little over two hundred feet, the model of the Washington Monument at Washington; we come to the conclusion that we have seen all that we desire of this most classical city, and take steps to depart.

During our stay here, it is perhaps needless to say, the majority of our meals consisted of BEANS.

The following is an incident which was told to us by one of the natives which without doubt is truthful in substance, although we do not care to vouch for it.

"What shall we get for little Emersonia's Christmas gift?" said Mrs. Backbay, of Boston, to her husband.

"Yes, what shall we get? What is her age now at her next birthday?"

"She will be six years old next June."

"Is she that old? Don't you think that we should get her a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses?"

We cross the harbor to East Boston, from which

we proceed in a northerly course, traveling very near to the coast line, passing through numerous large cities, Salem, Beverly, Newburyport; a short distance from the latter place, we cross into New Hampshire, something like twenty miles' travel in which brings us into old Maine, and even in this very short crossing of New Hampshire we pass through a number of towns, Portsmouth being the largest.

Our first meal in the state of Maine we eat at Ogunquit, which is but a coast village, a sea-side resort situated directly on the shore of the mighty Atlantic. Although we before had an opportunity of viewing this most impressive expanse of water, it was under difficulties, for through the almost land-locked harbor of Boston, the vast Atlantic was seen only at a distance.

For a number of miles we ride on the beach, the huge combers break upon the sands with a thunderous roar, and at one point where the white sands of the beach lose themselves amongst innumerable boulders of all sizes and shapes, the waves beat with irresistible fury, crested with foam, and come with unceasing action, hurtling in from the sea, to dash themselves like a mad creature against this rocky barrier, the spray from the impact being forced high in the air. Ah, is there anything more sublime than this continued action of the boundless element!

We reach Portland in the evening, and spend

the night here. Immediately after retiring we are awakened from a doze by the clanging of bells, blowing of whistles, and the shouts of people in the street. We see a lurid glare in the sky, and decide instantly that our presence is needed at that fire. We hastily dress, and dash out into the blackness of night. The streets are filled with people, all like ourselves running as fast as they are able. We follow the crowd, racing down one street to turn a sharp corner into another, almost falling headlong over depressions and stumbling over rocks, but at last, although it seems as if we had been running at our highest speed for half an hour, we reach the scene of the conflagration. Already several fire engines are emitting a fiery stream of sparks from their funnels, while the machinery is pumping water at a terrific speed. The crackling flames transform the inky darkness into daylight, and the hoarse shouts of the firemen, lost in the gigantic roar of the engines and the flames, make it indeed a pandemonium. We learn that it is a very large planing mill, which employs over a hundred skilled workers. We watch the conflagration for several hours, surrounded by a multitude, apparently the entire population having turned out en masse, but finally decide that sleep would be a much more comfortable occupation, and depart.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE BITTER, BITTER END TO OUR DREAMS OF SUCCESS.

As Portland is our most northern point, we now leave the Atlantic Ocean behind us, and travel in a direct westerly course heading joyfully for "Michigan, my Michigan."

We leave Portland with heavy hearts, as we have but one dollar in cash in our treasury. Along the coast, as we had anticipated, owing to the many large cities, we sold but few souvenirs, while our expenses were high. Now we find that we are to travel through a country, from here to Montpelier, Vermont, which is thickly settled with farmers, but through which there are only straggling hamlets, consisting of a dozen stores and a clump of houses. Our finances are so depleted, that it is an absolute necessity that we make our expenses from day to day, or we shall starve, for if we are not able to meet our expenses otherwise, we shall be compelled to work, which will be contrary to the provisions of the wager, and we shall fail to win the purse. Although the future is indeed dubious, we resolve that we will not acknowledge defeat until we have really tasted of the bitter beverage.

A half day's travel, in which we cover thirty-five miles, is through a most hilly country, the hills

becoming larger and steeper and the country more wild and rugged as we go onward. Most of the time the road crosses the country in almost any manner, with no fences or anything else to indicate whether it is a road or simply a disused cow-path. For ten miles we make slow progress through a wilderness of forest, the road but very faint and indistinct, and crossed by many others at frequent intervals, all becoming so tangled, that it is with the utmost difficulty we follow the correct path. However, night brings us to a little hamlet nestled cosily among the hills, a postoffice and general store forming the business portion. We learn from the postmaster, an old man with a flowing beard, that there is only one place in this small community where we shall be able to obtain accommodations for the night.

We find the house to which he directs us situated at the bottom of a very steep and long hill, a most cozy place. In answer to our knock, a pleasant faced old lady with snowy white hair appears, and to our query heartily invites us to come right in and make ourselves at home. She plies us with questions without number and, having satisfied her curiosity, explains that the reason she is so interested in us is because she has a boy who is about our age and who left home years, years ago, and she has never heard from him since; then her anguish asserts itself and she seeks comfort in weeping.

We find her husband to be very pleasant and agreeable, a hearty, robust, and rugged old man who has passed his seventy mark but who labors every day tilling the soil. Here indeed is life portrayed in all its naturalness and simplicity; this affectionate and doting old couple live happily day by day and year by year, exemplifying the simple life near to nature, contented and peaceful; what more can one wish?

The next day brings us trials and discouragements, night overtaking us but thirty-three miles from our starting place, having traveled through the mountains with difficulty nearly all day.

As we pass a farm house a rather healthy representative of the canine family comes dashing forth with angry growls and barks, and lessens the distance between "your humble servant" and himself in surprisingly short time. I pedal with all my might, but to no avail, for he quickly reaches me, and before I am able to withdraw my foot from the toe clip, buries his teeth in the fattest and choicest portion of my calf.

Shortly afterward, in descending a mountain side, the coaster brake on Darling's wheel refuses to act, with the result that he goes dashing downward at an incredible rate of speed, but luckily the grade becomes less steep farther down the side of the mountain, finally terminating in a level stretch a mile or more in length, which serves to

decrease the speed of the machine. In descending all hills afterward he was compelled to walk.

About noon a drizzle of rain starts, and this continues the remainder of the day, while we find that we are unable to buy dinner at any farm house, and are forced to buy a lunch at a grocery in a small hamlet, called Ossipee. We are now again in New Hampshire.

Two hours after our sumptuous noon-day repast Darling further complicates matters by breaking the frame of his wheel in attempting to shove through an exceedingly heavy bed of sand, after which we adopt the now familiar "relay" system, in which my machine plays a most prominent part.

While riding my mile, Darling far behind plodding onward with the broken machine, I ride very swiftly down a very steep hill to find a deep bed of sand at the very bottom, which I strike in the most solid manner, the wheel stops very suddenly, while I am hurled like a projectile describing beautiful and artistic curves in mid-air, and land with a most solid and realistic thud, head foremost in the soft sand. After five minutes consumed in the vain endeavor to understand just how the whole thing happened, I collect my dazed senses, and discover that neither the bicycle nor myself are any the worse for this exciting experience.

For seventy miles we are forced to continue the "relay" through the mountains, there being no

towns of any size where we can get the broken machine repaired, although we pass through a number of hamlets and village resorts, among which are Multonboro, and Center Harbor, just before reaching which place we skirt the rocky shores of Lake Winnepiseogee. After traveling for several miles within sight of this wild lake we climb a high mountain, and pass through Ashland, Plymouth, Wentworth, Pike Station, and Woodsville.

We are delayed much by heavy rain, and receive numerous soakings because we are unable to find shelter. While it is very mountainous, the scenery impresses us but little, being but a succession of high towering green slopes on all sides, with only once a change in scenery, afforded by a range of mountains whose slopes were covered with heavy, dense, and impenetrable forest, the road winding at their base; one of these mountains towered far above the others, a rugged mass of bare, bleak rock, the top somewhat oval, and called the "Owl's Head."

We spend the night at Pike's Station, in the mountains, where in the vicinity a certain kind of stone is quarried which is cut up into scythe stones and whetstones. This one-man town consists of stores, a planing mill, a large factory where the stones are ground, and a large boarding house, everything owned by one individual, a Mr. Pike, a multi-millionaire.

At Woodsville we cross the Connecticut River by a bridge and land on the soil of Vermont, two miles' travel in which brings us to a small village called Wells River, at which there is a machine shop, and we find that we are able to get the disabled bicycle repaired. After much explanation and haggling, as our money is rather limited, for in crossing New Hampshire we found that we could hardly give our souvenirs away, much less sell them, but had managed to dispose of enough to pay what little our expenses had been, so that we still had the dollar with which we had left Portland, the machinist agreed to charge but a dollar. This, together with several of our souvenirs would be entirely satisfactory to him, although he added that the regular price for repairs of this kind was two dollars and fifty cents.

We are surely now in a predicament. Here we are without a cent of money, in a country where it is almost impossible to dispose of our pin trays. Unless there is a rift in the clouds we are very near the end.

However, it was necessary to have the machine repaired, although even it did dispose of our last cent, for now with both machines in good repair we could travel much faster. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the unpleasant details of the following two days. As we look back upon those dark times it seems like a cruel nightmare, and it seems an impossibility that such a thing

could really happen. We travel nearly ninety miles in crossing Vermont, from Wells River to Burlington, situated on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, which forms the western boundary line of Vermont. In this space we pass through many towns, including Montpelier, the capital, and consume two days in the journey, in a most rugged country, for we are compelled to cross the Green Mountains. Immediately upon entering Vermont, after our experience with the bicycle repairman, our good fortune seems to desert us, and although we talk, in canvassing the villages, until we are nearly blue in the face, in this entire space we are unable to dispose of even a single souvenir, with the result that, as we have no money, we taste of no food for over two days, and the nights we spend sleeping outdoors. Every hand seems to be turned against us, no one will help us by even the purchase of one of our souvenirs for the most trifling sum. Strange as this is to relate, nevertheless it is a fact. Although, after the first day, we suffer untold pangs of hunger, we press onward, too stubborn to acknowledge defeat and stop and work, but continue buoyed up by the hope that the next village or town will prove different, but we arrive there only to find the same old story. Finally, in desperation, even though we know it to be somewhat on the begging order, we tell the people that we have had nothing to eat for over twenty-four hours, and that we are

weak for want of food, but we are greeted with loud guffaws, and advised to go to work and we shall be able to get enough to eat, and on every hand we are treated with contempt and as monomaniacs. This provokes, irritates, and angers us to such an extent, that we resolve to push on, although we die in the attempt, and never again shall we throw ourselves upon the sympathy of the people in this manner.

Weak from loss of food, half sick, discouraged, aching in every muscle, we reach Burlington. We attempt to collect a crowd around us, but are advised by an officer that if we desire to sell our souvenirs, it will be necessary for us to procure a license, which will cost us three dollars. Three dollars! And we haven't tasted food for over two days! This is the last straw, and we see that Fate is indeed against us, and that it is no longer possible to continue the unequal struggle.

We call at a cheap restaurant and lunch room, and tell the proprietor our story, how we are now compelled to work and lose the wager, but that we cannot stand it any longer; to all of which he listens very impassively, but offers to feed us, and then we can go in his kitchen and wipe and wash dishes in payment for our meal, to which we eagerly agree, snapping at this proposition as a hungry dog reaches for a bone.

When the proprietor saw the amount of food which we consumed, without doubt he was hear-

tily sorry that he had made us such an offer, for we ate as only one that is nearly starved can eat. Plate after plate of bread disappeared, while I distinctly remember Darling passing his cup to be filled with hot steaming coffee at least the eighth time, for our good host served us with bread (without butter) and coffee, but we cared not, so it was eatable, and we were past that stage when one becomes particular and critical at the quality of the food.

After our hunger was satisfied we were relegated to the kitchen, and there initiated into the mysteries of dish washing.

It was with heavy hearts that we filled out the report which told of our inability to live up to the conditions of the wager, and thought of the times without number when we had nearly lost our lives, of the innumerable sufferings and hardships which we had been forced to endure in order to cover all but three states, Ohio, West Virginia, and Kentucky, of every state in the Union, and now virtually on the "home stretch," and almost within sight of home; and now it had all come to naught. Surely the cup of defeat is most bitter!

Meanwhile we make arrangements to have money sent to us with which we shall be able to continue and finish the tour, for after much reflection we make a grim determination to finish the journey as it was originally mapped out, even though we have failed to win the five thousand

dollar purse. During the time in which we await the arrival of funds, we succeed in continuing the culinary act in the restaurant, for which we receive our board.

Several days pass before we are able to leave Burlington behind us, and we have an opportunity of noticing what a most beautiful little city is Burlington. With a population of almost twenty thousand, a very pretty business portion, small parks in all parts of the city, situated directly on the shore of that most beautiful body of water, Lake Champlain, it is indeed an ideal place for rest and comfort.

We had found the Green Mountains much the same as those in New Hampshire; and in Montpelier we had found a very sleepy little town. The capitol was rather unique in appearance, of dome variety, the entrance being six large stone columns forming a portico.

In some inexplicable manner, the press, which have been lauding us to the skies heretofore, learns of our defeat, appears with double leaded columns giving a graphic description of our trials and defeat, when victory and success is seemingly an assured fact, which helps to increase our general feeling of misery.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

THE MARVELOUS NIAGARA FALLS.

Plattesburgh, New York, our next objective point, lies on the opposite side of the lake. To reach it by land would be impossible, and we take a ferry steamer, the distance across being twenty-five miles.

We reach Malone, fifty-four miles from Plattesburgh, only after much difficulty. A downpour of rain transforms the clayish soil to a sticky mass, and as the country is very hilly, with but a single village called Ellensburg, consisting of a store and a few houses, and one small town, Chateaugay, by name, in the entire distance, we labor under disadvantages.

A ride of seventy miles through a much better country than we have yet traversed in this state, farm houses at frequent intervals along the road, all the land under cultivation, with green fields to meet the eye everywhere, and although it is quite hilly, the roads are fairly good for the time of year, while there are innumerable small villages and towns along our route.

Ogdensburg is situated on the banks of the mighty St. Lawrence, which at this point is nearly two miles wide. For a number of miles the road runs alongside of this famous river, whose clear

waters flow calmly on their way to the Atlantic, while occasionally a freighter heavily laden, or a passenger liner bound from Toronto to Quebec, will quietly glide by us almost without a sound save their whistles, which echo and re-echo until the roar dies quietly in the distance.

From Morristown to Alexandria Bay we have an opportunity of viewing those most noted "Thousand Islands," which are perhaps the most aristocratic pleasure resorts in the United States at the present time. Here the St. Lawrence widens out into a large bay, the bosom of the stream being dotted with innumerable islands, some of which are but small masses of rock, while others perhaps consist of a thousand or two thousand acres. The larger are fitted in the most magnificent and sumptuous scale, some of the palaces which are built on these islands representing the investment of several millions of dollars. Some of the most wealthy and influential in the nation here have their summer residences, some of which would be fit for the greatest monarchs of Europe.

After covering a hundred miles through a most thickly populated region, where there are many villages and towns, hampered much by rains, and over roads which are far from being first-class, while the country is seamed and furrowed with hills, we find ourselves at Oswego, located on the shore of one of the Great Lakes, Lake Ontario.

We spend the night here at a railroad Y. M. C.

A., for as we are members we are able to obtain lodging for but the small sum of ten cents. The beds are but small cots, but are clean, and are placed in rows, there being as many as twenty beds in one room, which fact places a most amusing incident under our personal observation.

As we are very weary we retire at eight o'clock, after the attendant has shown us the beds which we are to occupy. By nine o'clock nearly every bed was in use; when we hear the most astonishing wheezing and puffing, accompanied by slow and heavy steps, as if some very large individual were climbing the stairs. Preceded by the attendant, we see a middle-aged man, with a florid and perspiring face, his body being nearly as broad as long, who at first appearance resembles a very large ball. Between gasps caused by the tremendous exertion of climbing to this height, with a voice which sounds like the muffled roar of distant cannonade, and with contempt and disappointment in tone and feature as the attendant pointed out the bed which he was to occupy, he succeeded in blurting out: "H--H-H-a-v-e I g-g-g-o-t t-t-t-o s-s-s-l-e-e-p in THIS?" The nod of the attendant which confirmed his question he seemed to be unable to comprehend, and looked dumbly around at the other sleeping forms, all of whom had been awakened by the unusual commotion, and were sleepily watching his movements through half-closed eye-lids. However,

with a wild look in his eyes, he seemed to be reconciled to the inevitable, and prepared to settle his huge avoirdupois in a chair, where, after much groaning, puffing, and wheezing, he removed his clothes, and was ready to retire, when something happened! With a crashing and rending of wood, from which emerges a roar as of an enraged bull, from beneath a tangled mass of bed clothing, the bed sinks to the floor, while the air is filled with the fat, flying arms and legs of our friend, who is vainly trying to extricate himself from the wreck. His antics are so ludicrous, that everyone in the room bursts out in hilarious laughter, and, hearing the commotion, the attendant rushes in. By this time the heavy man had separated himself from amongst the bed clothes and the debris, and stood like an infuriated lion glaring around him, lack of breath preventing him from freeing his mind by speech.

The attendant, by the use of a mattress and a large amount of bed quilts, blankets, and sheets, spread a bed on the floor, where soon our angry friend lies down to rest, and as it is now nine-thirty, the time at which the lights are extinguished in the rooms, we are left in total darkness. Less than an hour passes, when the most horrible snoring emanates from the vicinity of the latest arrival; this is a sort of combination rumble and wheeze, which terminates in a long drawn out and most shrill whistle. With this disturbance sleep

is an impossibility, and as the majority of the men are railroad men who are compelled to rise in "the wee sma' hours," they become very angry, crying and grumbling: "Cut that out!" "Hey, wake up!" Put him out!" and numerous other expressions of a like nature, but nevertheless our friend peacefully sleeps unaware of the small revolution which he was causing. Finally one of the men calls the attendant, who, after much vigorous shaking and pounding, wakes the fat man, and tells him that if he cannot sleep without making that terrible noise, he will have to seek lodgings elsewhere, and so, for a short time at least, peace and comfort is restored, but not for long as subsequent events prove.

Some time past twelve o'clock we were all again awakened to see that the room was flooded with light, and there stood our fat friend industriously, amidst grunts and groans, examining with minute care the sheets and bed clothing upon which he had been sleeping. One of the men, who was provoked beyond measure at the continued antics of this individual, inquired in no gentle voice: "Now, what in HELL are you doing?" To which our heavyweight replies: "B-B-B-B-l-e-s-s M-M-M-Y S-S-S-S-o-u-l, I think that there is a bed-bug in my bed!" The earnest manner in which this is uttered, accompanied by a most baby-like and wistful expression, causes all to burst out with loud and side-splitting laughter.

To which our friend listens in silence for some time, but as it seems to increase instead of subside, he wraps his garments in a small bundle, and with haughtiness, contempt, and anger, our troublesome friend, with a waddle which he intends to be most majestic, but which is so absurd and ludicrous that it only increases our merriment, leaves the room.

We spend the remainder of the night in quiet and comfort, and arise the next morning to learn that our friend dressed himself at the top of the stairs, and had then quietly left the building.

Following very near to the shore line of Lake Ontario we reach Rochester, with a population of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants. Situated but a few miles from Lake Ontario, on the Genesee River, and on the famous Erie Canal, with railroads entering it from almost every direction, it has most excellent transportation facilities.

The Genesee River here forms two very large falls, called The Upper and The Lower Falls, the highest of which is the former, having a fall of one hundred and fifty-one feet.

As the Erie Canal flows directly through the heart of the city, all traffic has to be suspended during the passing of a flotilla of barges, as all bridges are raised high in the air. These barges are long and narrow, and will hold a vast quantity of merchandise; they are towed in strings of four

"B-B-B-L-E-S-S M-M-M-Y S-S-S-O-U-L, I THINK THAT THERE IS A BED-BUG IN MY BED."

to ten by a team of horses which travel far ahead on the tow-path, and by means of a long heavy rope which is fastened to the foremost barge they speed along about as fast as the ordinary man would walk, providing that he was walking very slowly. We time the passage of one of these fleets, and find that all traffic is suspended exactly eight minutes. Surely it seems in a busy city like this some other arrangement more satisfactory to the public might be made.

We cover but eighty-three miles in traveling from Rochester to Buffalo, for most of the way we have a stone road, and although there are many hills, and a heavy downfall of rain does not help matters, we have a pleasant trip.

Buffalo, which ranks eighth in size of the cities in the United States, is a most level city. Without doubt it is the best lighted and best paved in the Union. There are many large parks in the city, while the proximity of Niagara Falls, one of the natural wonders of the world, which is twenty-two miles distant, and is reached either by electric or steam cars, makes it a city to which the tourist and the pleasure seeker direct their steps. Being situated at the head of Lake Erie, it is a most important shipping point, especially for grain and coal; the wharves being one solid mass of large steel elevators. Here one sees as large boats as one can see on the Atlantic, astonishing as it may seem, which ply between here and Detroit.

Buffalo has several very pretty squares, with large monuments, scattered at different localities in the business section.

We pay a visit to Niagara Falls, a small town of the same name being located on the banks of the river. It is hardly necessary to give a very lengthy description of these most wonderful and marvelous water-falls, the main facts and features concerning them are familiar to almost every person. Suffice it to say that the height of the American Falls is one hundred and sixty feet, while that of the Horseshoe Falls, Canadian, is one hundred and sixty-five feet. There are many attractions in the vicinity of the falls, chief of which are the Whirlpool Rapids, the Cave of the Winds, Ambush Rock, and the Devil's Hole, while a trip on "The Maid of the Mist," a plucky little boat which steams almost directly beneath both the American and Horseshoe Falls, through a maddening, swirling mass of angry waters, or on an electric car which traverses the famous and noted "Gorge Route," the round trip covering eighteen miles, where in places the track is overhung by masses of rock which seem apparently at any moment to dash downward to crush the car to atoms, are novel experiences.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

WE FINISH OUR LONG JOURNEY.

We leave Buffalo bound for Erie, Pennsylvania; we follow what is known as the Lake Shore Turnpike, which travels very near to the shore of Lake Erie, and for almost the entire distance, sixty-seven miles, we are within sight of this very pretty body of water. We find the road fairly good, and many villages along the way.

Erie, although it has a population of nearly sixty thousand inhabitants, and is a well laid out city, with wide streets, which are well paved, and extend to the four points of the compass, and has many fine public buildings, seems to have something lacking, and there are here but few of those industrial corporations and manufacturers which give to a city a solid foundation for prosperity.

At something like two hours' travel out of Erie we are again stalled by the watery element, which descends from the sky in sheets, a fierce driving wind blowing the rain before it in torrents. We take shelter in a farmer's barn; here we stay for a long time, but finally the rain stops, the sky clears, and everything looks promising, except the road, which is a slimy, slippery surface over which to ride a bicycle is far from a pleasure, as the slight-

est swerve either to right or left throws one sprawling upon the muddy road.

In coming down a very steep hill our machines attain such momentum, that owing to the condition of the road we are unable to check them, with the dire result that near the bottom a slight swerve throws us both head foremost into the mud, where, so mixed with the bicycles that a spectator would declare that we and the machines were one, we slide at a terrific rate, until with a grand splash we land in the center of a muddy puddle of water!

We travel exactly fifty miles in crossing this neck of Pennsylvania, entering Ohio at Conneaut, a small town. From here to Cleveland, 79 miles, the country is very thickly populated, and, although the roads are good, it is most awfully hilly.

We enter Cleveland via the noted and famous Euclid Avenue; we have but entered the outskirts, when a terrific wind and thunder storm bursts upon us. We take shelter in a shed in which are stored stone and materials for the construction of a nearby building. For at least three hours we have the delight of listening to the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain upon the roof of the structure in which we are sheltered. However, during a perceptible slackening of the downpour, in desperation we start onward, reaching the heart of the city in four miles' travel.

In the list of large cities, preceding even Buffalo by one place, Cleveland stands seventh, and for it is claimed the greatest wealth and the most banks of any city for its size in the Union. The heart of the business section is a large square which consists of four square blocks, two of which are fitted as parks, with an abundance of garden seats, beds of flowers, fountains, and green turf; one other abounds in features which force one to imagine himself in the heart and bosom of Dame Nature; a merry brooklet flows noisily along over a bed strewn with pebbles and rocks; rustic bridges are in abundance; while a profusion of trees and dense underbrush completes this most perfect imitation of the solitudes of the forest; the remaining square is occupied by a most massive monument, which has an extensive base, out of which rises a large stone column perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in height, surmounted by a huge statue. This monument is in commemoration of the soldiers and sailors who took part in the late Civil War, and is a fine work of art. Cars from all part of the city travel through this square before making their outward bound trips, so that, no matter what is one's destination, the correct car can be boarded here in the square, certainly a most convenient system for the public.

As the city is located on the shore of Lake Erie, it is a very large shipping port, for from here any one of the great lakes is easily reached.

This city is our most westward point for the present, and we now take a south easterly course, Wheeling, West Virginia, being our objective point.

We pass through Akron, which has a population of fifty thousand, and is the location of a number of large manufacturing institutions, industrially a most enterprising place, but for modern and public improvements far behind. Situated in a most hilly country, the city itself being but a number of hills, it is by this also placed at a disadvantage.

We spend the night at a small village called Canal Fulton, getting its name from the fact that it is located upon a canal which extends from Cleveland to Portsmouth, emptying into the Ohio River at the latter point. Here we found the country to be indeed a surprise; villages were few and far between, while every mile southward increases the ruggedness of the country, and we wonder if this can be thickly populated and progressive Ohio.

Just after our arrival in this village it commences to rain. We make a house to house canvass to obtain accommodations for the night, as there is but one hotel here and that is filled to overflowing. With clothing wet, we finally succeed in finding a house, although it is a most dirty and loathsome place, where we can stay. Filth and squalor seem to prevail, while the food which we

receive is worse than prison fare, but we are very thankful to be out of the storm, and our previous experience in traveling has taught us not to be over particular.

In Canton, the home city of President McKinley, we find a most beautiful and delightful little city. The public buildings and modern improvements here are positively astonishing for a city of this size. At West Lawns Cemetery, near the outskirts of the city, we see the temporary tomb of our beloved martyred President, William McKinley; this is guarded day and night by soldiers, and will continue to be, until the completion of the permanent tomb, the money for which was raised by popular subscription in all sections of the Union. The new tomb is to be constructed in this cemetery, but at quite a distance from the present tomb.

After a journey through country where miniature mountains stare one in the face on every side, with but few and scrawny villages, we reach the town of Wellsville, which is on the Ohio River. As we remain here over night, in the evening we take a stroll down to the river, as we are told that the boat bound from Pittsburg to Cincinnati will soon arrive. It is a dark night, and as there is no wharf, we wonder how it is possible for the boat to make a landing. Soon we see the lights of the boat away up the stream, and perched on the very top is a most powerful search-light, which is

turned upon the shore in our vicinity for the purpose of ascertaining if there are any passengers or baggage. As it nears we see a long bridge like affair suspended high in the air in the manner of a derrick, and this together with the searchlight and the many twinkling lights of the vessel, makes it resemble some grim and fiery monster of the deep. After much maneuvering, the unwieldy craft is brought to a stop at something like a hundred feet from the shore, and with the creaking of blocks the bridge-like affair descends until the end touches the shore, across which the passengers reach the deck of the boat in safety.

We follow along the Ohio, which with many devious turns and twists flows between high rocky mountains and bluffs, all the way until Martin's Ferry is reached; then we cross over to the eastern shore, on which Wheeling, West Virginia, is located. Along down the river we find many villages and small towns, but a few miles apart; most of which are supported by potteries, while at a few there are mammoth steel and iron plants.

Wheeling is a most disgusting city, dirty, narrow streets which are poorly paved, and most awfully hilly, while frowning down upon it are two mammoth mountains directly back of the city.

We again cross the Ohio back into the state of the same name, bound for Columbus, the capital city.

We follow the old National Pike the entire dis-

tance, which is one hundred and thirty-one miles; it is very mountainous until we are within twenty miles of Columbus, when it changes and becomes very level. These hills are sometimes almost a mile in length, curving and twisting very much like a mountain road; we coast down these at a terrific rate of speed, striking depressions and many rocks, bouncing nearly a foot off our saddles, which cause us to make a vow that if we ever reach the bottom of this alive, we will immediately take steps to have a policy of accident insurance issued to us, but after we reach the bottom safely and commence the tortuous and steep ascent of the other side, under a sweltering sun, we forget all our fears, until within a few minutes the performance is again repeated, and this is the way we cover the distance between the Ohio River and Columbus.

Several heavy rains delay us, but owing to the stone road, we have no trouble from this source. As this National Pike strikes across the country free from the line of any electric or steam rail road, we find but very few settlements, and these suggest that prosperity has been long absent from their immediate vicinity, being composed of one or two most uncouth stores, combining the sale of carpets, furniture, hardware, drugs, dry goods, and groceries, while the cluster of houses which surround the "business section" presents a most dilapidated and sorrowful appearance, and the in-

habitants seem to be in keeping with their surroundings.

However, we pass through one most enterprising city, where perhaps are situated the most famous potteries in the country, this city is Zanesville.

Columbus, with a population of 125,000, the chief attraction of which is its state capitol, a most oddly constructed building, grim, bleak, and very thick gray stone walls surrounded or capped by a mass of stone which looks very similar to a large inverted water tank, the entire structure more closely resembling a prison or a fortress. However it is located in the very heart of the business section, and surrounded by spacious and well kept grounds. The city for the most part has wide streets, and is very metropolitan. One feature especially is a distinct novelty, an arch system of lighting the main business streets. Steel arches at the height of forty feet extend across the street from curb to curb, on which are innumerable incandescent lights. These arches are about a block apart, the effect at night is very pretty and artistic.

On our way to Cincinnati we pass through a small city, Springfield; and Dayton, which has a population of 100,000; together with numerous other towns of small size, and this portion of Ohio is most thickly populated and threaded by lines of electric railroad.

We at last ride into Cincinnati, the largest city that we shall pass through until our home city is reached. Cincinnati is the tenth city of the Union in population, and is a most industrious city, but is very smoky and dirty, with narrow streets, while the business section seems to be crowded into the smallest possible space. There are but few beauty spots here, the chief attractions being the beer gardens, of which there are a large number, as the majority of the population of the city are of German descent. There are also many high and massive buildings, the tallest being seventeen stories in height.

Here at Cincinnati we again cross the Ohio, and land upon the soil of Kentucky. We travel in a direct southward course until we reach Georgetown, from which we go to Frankfort, the capital of the state, and thence to Louisville, covering a total mileage in this state of one hundred and fifty miles.

In our short journey to Georgetown we see much which does not tend to leave a very favorable impression of this noted "Blue Grass State." The topography of the country borders upon the mountainous, and we again have the pleasure of toiling up steep hills over a most fearful road, which is made by strewing crushed rock upon the surface, it being left to the general traffic to complete the process by packing into a solid mass. To make matters worse, in this entire space, the

only water which we can obtain is rain-water, most of which we invariably found to be mixed plentifully with dirt and filth. We are told that, owing to the formation of certain strata of rock, it is impossible to obtain water from the ground. We see none of the famous green meadows of which this state boasts, but on the contrary hilly and rocky fields are on every side.

We find in Frankfort a town of but a few thousand inhabitants, located in a hollow surrounded by high hills; it is a most sleepy and lazy place, most of the architecture of old style, while an air of depression and lack of energy permeates the very atmosphere. The state house is a very small building, which the stranger would mistake for the city jail; the inside is cold, damp, most forlorn, and uninviting.

Our one desire is to leave this town behind us as soon as possible, but as darkness finds us still here, we are compelled to remain all night. We procure accommodations at a hotel which is in keeping with its surroundings, a dilapidated wooden structure, which looks as if at any moment it would collapse, while the interior is permeated with the mustiest of smells. The room which we occupy is located on the third and top floor; an old wooden bed, the style of which antedates our time fifty years, together with a wooden chair, the back of which is missing; a wash-stand which stands nobly upon its three legs, supported by the

wall, while a cracked and begrimed lamp serves to illuminate this most pleasant and comfortable scene. But we accept the situation and surroundings good-naturedly, and prepare to retire, for at least we can sleep, even though the situation is not as pleasant as it might be, but subsequent events prove that in this we are destined to have difficulties.

We have lain in bed but a short time and are almost sliding off into Dreamland, when a mouse has the audacity to scamper across the bed running over our bodies; we lose no time in arising and lighting the sickly lamp, with the aid of which we proceed to make war on our small rodent. After much dodging and running, we corner him far from his retreat, and as he also sees his predicament, he prepares to risk the chances of utter extinction, and dashes for it. He runs the gauntlet successfully, but just as he is within a few feet of his haven of refuge, a very small hole in the flooring, Darling hurls a shoe with such accuracy, that our small friend with a last despairing squeal is put "hors de combat." After hurling the remains out of the window, we extinguish the light, and again prepare to sleep.

We have been sleeping several hours, when with a crash and a bang, followed by a clatter of broken glass, we are awakened very suddenly. We arise and investigate to find that the window

in our room had fallen, smashing every pane of glass in it.

This is followed shortly afterward by the tumbling of a tin pail down three flights of stairs, which with a deafening jangle and clatter bounces from step to step, in the stillness of the night appearing to be hours in reaching the bottom. But we find that even this is not the end, for simultaneously and with one accord, we both declare that there is SOMETHING in the bed which bites, and that something must be BED BUGS. Again pressing the smoky lamp into service, we make a most careful and minute examination to find that the bedding is infested with a small army of these delightful crawling creatures. We conclude immediately that we do not care to occupy the bed again, and so dressing ourselves, we lay upon the floor and spend the remainder of the night without further incident.

Frankfort to Louisville, a distance of fifty-two miles, we cover in a day; we have those most delightful hills to ascend and descend, and the scenery is much the same as it had been elsewhere in this state, until within eight miles of our destination, when the country becomes very level, while occasionally the brightness and freshness of a green meadow relieves the monotony.

While Louisville ranks among the large cities, the impression is given to the stranger that it is but a village which has been continually added to

until the city is made; there is no uniformity of the business section, which is scattered over an enormous territory. It is also smoky and dirty. It has however very fine public edifices, among which are the Court House and the City Hall, both artistic structures.

As Louisville is situated on the banks of the Ohio, we again cross this muddy stream and for the last time, landing at Jeffersonville, which is on the opposite shore and in the state of Indiana.

One hundred and thirty-four miles' travel through a rolling and most thickly settled country brings us to Indianapolis, the capital of the state. In this space we find that nearly every acre of land is under cultivation, the farm-houses are of a superior type, and breathe of prosperity, while we pass through hosts of villages and towns.

Indianapolis, with well paved and carefully kept streets, with a most uniform and artistic business portion, with a magnificent array of public edifices, which are marvels of architecture, is most pleasing to the tourist and stranger. In the very center of the business section in what is known as Monument Circle, around which in circular form are built massive structures, a most beautiful monument stands which is dedicated to the Soldiers and Sailors. The height from base to summit is 284 feet, the top being reached by either elevator or stairs. A colossal statue with outstretched hands adorns the top, while the base on

two sides has fountains in the form of cascades, the water falling into a huge stone basin perhaps thirty feet square, this making a very pretty effect. The state capitol is a massive rectangular building, four stories in height, from the center of which rises a high dome. The interior is beautiful with marbles, while the top of the interior of the dome is of blue glass, which throws a soft and mellow light down upon marble corridors and floors.

We also find that our cyclometers register the fact that, upon entering the city of Indianapolis, we have traveled exactly thirteen thousand miles, while we have been traveling continuously for almost a year and three months.

We leave the capital city behind us traveling in a north-easterly direction and passing through Anderson, Muncie, Hartford City, Bluffton, and Fort Wayne. We go through the heart of the natural gas region and the oil fields, these being principally in Madison and Delaware Counties. In the vicinity of Anderson and Muncie even the air smells of gas, while creaking oil wells are on every side.

The city of Fort Wayne, county seat of Allen County, is graced by a most magnificent Court House, the cost of which was some millions of dollars. It occupies a solid square, and is situated in the heart of the city. No expense has been

spared to make it a marvel of architectural beauty, both on its exterior and its interior.

From Fort Wayne we cover seventy-two miles in this state, and then we cross the Indiana-Michigan line, which is in the center of a village called Ray; our hearts thrill with joy, and our pulses quicken, as we again step upon the soil of our native state after having traversed every state in the Union. It is indeed "Michigan, my Michigan," and the words never sound so sweet as now.

As according to our route as originally mapped Detroit is our objective point we reach that city, passing through Hudson and Adrian, and covering 127 miles, over fairly good roads, except that it is quite hilly, and we occasionally find beds of deep sand.

Without doubt Detroit is one of the cleanest and best paved cities in the United States. Although it is laid out in the manner of a spider-web, and streets angle in all directions, Woodward Ave., which is the principal thoroughfare, a very wide street which extends directly north from the Detroit River, acts as a sort of guide to the stranger, so that as it divides the city, running through its very center, one cannot wander in either direction very far without crossing this avenue. Innumerable parks are in all parts of the city, while an air of neatness hangs about everything. As it is built on the bank of the Detroit River, and as

this stream is the sole passage of all the lake traffic from the upper lakes, Huron, Superior, and Michigan, to the lower lakes, Erie and Ontario, the enormous amount of shipping which passes this "City of the Strait" in the short time of twenty-four hours is incredible.

We are now but seventy-six miles from our home city, and we arise at four o'clock in the morning intending to make the trip in one day, but we hardly reach the outskirts when without warning there is a crunching and grinding on Darling's machine, and on investigation he finds that the coaster-brake is broken into several pieces, which necessitates our walking to the nearest repair shop, where we are forced to wait several hours until the proprietor appears.

As the damage is more serious than we at first thought, we are not able to leave the city until noon. We find the roads quite heavy owing to the excessive rainfall, but travel to Ann Arbor, a ride of forty miles, where we remain over night.

Ann Arbor, a small town which relies upon the University of Michigan, that most famous and noted college, for its support, is located in a most hilly region. Like most college towns there is a scarcity of manufacturing institutions, so that during the vacation at the University business is practically at a standstill.

By easy riding we cover the remainder of the

distance which lies between here and our home city, Jackson, in less than half a day, although the roads over which we travel are far from being in good condition, arriving, at the exact spot from which we had departed, at 12:45 p. m. on August 11, 1905, having covered 13,407 miles, having traveled through every state in the Union, and four territories, namely Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, and the District of Columbia, making this most lengthy and arduous journey in one year, three months, nine days, six hours, and forty-five minutes. As we dismount in front of the Otsego Hotel on almost the identical spot from which we had departed on the second of May in 1904, our friends press forward in large numbers all wishing to be the first to grasp our hands. In the midst of this scene of delightful confusion the same photographer who had photographed us on the morning of our departure appears, and, after much difficulty, succeeds in pushing the crowd back long enough to "press the button," after which we make haste to reach our homes, where those who are nearest and dearest to us are awaiting our arrival in feverish expectation.

So ends the story of our hazardous journey, a tour which has never before been accomplished by means of a bicycle, and perhaps never will again. While we had many delightful and pleas-

ing experiences, the majority were of the opposite nature, so that, as we look back upon them, we shudder and tremble to think what miraculous escapes we had, and it is with overwhelming gratitude and ecstatic joy that we offer up a prayer to the Kind Hand of Providence, Who watches all, for our safe home-coming.

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